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·
A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,
DESIGNED AS
AN APPENDIX

TO
DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY THOMAS RUSSELL, A. M.

And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.—Matt. xxvi. 30.
Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Eph. v. 19.

The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show ;
Their joys are full ; our expectation long ;
In life we differ ; but we join in song ;
Angels, and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

WALLER.

THE FIFTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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EXTRACT FROM THE

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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CONSIDERABLE pains have been taken to render the following Collection, of Hymns worthy the acceptance of my friends, and of the religious public, as a Companion and Supplement to the invaluable compositions of Dr. WATTS. It has been my desire that the same evangelical principles, the same fervent devotion, the same truly Christian spirit, by which his Psalms and Hymns are so eminently distinguished, should characterize every part of this Appendix.

While it will be seen that the materials of which it is composed, have been selected from a great variety of Authors and Collections, I wish it to be particularly noticed, that I have inserted a very large proportion of Dr. DODDRIDGE'S\* and

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\* The following Extracts from Mr. Orton's preface to Dr. Doddridge's Hymns, will, I think, shew the propriety of my introducing so many of his judicious and excellent compositions, into the present work.

"Those young ministers who are desirous of entering into the spirit and copiousness of Scripture, may find this work greatly useful to them, by directing them to many very suitable texts, and to some natural thoughts and useful reflections to be insisted upon in discoursing from them."

"In these composesures, I hope few low or trivial expressions will be found: nothing appears unsuitable to the gravity and dignity of a worshipping assembly: nothing likely to darken or damp the devotion of the humble Christian. There is nothing that savours of a party-spirit, or carries an appearance of designing to confine their use to any of the sects into which Christians are unhappily divided. The materials are divine, and the author's soul was never more enlarged, than when he was promoting a spirit of piety and candor in their just connexion."

"These Hymns being originally designed for the use of a congregation of plain unlearned Christians, it cannot be expected they should entertain

## PREFACE.

Mr. COWPER's Hymns, without any other alteration whatever than the occasional omission of a whole verse.

The present enlarged Edition of the Appendix is enriched by many of the beautiful compositions of Mr. KELLY and Mr. MONTGOMERY, to whom, and to my other esteemed friends who have favored me with original pieces, I take this opportunity of returning my sincere thanks.

The general arrangement of the work, it is hoped, will be found simple, comprehensive, and useful. Under that part which relates to the Christian life, I have united an alphabetical with a natural order of subjects, which may facilitate the selection of Hymns on particular topics. Attention, also, has been paid to the introduction of a moderate variety of those metres in which Dr. WATTS's Psalms and Hymns are generally considered deficient.

May He, who is glorified in the praises of his people, smile on this humble attempt to assist their devotions, whether in the public assembly, around the domestic altar, or in the retirement of the closet. And may the promised Era soon arrive, when the whole Earth shall become the Temple of Jehovah, in which all nations shall unite in the Songs of Zion, and every heart, in sweetest harmony, ascribe "Blessing and honor, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." *Amen.*

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those who may peruse them merely for the sake of the poetry: yet I think many of them will stand the test of a critical examination, and appear at least equal to other compositions of the like kind: and I am persuaded they will all be delightful and beneficial to those who desire to have their devotions enlivened, their souls filled with divine love, and who are ambitious to live up to the rules of the gospel; and that they will, through the influences of the Holy Ghost, spread a spirit of fervent piety in such congregations where they may be introduced."

# ARRANGEMENT

OF

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# ARRANGEMENT OF SUBJECTS.

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# H Y M N S.

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## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

### 1.

P.M.—“ *My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people.*”  
Isa. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. Eph. ii. 19.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,  
We bless that wondrous grace,  
Which could for Gentiles find  
Within thy courts a place.  
How kind the care  
Our God displays  
For us to raise  
A house of prayer!
- 2 Though once estranged far,  
We now approach the throne,  
For Jesus brings us near,  
And makes our cause his own:  
Strangers no more,  
To thee we come,  
And find our home,  
And rest secure.
- 3 To thee our souls we join,  
And love thy sacred name;  
No more our own, but thine,  
We triumph in thy claim;  
Our Father-king,  
Thy covenant grace  
Our souls embrace,  
Thy titles sing.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 May all the nations throng  
    To worship in thy house;  
And thou attend the song,  
    And smile upon their vows;  
    Indulgent still,  
    Till earth conspire  
    To join the choir  
    On Zion's hill.

2.

C.M.—*Asking the way to Zion, in order to joining in covenant with God.* Jer. l. 5.

- 1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
    That leads to Zion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
    With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,  
    Your pious march to join,  
And spread the sentiments you feel  
    Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,  
    And seek his favour there;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
    And pour out fervent prayer.
- 4 Come, let us join our souls to God,  
    In everlasting bands,  
And seize the blessings he bestows,  
    With eager hearts and hands.
- 5 Come, let us seal, without delay,  
    The covenant of his grace;  
Nor shall the years of distant life  
    Its memory efface.
- 6 Thus may our rising offspring haste  
    To seek their fathers' God;  
Nor e'er forsake the happy path  
    Their youthful feet have trod.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3.

*L.M.—Public Worship. Ps. c.*

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,  
Without our aid he did us make;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

4.

*L.M.—Public Worship. Ps. c.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 [We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?]
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

5.

P.M.—*Public Worship.* Ps. xcv.

- 1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord,  
In God, our salvation, rejoice;  
In psalms of thanksgiving record  
His praise, with one heart and one voice:  
For Jehovah is King, and he reigns,  
The God of all gods, on his throne:  
The strength of the hills he maintains,  
The ends of the earth are his own.
- 2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made  
The tide its dominion to know:  
The land is Jehovah's—he laid  
Its solid foundation below.  
O come let us worship and kneel  
Before our Creator, our God—  
The people who serve him with zeal,  
The flock whom he guides with his rod.
- 3 As Moses the fathers of old,  
Through the sea and the wilderness led,  
His wonderful works we behold,  
With manna from heaven are fed;  
To-day let us hearken, to-day,  
To the voice that yet speaks from above,  
And all his commandments obey,  
For all his commandments are love.
- 4 His wrath let us fear to provoke,  
To dwell in his favour unite;  
His service is freedom, his yoke  
Is easy, his burden is light:

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

But, Oh! of rebellion beware,  
Rebellion that hardens the breast,  
Lest God in his anger should swear  
That *we* shall not enter his rest.

6.

P.M.—*Public Worship.*

- 1 LO! God is here! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel his power,  
And silent bow before his face!  
Who know his power, his grace who prove,  
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo! God is here! Him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing:  
To him enthron'd above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who serve thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;  
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;  
O take, O seal them for thine own!  
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;  
Be thou by all thy works ador'd.
- 4 Being of Beings! may thy praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:  
To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

7.

C.M.—*Reverential Worship.* Isa. viii. 13.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our Eternal King;  
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,  
Thrice holy, let us sing.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Holy is he in all his works,  
And truth is his delight;  
But sinners and their wicked ways  
Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind  
Pay, O my soul, to God;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 4 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 5 Thou, holy God! preserve my soul  
From all pollution free;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.

8.

C.M.—*The day approaching, a motive to love and worship.*  
Heb. x. 24, 25.

- 1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,  
The great decisive day,  
Which, from the verge of mortal life,  
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day, more awful dawns;  
And lo, the Judge appears!  
Ye heavens retire before his face,  
And sink, ye darken'd stars.
- 3 Yet does one short preparing hour,  
One precious hour remain;  
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 With me my brethren soon must die,  
And at that bar appear;  
Now be our intercourse improv'd  
To mutual comfort here.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 For this thy temple, Lord, we throng;  
For this thy board surround;  
Here may our service be approv'd,  
And in thy presence crown'd.

9.

C.M.—*Worship in God's house, here and hereafter.* Ps. xxiii. 6.

- 1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,  
Shall tell its joys abroad;  
And march with holy vigour on,  
Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life  
His hand has been my guide,  
And in that long experienc'd care  
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,  
An unexhausted stream;  
That grace on Zion's sacred mount  
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth  
These distant courts I love;  
But O! I burn with strong desire  
To view thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,  
My soul would there adore;  
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,  
To be remov'd no more.

10.

L.M.—*The Lord's day morning.*

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another sabbath is begun;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to weary minds;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
In various scenes both old and new;  
With praise we think on mercies past,  
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away;  
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

11.

P.M.—*The Lord's day.* Ps. xcii.

- 1 THOU, who art enthron'd above,  
Thou by whom we live and move,  
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
To resound thy praise in song!  
When the morning paints the skies,  
When the sparkling stars arise,  
All thy favours to rehearse,  
And give thanks in grateful verse.
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,  
When devotion fills the breast;  
When we dwell within thy house,  
Hear thy word, and pay our vows:  
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,  
Fill its courts with joyful praise;  
Let repeated hymns proclaim  
Great Jehovah's awful name.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 From thy works our joys arise,  
O thou only good and wise!  
Who thy wonders can declare?  
How profound thy counsels are!  
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;  
Grateful fervours still inspire;  
All our powers, with all their might,  
Ever in thy praise unite.

12.

*P.M.—A Day in the Courts of the Lord.*

- 1 TO thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou, through him, art reconcil'd;  
I, through him, became thy child;  
Abba! Father! give me grace,  
In thy courts, to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 6 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith may I  
Hear Thee speaking from on high.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 7 From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn,  
And at evening let me say,  
—I have walk'd with God to-day.

13.

C.M.—*The evening of the Lord's day.*

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,  
To shed its quickening beams;  
And yet how slow devotion burns;  
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine;
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,  
Shall all our powers employ:  
Delighted range the ethereal plains,  
And take our fill of joy.

14.

L.M.—*The eternal Sabbath.* Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house;  
And own as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love:  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our labouring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;  
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarm of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day begin!  
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

15.

*C.M.—Gospel Privileges.*

- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,  
With whom he deigns to dwell!  
He feeds and cheers them by his word,  
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them in each distressing hour,  
His throne of grace is near;  
And when they plead his love and power,  
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He help'd the saints in ancient days,  
Who trusted in his name,  
And we can witness to his praise,  
His love is still the same.
- 4 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,  
And bid us seek his face;  
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,  
And taste the gospel grace.
- 5 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 6 Lord, we expect to suffer here,  
Nor would we dare repine;  
But give us still to find thee near,  
And own us still for thine.
- 7 Let us enjoy, and highly prize,  
These tokens of thy love,  
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,  
To worship thee above.

16.

P.M.—*A Blessing requested.*

- 1 **THY** presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:  
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread:  
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

17.

P.M.—*The Guests' Petition.* Luke xvi. 16-24.

- 1 **FORTH** from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:  
Weary and weak thy grace we pray:  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away!
- 2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain,  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;  
'Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

## 18.

P.M.—*“Speak, for thy servant heareth.”* 1 Sam. iii. 10.

- 1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
Speak, and let thy servants hear:  
Hear with meekness;  
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee;  
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,  
May we run, nor weary be;  
Till thy glory  
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,  
All thy people shall adore,  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Than they could conceive before;  
Full enjoyment;  
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

## 19.

P.M.—*Fruitful showers emblems of the salutary effects of the gospel.*  
Isa. lv. 10, 11.

- 1 MARK the soft falling snow,  
And the diffusive rain,  
To heaven from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again;  
But waters earth through every pore,  
And calls forth all its secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green,  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beast are fed  
By providence divine;  
The harvest bows its golden ears,  
The copious seed of former years.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 " So," said the God of grace,  
    " My gospel shall descend,  
    " Almighty to effect  
    " The purpose I intend;  
    " Millions of souls shall feel its power,  
    " And bear it down to millions more."

20.

L.M.—*Divine teachings and their happy consequences.* Isa. liv. 13.

- 1 BRIGHT source of intellectual rays,  
    Father of spirits and of grace,  
    O dart, with energy unknown,  
    Celestial beamings from thy throne.
- 2 Thy sacred book would we survey,  
    Enlighten'd with that heavenly day,  
    And ask thy Spirit with the word,  
    To teach our souls to know the Lord.
- 3 So shall our children learn the road  
    That leads them to their fathers' God;  
    And form'd by lessons so divine,  
    Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,  
    With children placed at Jesus' feet:  
    The noisy swell of pride shall cease,  
    And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

21.

L.M.—*The one thing needful.* Luke x. 42.

- 1 WHY will ye lavish out your years  
    Amidst a thousand trifling cares;  
    While in this various range of thought  
    The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
    And famish an immortal mind;  
    While angels with regret look down  
    To see you spurn a heavenly crown.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 The eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;  
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;  
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart,  
To fix conviction on the heart;  
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,  
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

22.

P.M.—*Invitation.*

- 1 YE that in his courts are found,  
Listening to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice;  
See in him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

23.

S.M.—*An immediate attention to God's voice required.* Heb. iii. 15.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah calls;  
Be every ear inclin'd;  
May such a voice awake each heart,  
And captivate the mind.
- 2 If he in thunder speaks,  
Earth trembles at his nod;  
But gentle accents here proclaim  
The condescending God.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 O harden not your hearts,  
But hear his voice to-day,  
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
He call your souls away.
- 4 Almighty God, pronounce  
The word of conquering grace;  
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,  
And scorers seek thy face!

24.

C.M.—*The Sower.* Mark iv. 3.

- 1 LORD of the harvest! God of grace!  
Send down thy heavenly rain;  
In vain we plant without thine aid,  
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,  
Defraud us of our gain;  
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,  
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,  
Where but the blade can spring;  
Which scorched with heat becomes by noon  
A dead, a useless thing.
- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,  
A transient rapture prove;  
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,  
Our faith and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,  
Receive the heavenly word;  
So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits  
Their hundred-fold afford.

25.

L.M.—*For searching of heart.* Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 SEARCH me, O God! and know my heart;  
Try me—my inmost thoughts survey;  
And teach thy servant to depart  
From every false and evil way.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Nor only from impending wrath,  
Warn my affrighted soul to flee;  
O, guide my feet into the path  
Of life and immortality!

26.

P.M.—*Seeking the heavenly country.* Heb. xi. 14.

- 1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek a new, a better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.
- 2 There sin and sorrow cease,  
And, every conflict o'er,  
We there shall dwell in endless peace,  
Nor thirst nor hunger more.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.
- 3 There in celestial strains,  
Enraptur'd myriads sing,  
And love in every bosom reigns;  
For God himself is King.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.
- 4 We soon shall join the throng,  
Their pleasures we shall share,  
And sing the everlasting song,  
With all the ransom'd there.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.

27.

C.M.—*Grace perfected in glory.* Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,  
We own thy power to save!  
That power by which our shepherd rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.

## THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 We triumph in that shepherd's name,  
Still watchful for our good,  
Who brought the eternal covenant down,  
And sealed it with his blood.
- 3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,  
And mould it to thy will,  
That my fond heart no more may stray,  
But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,  
And press with vigour on,  
Till full perfection crown our hopes,  
And fix us near thy throne.

## THE ATTRIBUTES, WORD, WORKS, PROVIDENCE, AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

### 28.

*L.M.—God imperfectly known by his creatures.*

- 1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through:  
Our labouring powers with reverence own  
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal minds to know:  
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,  
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O, may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace;  
Explore thy sacred name, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will!

29.

C.M.—*God unsearchable.* Joh xi. 7, &c.

- 1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man,  
Beyond archangels go—  
The great Almighty God explain,  
Or to perfection know?
- 2 His attributes divinely soar  
Above the creature's sight,  
And prostrate seraphim adore  
The glorious Infinite.
- 3 Jehovah's everlasting days,  
They cannot numbered be ;  
Incomprehensible the space  
Of thine immensity.
- 4 Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line  
In vain we search to sound,  
Or stretch our labouring thought to assign  
Omnipotence a bound.
- 5 The brightness of thy glories leaves  
Description far below ;  
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives  
How deep thy mercies flow.
- 6 Thy love is most unsearchable,  
And dazzles all above ;  
They gaze, but cannot count or tell  
The treasures of thy love.

30.

L.M.—*The Eternity and Immutability of God.* Ps. cii. 25-28.

- 1 GREAT former of this various frame,  
Our souls adore thine awful name!  
And bow and tremble, while they praise  
The ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,  
Saw'st nature rising yesterday,  
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye  
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,  
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light,  
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,  
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,  
And change with every circling sun;  
And, in the firmest state we boast,  
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around;  
Let death consign us to the ground;  
Let the last general flame arise,  
And melt the arches of the skies;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
Can all the wreck of nature see,  
While grace secures us an abode,  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

31.

C.M.—*The Omniscience of God.* Ps. xxxvii. 18.

- 1 TO thee, my God, my days are known,  
My soul enjoys the thought;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents,  
Is vocal to thine ear;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy shall approve;  
And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is guided by thy rays;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.

## THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,  
And in thy view I die;  
And when each mortal bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.
- 6 Stripp'd of its little earthly all,  
My soul in smiles shall go,  
And in an heavenly heritage  
Its Father's bounty know.

## 32.

L.M.—*The Omnipresence of God.*

- 1 OH Thou, by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide;  
My Lord, how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,  
To souls impress'd with sacred love!  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;  
In heaven, in earth, or in the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time;  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none:  
But with a God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

## 33.

L.M.—*The Wisdom of God.*

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;  
Tumultuous passions all be still!  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise,  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

## THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals;  
And though his footsteps are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth, and air and seas,  
He executes his wise decrees;  
And by his saints it stands confest,  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Then, O my soul, submissive wait,  
With reverence bow before his seat;  
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

### 34.

L.M.—*God the Eternal Sovereign.* Ps. xciii.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure established is thy throne,  
Which shall no change or period see,  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Art King from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss their troubled waves on high:  
But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,  
And they that in thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

### 35.

L.M.—*The Greatness of God, and the meanness of the creatures.*  
Is. xl. 15-17.

- 1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,  
Ye trifling insects of a day,  
Low in your native dust bow down,  
Before the Eternal's awful throne.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye,  
Behold Jehovah seated high,  
And search what worthy sacrifice  
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.
- 3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring  
To blaze before the sovereign king;  
And all the beasts that on it feed,  
As victims at his altar bleed.
- 4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,  
And call remotest nations round,  
Assembled on the crowded plains,  
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 5 Joined with the living, let the dead,  
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread;  
And, while his praise unites their tongues,  
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 6 The drop that from the bucket falls,  
The dust that hangs upon the scales,  
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,  
Than all this pomp, O God! to Thee.

36.

P.M.—*The Pardoning Grace of God.* Micah vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways  
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;  
But the fair glories of thy grace  
More godlike and unrivall'd shine.  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in the honour share:  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 3 Angels and men resign your claim  
To pity, mercy, love, and grace,  
These glories crown Jehovah's name  
With an incomparable blaze:  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,  
We take the pardon of our God,  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye:  
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood:  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This godlike miracle of love,  
Fill the whole earth with grateful praise,  
And all the angel choirs above:  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

37.

C.M.—*The Goodness of God.* Nahum i. 7.

- 1 YE humble souls approach your God,  
With songs of sacred praise,  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;  
'Tis here our hope relies;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.



THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God to thy almighty love  
What honours shall we raise?  
Not all the raptur'd songs above,  
Can render equal praise.

38.

L.M.—*Divine Goodness.* Ps. xxxiv. 8, 9.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns  
Through all the wide celestial plains;  
And its full streams redundant flow  
Down to the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine;  
The cares of providence are thine;  
And grace erects our ruin'd frame  
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart  
To taste and feel how good thou art;  
With grateful love and reverend fear,  
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song;  
Ye echoing hills the notes prolong;  
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,  
All vocal with your Maker's praise.
- 5 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue;  
Its sweetest notes belong to you;  
Chose by this condescending King,  
For ever round his throne to sing.

39.

L.M.—*God is a Spirit.* John iv. 24.

- 1 THOU art, O God, a Spirit pure,  
Invisible to mortal eyes:  
The immortal and the eternal King,  
The great, the good, the only wise.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works  
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,  
Thy essence pure no change shall see,  
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great invisible! what hand  
Can draw thy image, spotless, fair?  
To what in heaven, to what on earth,  
Can men the immortal King compare?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods  
Of gold and silver, wood and stone,  
Our's is the God that made the heavens;  
Jehovah he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,  
In truth and spirit him adore;  
More shall this please than sacrifice,  
Than outward forms delight him more.

40.

L.M.—“*There is none holy as the Lord.*” 1 Sam. ii. 2.

- 1 HOLY as Thee, O Lord, is none!  
Thy holiness is all thy own;  
A drop of that unbounded sea  
Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,  
Thy only glory we declare;  
And, humbled into nothing, own  
Holy and pure is God alone.

41.

C.M.—“*Gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.*” Exod. xxxiv. 6.

- 1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And helps our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,  
Thou dost with sinners bear:  
That sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,  
And all thy grace declare.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,  
To every soul abound:  
A vast unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are;  
A rock that cannot move:  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure;  
And while the truth of God remains,  
The goodness must endure.

42.

C.M.—*The Excellency of the Word of God.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find:  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

- 5 Divine Instructor! Gracious Lord!  
Be thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there!

43.

C.M.—“*Thy Word is a Lamp unto my feet,*” &c. Ps. cxix. 105.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

44.

L.M.—*Benefits of the Word.*

- 1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,  
A fiery pillar went before;  
Their guide by night through all the waste,  
From Egypt quite to Canaan's shore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,  
'Tis for our light and guidance given;  
It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
And quickens its inactive powers;  
Sets all our wandering footsteps right,  
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,  
Its doctrines are divinely true;  
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,  
Yields comfort and instruction too.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 5 Ye British isles, who have this word,  
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,  
Your efforts join with one accord,  
To send it forth to every shore.

45.

C.M.—*The Light and Glory of the Word.*

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

46.

L.M.—*The Voice of God in his Works.*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun from day to day  
Doth his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And, nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE,

- 4 Whilst all the stars around her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What, though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What, though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst the radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

47.

L.M.—*God's Goodness and wonderful Works.* Pa. cvii. 21.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord;  
And let his power and goodness sound  
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;  
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd,  
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;  
Peopled with life of various forms,  
Fishes, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns;  
That band remotest nations joins,  
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But oh! that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!  
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,  
For man a bleeding victim made.

AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;  
There in the land of praise adore;  
This theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an undeclining day.

48.

L.M.—*A summary view of the Creation.* Gen. i.

- 1 LOOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes  
To him who dwells above the skies;  
With your glad notes his praise rehearse  
Who formed the mighty universe.
- 2 He spoke, and from the womb of night  
At once sprung up the cheering light:  
Him discord heard; and, at his nod,  
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, the obedient sun  
Began his glorious race to run;  
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay  
To glide along the ethereal way.
- 4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,  
Obey the Almighty's high decree:  
To every tribe he gives their food,  
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But, to complete the wondrous plan,  
From earth and dust he fashions man;  
In man the last, in him the best,  
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,  
Form thou my heart and soul anew,  
Here bid thy purest light to shine,  
And beauty glow with charms divine!

49.

C.M.—*Meditating on Creation and Providence.*

- 1 LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
And bids our souls adore.

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE,

- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their source divine.
- 3 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,  
In all thy works appear,  
And O! let man thy praise record,  
Man, thy distinguish'd care.
- 4 From thee the breath of life he drew;  
That breath thy power maintains;  
Thy tender mercy, ever new,  
His brittle frame sustains.
- 5 Thy providence his constant guard,  
When threatening woes impend,  
Or will the impending dangers ward,  
Or timely succours lend.
- 6 On us that providence has shone  
With gentle, smiling rays;  
O may our lips and lives make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise!

50.

C.M.—*The folly of self-dependence.* Prov. iii. 5-7.

- 1 THE swift not always in the race  
Shall seize the crowning prize;  
Not always wealth and honour grace  
The labour of the wise.
- 2 Fond mortals but themselves beguile  
When on themselves they rest;  
Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,  
By thee, O Lord, unblest.
- 3 Evil and good before thee stand,  
Thy missions to perform;  
The blessing comes at thy command,  
At thy command the storm.



AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

- 4 O Lord, in all our ways we'll own  
Thy providential power,  
Intrusting to thy care alone  
The lot of every hour.

51.

*L.M.—Providential bounties surveyed and improved. Matt. v. 45.*

- 1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed  
The copious drops of genial rain,  
Which thro' the hills and thro' the meads,  
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;  
Yet millions of our guilty race,  
Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
But what thy liberal hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.
- 6 Jesus, our brighter sun, arise;  
In plenteous showers thy Spirit send;  
Earth then shall grow a paradise,  
And in the heavenly Eden end.

52.

*C.M.—The Lord's people his portion. Deut. xxxii. 9.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of nature, all is thine,  
The air, the earth, the sea;  
By thee the orbs celestial shine,  
And cherubs live by thee.

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE,

- 2 Rich in thy own essential store;  
Thou call'st forth worlds at will;  
Ten thousand and ten thousand more  
Would hear thy summons still.
- 3 What treasure wilt thou then confess,  
And thy own portion call?  
What by peculiar right possess,  
Imperial Lord of all.
- 4 Thine Israel thou wilt stoop to claim,  
Wilt mark them out for thine;  
Ten thousand praises to thy name  
For goodness so divine!
- 5 That I am thine, my soul would boast,  
And boast its claim to thee:  
Nor shall God's property be lost,  
Nor God be torn from me.

53.

P.M.—*The eternal God his people's refuge and support.*  
Deut. xxxiii. 27.

- 1 BEHOLD, the great eternal God  
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,  
And calls our souls to shelter there.  
Wonders of mingled power and grace  
To all his Israel he displays,  
Guarded from danger and from fear.
- 2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly  
When terrors press, and death is nigh,  
And there will I delight to dwell:  
On that high tower I rear my head  
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,  
Amidst surrounding hosts of hell.
- 3 The shadow of the Almighty's wings  
Composure unmolested brings,  
While threatening horrors round me crowd;  
In vain the storms of rattling hail  
The walls of this retreat assail,  
And the wide tempest roars aloud.

AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

- 4 In louder strains my fearless tongue  
Shall warble its victorious song,  
My Father's graces to proclaim;  
He bears his infant offspring on  
To glory radiant as his throne,  
And joys eternal as his name.

54.

C.M.—*The Traveller's Hymn.*

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes I pass'd, unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted air.
- 3 Think, O my soul! devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,  
In all its horrors rise.
- 4 Confusion dwelt on every face,  
And fear in every heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 5 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!  
Thy mercy set me free;  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,  
My soul took hold on thee.
- 6 For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 7 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

- 8 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more
- 9 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

55.

C.M.—*The mystery of Providence.*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

56.

*L.M.—God leading his people through fire and water.*  
*Isa. xliii. 1, 2.*

- 1 LET Jacob to his Maker sing,  
And praise his great redeeming King;  
Called by a new, a gracious name,  
Let Israel loud his God proclaim.
- 2 He knows our souls in all their fears,  
And gently wipes our falling tears,  
Forms trembling voices to a song,  
And bids the feeble heart be strong.
- 3 Then let the rivers swell around,  
And rising floods o'erflow the ground;  
Rivers, and floods, and seas divide,  
And homage pay to Israel's guide.
- 4 Then let the fires their rage display,  
And flaming terrors bar their way,  
Unburnt, unsing'd, he leads them through,  
And makes the flames refreshing too.
- 5 The fires but on their bonds shall prey,  
The floods but wash their stains away,  
And grace divine new trophies raise,  
Amidst the deluge and the blaze.

57.

*C.M.—The blind and weak led and supported in God's way.*  
*Isa. xlii. 16.*

- 1 PRAISE to the radiant source of bliss,  
Who gives the blind their sight,  
And scatters round their wondering eyes  
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on  
To his divine abode,  
And shews new miracles of grace  
Through all the heavenly road.
- 3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd,  
He renders smooth and straight,  
And strengthens every feeble knee  
To march to Zion's gate.

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE,

- 4 Through all the path I'll sing his name,  
Till I the mount ascend,  
Where toils and storms are known no more,  
And anthems never end.

58.

P.M.—*The Lord will provide.*

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail,  
And dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,  
The scripture assures us  
The Lord will provide.
- 2 His call we obey,  
Like Abram of old,  
Not knowing our way,  
But faith makes us bold,  
For though we are strangers,  
We have a good guide,  
And trust in all dangers  
The Lord will provide.
- 3 No strength of our own,  
Or goodness we claim;  
Yet since we have known  
The Saviour's great name,  
In this, our strong tower,  
For safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power,  
The Lord will provide.
- 4 When life sinks apace,  
And death is in view,  
This word of his grace  
Shall comfort us through;

AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

No fearing or doubting,  
With Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting  
The Lord will provide.

59.

P.M.—*Abraham leaving his country.* Heb. xi. 8.

- 1 NOW let our songs proclaim abroad  
The unchanging name of Abram's God;  
In him let Abram's children boast,  
Their fathers' ever living Lord,  
His shield, his friend, his great reward,  
Who never can deceive their trust.
- 2 Call'd by thy voice, with joyful speed  
He went, where thou wast pleas'd to lead,  
Unknowing in the path he trod;  
His land, his kindred, strove in vain  
The pious pilgrim to detain,  
Propt on the promise of his God.
- 3 So at thy word the saint foregoes  
Each tender tie, which nature knows,  
And hears no other voice but thine;  
Marches, where thou shalt point his way,  
Where thou shalt pitch his tent, will stay,  
And learns his Isaac to resign.
- 4 At length, still faithful to thy own,  
Thou call'st him to a world unknown,  
Through paths untrod by mortal feet;  
Smiling he owns thy voice in death,  
Gives to the air his fleeting breath,  
And finds the road to Abram's seat.

60.

L.M.—*God's encouraging Names.* Ps. ix. 9, 10.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
His various and his saving names;  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known!

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE,

- 2 Let great Jehovah be ador'd,  
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord,  
He through the world Most High confest,  
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess.
- 3 Awake our noblest powers to bless  
The God of Abram, God of Peace,  
Now by a dearer title known,  
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear  
Is open to his servants' prayer,  
Nor can one humble soul complain,  
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare  
In whispers to suggest a fear,  
While still he owns his ancient name?  
The same his power, his love the same!
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes,  
And boldly through the desert tread,  
For God will guard where God shall lead.

61.

P.M.—*God our Shepherd.* Ps. xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he will attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.



AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

62.

C.M.—*Divine Condescension.* Ezek. xxxiv. 31.

- 1 AND will the majesty of heaven  
Accept us for his sheep?  
And with a Shepherd's tender care  
Such worthless creatures keep?
- 2 And will he spread his guardian arms  
Round our defenceless head?  
And cause us gently to lie down  
In his refreshing shade?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls  
To that delightful scene,  
Where rivers of salvation flow,  
Through pastures ever green?
- 4 What thanks can mortal man repay  
For favours great as thine?  
Or how can tongues of feeble clay  
Proclaim such love divine!
- 5 Eternal God, how mean are we,  
How richly gracious thou!  
Our souls, o'erwhelmed with humble joy,  
In silent transports bow.

63.

P.M.—Jehovah-Nissi. *The Lord my banner.* Ex. xvii. 15.

- 1 BY whom was David taught,  
To aim the dreadful blow,  
When he Goliath fought,  
And laid the Gittite low?  
No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King  
Who sent him to the fight;  
Who gave him strength to sling,  
And skill to aim aright.  
Ye feeble saints your strength endures,  
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth  
To storm the invaders' camp  
With arms of little worth,  
A pitcher and a lamp?  
The trumpets made his coming known,  
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,  
When with a single word,  
God helping me to say,  
My trust is in the Lord,  
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,  
Self-righteousness and pride,  
How often do they steal  
My weapon from my side!  
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,  
Will help his servant to the end.

64.

C.M.—“*But now, O LORD, Thou art our Father.*” Isa. lxiv. 8.

- 1 OUR Father sits on yonder throne,  
Amidst the hosts above;  
He reigns throughout the world, alone,  
He reigns, the God of love.
- 2 He knew us, when we knew him not,  
Was with us, though unseen;  
His favour came to us unsought,  
His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,  
(Whatever foe assails,)  
With vigilance that never sleeps,  
With power that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope, that we shall be  
Ere long with him above:  
That we shall all his glory see,  
And celebrate his love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,  
Obey our Father's voice;  
To all his dispensations bow,  
And in his name rejoice.
- 6 How sweet to hear him say at last,  
“Ye blessed children come;  
“The days of banishment are past,  
“And heaven is now your home.”

65.

C.M.—*Gratitude to God.*

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE,

- 4    Thou every where hast way,  
      And all things serve thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
      Thy path unsullied light.  
      When thou arisest, Lord,  
      What shall thy work withstand?  
When all thy children want, thou giv'st,  
      Who, who shall stay thy hand.

67.

S.M.—SECOND PART.

- 1    GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
      Hope, and be undismay'd;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
      God shall lift up thy head.  
      Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
      He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time; so shall this night  
      Soon end in joyous day.
- 2    Still heavy is thy heart?  
      Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
      Bid every care be gone.  
      What, though thou rulest not?  
      Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
      And ruleth all things well!
- 3    Leave to his sovereign sway  
      To choose, and to command;  
So shalt thou wondering own his way,  
      How wise, how strong his hand!  
      Far, far above thy thought  
      His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought  
      That caused thy needless fear.

AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

- 6 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to thee;  
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!  
Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

68.

C.M.—*The goodness which God has wrought and laid up for his people.* Ps. xxxi. 19.

- 1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view  
The bounties of thy grace;  
How much bestow'd; how much reserv'd  
For them that seek thy face!
- 2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss  
Oft makes their cup run o'er;  
And in the covenant of thy love  
They find diviner store.
- 3 Here mercy hides their numerous sins;  
Here grace their souls renews;  
Here thy own reconciled face  
Doth heavenly beams diffuse.
- 4 But O! what treasures yet unknown  
Are lodged in worlds to come!  
If these the enjoyments of the way,  
How happy is their home.
- 5 And what shall mortal worms reply?  
Or how such goodness own?  
But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee  
Thy servants' hearts are known.
- 6 Thine eyes shall read those grateful thoughts  
No language can express:  
Yet, when our liveliest thanks we pay,  
Our debts do most increase.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 7 Since time's too short, all gracious God,  
To utter half thy praise,  
Loud to the honour of thy name,  
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

69.

P.M.—*The Nativity of Christ.*

- 1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,  
May an infant lisp thy name?  
Lord of men as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme.  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen!
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days!  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be thy just and lawful praise. Hal.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;  
For created works of power,—  
Works with skill and kindness wrought:  
Hal.
- 4 For thy providence that governs,  
Through thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:  
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
Dark through brightness all along;  
Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
Who dare sing that awful song. Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!  
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,  
To the cross in deepest wo;  
All to ransom guilty captives:  
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:  
Thence return, and reign for ever,  
Be the kingdom all thy own.  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen!

70.

*P.M.—Good tidings of great joy to all people.*

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding  
Watching o'er your flock by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen his natal star;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending,  
In his temple shall appear;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains;  
Justice now revokes your sentence,  
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

71.

P.M.—“*The Consolation of Israel.*” Luke ii. 25.

- 1 COME thou long-expected Jesus!  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our sins and fears release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee!  
Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart!
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!  
By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

72.

C.M.—*The Message of Christ.* Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes;  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.



THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye-balls of the blind,  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 His silver trumpets publish loud  
The jubilee of the Lord;  
Our debts are all remitted now,  
Our heritage restor'd.
- 7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

73.

S.M.—*The Doctrine of Christ.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace,  
The chosen of the Lord,  
God's well-beloved Son fulfils  
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns  
This King of Righteousness;  
Meekness and patience, truth and love,  
Compose his princely dress.

- 3    The Spirit of the Lord,  
      In rich abundance shed,  
      On this great prophet gently lights,  
      And rests upon his head.
- 4    Jesus, the light of men!  
      His doctrine life imparts:  
      O may we feel its quickening power,  
      To warm and glad our hearts.
- 5    Cheer'd by its beams, our souls  
      Shall run the heavenly way:  
      The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod  
      Will lead to endless day.

74.

L.M.—*The Transfiguration of Christ.*    Matt. xvii. 4.

- 1    WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace  
      The various glories of thy face,  
      What transport pours o'er all our breast,  
      And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2    With thee in the obscurest cell  
      On some bleak mountain would I dwell,  
      Rather than pompous courts behold,  
      To share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3    Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!  
      Raptures divine my thoughts employ;  
      I see the King of Glory shine,  
      And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4    On Tabor thus his servants view'd  
      His lustre, when transformed he stood,  
      And bidding earthly scenes farewell,  
      Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5    Yet still our elevated eyes  
      To nobler visions long to rise;  
      That grand assembly would we join,  
      Where all thy saints around thee shine.

- 6 That mount how bright! those forms how fair!  
'Tis good to dwell for ever there;  
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,  
And bear me to that blest abode.

75.

L.M.—*Christ's submission to his Father's will.* Matt. xxvi. 42.

- 1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,  
While horrors pressed on every side,  
And prostrate on the ground he lay,  
"Remove this bitter cup away:  
2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,  
"Or helpless man be left forlorn,  
"I bow my soul before thy throne  
"And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."  
3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,  
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;  
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,  
Would say, "Thy will, not our's, be done."  
4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,  
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,  
Which, from our portion in his pains,  
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

76.

L.M.—*The disciples forsaking Christ when betrayed.*  
Matt. xxvi. 56.

- 1 BEHOLD the Son of God's delight;  
His smiles how sweet! his rays how bright!  
A friend of tenderness unknown;  
To the last breath he lov'd his own.  
2 But lo, his friends, his brethren dear,  
Fled when they saw his danger near;  
And not one generous heart remains  
To shield his life, or share his pains.  
3 So frail is man; so frail are we,  
When unsupported, Lord, by thee;  
Thus shrinks our faith; thus droops our love;  
And thus our views abortive prove.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Blest Jesus, thy own power impart  
And bind in cords of love my heart;  
The fugitive no more shall flee,  
And keep through death its hold on thee.

77.

C.M.—*Christ's prayer for his enemies.* Luke xxiii. 34.

- 1 ALOUD I sing the wondrous grace,  
Christ to his murderers bare;  
Which made the tottering cross its throne,  
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 Father, forgive, his mercy cried,  
With his expiring breath,  
And drew eternal blessings down  
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Then may I hope for pardon too,  
Though I have pierc'd the Lord,  
Blest Jesus, in my favour speak  
That all-prevailing word.
- 4 I knew not what my madness did,  
While I remain'd thy foe;  
Soon as I saw the wounds were thine,  
My tears began to flow.
- 5 Melted by goodness so divine,  
I would its footsteps trace;  
And, while beneath thy cross I stand,  
My fiercest foes embrace.

78.

C.M.—*Christ sanctifying himself, that his people may be sanctified.*  
John xvii. 19.

- 1 BEHOLD the bleeding Lamb of God,  
Our spotless sacrifice!  
By hands of barbarous sinners seiz'd,  
Nail'd to the cross he dies.
- 2 Blest Jesus, whence this streaming blood?  
And whence this foul disgrace?  
Whence all these pointed thorns, that rend  
Thy venerable face?

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 " I sanctify myself," he cries,  
    " That thou may'st holy be;  
    " Come, trace my life, come, view my death,  
    " And learn to copy me."  
4 Dear Lord, we pant for holiness,  
    And inbred sin we mourn;  
    To the bright path of thy commands  
    Our wandering footsteps turn.  
5 Not more sincerely would we wish  
    To climb the heavenly hill,  
    Than here with all our utmost power  
    Thy model to fulfil.

79.

C.M.—*Christ crucified.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,  
    Nail'd to the shameful tree!  
    How vast the love that him inclin'd  
    To bleed and die for thee.  
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,  
    And earth's strong pillars bend,  
    The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
    The solid marbles rend.  
3 'Tis done; the precious ransom's paid;  
    " Receive my soul!" he cries,  
    See where he bows his sacred head!  
    He bows his head—and dies.  
4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
    And in full glory shine:  
    O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
    Was ever love like thine!

80.

P.M.—*The three Mountains.*

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see  
    God descend in majesty,  
    To proclaim his holy law,  
    All my spirit sinks with awe.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious height I climb,  
In the too-transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away;  
Thou art heaven and earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

81.

P.M.—*Gazing on the Cross.*

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend.  
Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye:  
Here it is I find my heaven  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death;

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

May I still enjoy this feeling:  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

82.

P.M.—“ *It is finished.*” John xix. 30.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy,  
Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!  
“ It is finish’d!”  
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 “ It is finish’d!” O what pleasure  
Do these charming words afford!  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord!  
“ It is finish’d!”  
Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finish’d all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law!  
Finish’d all that God had promis’d;  
Death and hell no more shall awe;  
“ It is finish’d!”  
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
All in earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel’s name!  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

83.

P.M.—*The Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting!"  
Once he died our souls to save,  
"Where thy victory, O grave!"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted head,  
Made like him, like him we rise,  
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to thee by both be given!  
Thee we greet triumphant now,  
Hail! the Resurrection — Thou!

## 84.

P.M.—"*The Lord is risen indeed.*" Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose;  
The Saviour left the dead;  
And o'er our hellish foes  
High rais'd his conquering head;  
In wild dismay  
The guards around  
Fell to the ground  
And sunk away.
- 2 Lo, the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high commands,  
And worship at his feet:



THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

Joyful they come  
And wing their way  
From realms of day  
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,  
And the glad tidings bear;  
Hark! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!  
Their anthems say,  
“ Jesus who bled,  
“ Hath left the dead;  
“ He rose to-day.”

4 Ye mortals catch the sound,  
Redeem'd by him from hell;  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell:  
Transported cry,  
“ Jesus who bled,  
“ Hath left the dead,  
“ No more to die.”

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'st us with thy blood!  
Wide be thy name ador'd,  
Thou rising, reigning God!  
With thee we rise,  
With thee we reign,  
And empires gain  
Beyond the skies.

85.

P.M.—*The Resurrection of Christ.*

1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,—Hallelujah.  
Our triumphant holiday!—Hallelujah.  
Who so lately on the cross—Hallelujah.  
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 Hymns of praises let us sing—Hallelujah.  
Unto Christ our Heavenly King—Hallelujah.  
Who endur'd the cross and grave—Hallelujah.  
Sinners to redeem and save!—Hallelujah.
- 4 For the pains which he endur'd—Hallelujah.  
Our salvation have secur'd—Hallelujah.  
Now he reigns above the sky,—Hallelujah.  
Where the angels ever cry—Hallelujah.

86.

C.M.—*The angel's reply to the women that sought Christ.*  
Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away;  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;  
Such wonders love can do;  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief;  
Let grateful sorrows rise,  
And wash the bloody stains away,  
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again;  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonour'd head;  
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall every saint  
His empty tomb survey;  
Then rise with his ascending Lord,  
Through all his shining way.

87.

*L.M.—The death and resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise!)  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster, death, in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"  
And "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

88.

*L.M.—Christ's appearance to his disciples after his resurrection.*

*John xx. 19, 20.*

- 1 COME, our indulgent Saviour, come,  
Illustrious Conqueror o'er the tomb:  
Here thine assembled servants bless,  
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.
- 2 O come thyself, most gracious Lord,  
With all the joy thy smiles afford;  
Reveal the lustre of thy face,  
And make us feel thy vital grace.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 With rapture, kneeling round, we greet  
Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet;  
And from the scar that marks thy side,  
We see our life's warm torrent glide.
- 4 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,  
Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,  
Not for one transient hour alone,  
But there to fix thy lasting throne.
- 5 Own this mean dwelling as thy home;  
And, when our life's last hour is come,  
Let us but die, as in thy sight,  
And death shall vanish in delight.

89.

C.M.—*Christ ascending to his Father and God, and our's.*  
John xx. 17.

- 1 IN raptures let our hearts ascend  
Our heavenly seats to view,  
And grateful trace that shining path  
Our rising Saviour drew.
- 2 “Up to my Father and my God,  
“I go (the Conqueror cries);  
“Up to your Father and your God,  
“My brethren, lift your eyes.”
- 3 And doth the Lord of glory call  
Such worms his brethren dear?  
And doth he point to heaven's high throne,  
And shew our Father there?
- 4 And doth he teach my sinful lips  
That tuneful sound, my God?  
And breathe his Spirit on my heart  
To shed his grace abroad?
5. O world, produce a good like this,  
And thou shalt have my love:  
Till then, my Father claims it all,  
And Christ who dwells above.

- 6 Dear Jesus, call this willing soul,  
That struggles with its clay;  
And fain would leave this weary load  
To wing its airy way.

90.

L.M.—*Christ's ascension to glory.* Ps. xxiv. 7-10.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of Glory in!
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord, of glorious power possest,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all for ever blest.

91.

P.M.—*Christ crucified and glorified.*

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!  
Hail, thou Galilean king!  
Thou didst suffer to release us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring!

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- Hail, thou universal Saviour,  
Who hast borne our sin and shame,  
By thy merits we find favour,  
Life is given through thy name!
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid;  
By almighty love appointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made:  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood,  
Open'd is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,  
There for ever to abide!  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee  
Seated at my Father's side:  
There for sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give:  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

92.

P.M.—*Christ seen of Angels.* 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 O YE immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song  
To make the Saviour known:

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

On earth ye knew  
His wondrous grace,  
And now his face  
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child  
In human flesh array'd;  
Benevolent and mild,  
While in the manger laid:  
And praise to God,  
And peace on earth,  
For such a birth,  
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,  
Beheld the tempter spoil'd;  
Well known in every dress,  
In every combat foil'd;  
And joy'd to crown  
The victor's head,  
When Satan fled  
Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree,  
Ye press'd with strong desire,  
That wondrous sight to see,  
The Lord of Life expire;  
And could your eyes  
Have known a tear,  
Had dropt it there  
In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb  
A willing watch ye keep,  
While yet in death's deep gloom  
They rouse him from his sleep;  
Then roll'd the stone,  
And all ador'd  
Your rising Lord,  
With joy unknown.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 6 When all array'd in light  
The shining conqueror rode,  
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight  
Up to the throne of God;  
And wav'd around  
Your golden wings,  
And struck your strings  
Of sweetest sound.
- 7 The blissful notes pursue,  
And louder anthems raise;  
While mortals sing with you  
Their own Redeemer's praise:  
And thou, my heart,  
With equal flame,  
And joy the same,  
Perform thy part.

93.

L.M.—*Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour. Acts v. 31.*

- 1 EXALTED Prince of Life, we own  
The royal honours of thy throne:  
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,  
And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess  
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;  
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,  
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,  
Till all thine enemies obey;  
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,  
And conquer millions by its love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!  
Thine Israel shall repent and live;  
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,  
Which works their life, who wrought thy death.



94.

L.M.—*The keys of death and the unseen world in Christ's hands.*  
Rev. i. 18.

- 1 HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell!  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sovereign power becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once he died;  
But now he lives for evermore;  
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,  
And all ye angel-bands adore.
- 3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom and by love;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below and worlds above.
- 5 When death thy servants shall invade:  
When powers of hell thy church annoy,  
Controll'd by thee, their rage shall help  
The cause they labour'd to destroy.
- 6 For ever reign, victorious King,  
Wide through the earth thy name be known;  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimier anthems near thy throne.

95.

S.M.—*"Be thou faithful unto death."* Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on,  
He beckons from the skies,  
He reaches out a starry crown,  
And bids us take the prize.
- 2 "Be faithful unto death,  
"Partake my victory,  
- "And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
"And thou shalt reign with me."

- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord  
To every soldier saith;  
Eternal life is the reward  
Of all-victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might,  
The victor's meed receive;  
They claim a kingdom in his right,  
Which God shall freely give.

96.

C.M.—*Promises of Jehovah to the Messiah.* Isa. xlii. 1-12.

- 1 BEHOLD my servant! see him rise  
Exalted in my might!  
Him have I chosen, and in him  
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,  
My Spirit shall descend;  
My truths and judgments he shall show  
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,  
No threats from him proceed;  
The smoking flax he shall not quench,  
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble sparks to flames he'll raise,  
The weak will not despise;  
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,  
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and power,  
Shall never know decline,  
Till foreign lands, and distant isles,  
Receive the law divine.
- 6 He who erected heaven's bright arch,  
And bade the planets roll,  
Who peopled all the climes of earth,  
And form'd the human soul.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 7 Thus saith the Lord, thee have I rais'd,  
My prophet thee install;  
In right I've rais'd thee, and in strength  
I'll succour whom I call.
- 8 I will establish with the lands  
A covenant in thee,  
To give the gentile nations light,  
And set the prisoners free.
- 9 Asunder burst the gates of brass;  
The iron fetters fall;  
And gladsome light, and liberty,  
Are straight restor'd to all.
- 10 I am the Lord, and by the name  
Of great Jehovah known;  
No idol shall usurp my praise,  
Nor mount into my throne.
- 11 Lo! former scenes, predicted once,  
Conspicuous rise to view;  
And future scenes, predicted now,  
Shall be accomplish'd too.
- 12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains;  
Let earth his praise resound,  
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,  
And fill the isles around.
- 13 O city of the Lord! begin  
The universal song,  
And let the scatter'd villages  
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar  
Lift up its lonely voice,  
And let the tenants of the rock  
With accents rude rejoice;
- 15 Till, 'midst the streams of distant lands,  
The islands sound his praise:  
And all combin'd with one accord,  
Jehovah's glories raise.

97.

C.M.—*The Messiah's kingdom.* Micah iv. 1-3.

- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops, above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;  
His judgments truth shall guide;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years;  
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts,  
Shall crowds of slain deplore;  
They hang the useless helm on high,  
And study war no more.
- 7 Come then, O house of Jacob, come!  
To worship at his shrine,  
And walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

98.

L.M.—*Increase of Christ's Kingdom.*

- 1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,  
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;  
And sinners freed from endless pains,  
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,  
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;  
Those who were dead in sin before,  
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Gentiles and Jews shall him obey,  
Nations remote their offerings bring,  
And unconstrain'd their homage pay  
To their exalted Lord and King.
- 4 O may his conquests still increase.  
And every foe his power subdue,  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb  
From all below and all above;  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs as lasting as his love.

99.

L.M.—*Remonstrance with the Jews.* Ps. cxxxvii. 1-6.

- 1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,  
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?  
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,  
And Zion's song denies to sing?
- 2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;  
Let harp and voice unite their strains:  
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;  
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!
- 3 No taunting foes the song require:  
No strangers mock thy captive chain;  
But friends provoke the silent lyre,  
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,  
If other lands thy triumphs share,  
A heavenly city claims thy song;  
A brighter Salem rises there.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam,  
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:  
In every clime behold a home,  
In every temple see thy God.

100.

P.M.—*“And he shall reign for ever and ever.”* Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See “The man of sorrows” now:  
From the fight return'd victorious;  
Every knee to him shall bow;  
Crown him, crown him,  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings:  
Crown him, crown him;  
Crown the Saviour “King of kings.”
- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name;  
Crown him, crown him;  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
O what joy the sight affords!  
Crown him, crown him,  
“King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

101.

P.M.—*The triumph of Christ in the cause of truth, meekness, and righteousness.* Ps. xlv. 3, 4.

- [1 LOUD to the Prince of heaven  
Your cheerful voices raise;  
To him your vows be given,  
And fill his courts with praise.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

With conscious worth  
All clad in arms,  
All bright in charms,  
He sallies forth.]

2 Gird on thy conquering sword,  
Ascend thy shining car,  
And march, Almighty Lord,  
To wage thy holy war:  
Before his wheels,  
In glad surprise,  
Ye valleys rise,  
And sink ye hills.

[3 Fair truth and smiling love,  
And injur'd righteousness,  
In thy retinue move,  
And seek from thee redress.  
Thou in their cause  
Shalt prosperous ride,  
And far and wide  
Dispense thy laws.]

4 Before thine awful face  
Millions of foes shall fall,  
The captives of thy grace,  
That grace which conquers all.  
The world shall know,  
Great King of kings,  
What wondrous things  
Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing soul  
Bend thy triumphant way;  
Here every foe control,  
And all thy power display.  
My heart, thy throne,  
Blest Jesus see,  
Bows low to thee,  
To thee alone.

102.

*Revelation of Christ.*

of Jesus name.

of all.

of all.

of all.

of our God,

of all.

of all.

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- 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,  
 From the centre to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies;  
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
 Sheath'd his sword, He speaks,—'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away:  
 Then the end:—beneath his rod,  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

# 104.

L.M.—*Christ our High Priest.* Heb. iv. 14-16.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great High Priest our nature wears,  
 The patron of mankind appears.
- 2 He, who for men in mercy stood,  
 And pour'd on earth his precious blood,  
 Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,  
 The guardian of the human race.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
 He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
 Partaker of the human name,  
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
 A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
 And still remembers, in the skies,  
 His tears, and agonies, and cries.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The man of sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes in our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aid of heavenly power,  
To help us in the evil hour!

105.

P.M.—*Christ our High Priest.* Heb. iv. 14-16.

- 1 A GOOD High Priest is come,  
Supplying Aaron's place,  
And taking up his room,  
Dispensing life and grace:  
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,  
But grace and truth by Jesu's name.
- 2 He once temptations knew  
Of every sort and kind,  
That he might succour shew  
To every tempted mind:  
In every point the Lamb was tried  
Like us, and then for us he died.
- 3 He dies! but lives again,  
And by the altar stands;  
There shews how he was slain,  
Opening his pierced hands;  
Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause  
Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.
- 4 I other priests disclaim,  
And laws and offerings too,  
None but the bleeding Lamb  
The mighty work can do:  
He shall have all the praise, for he  
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and died for me.

106.

C.M.—*Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's breastplate.*  
Ex. xxviii. 29.

- 1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High Priest above,  
And celebrate his constant care,  
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the shining train,  
With matchless honours crown'd;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears  
Deep graven on his heart;  
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,  
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
May thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

107.

P.M.—*The Priesthood of Christ.* Heb. ix. 24.

- 1 ENTER'D the holy place above,  
Cover'd with meritorious scars,  
The tokens of his dying love,  
Our great High Priest in glory bears;  
He pleads his passion on the tree,  
He shows himself to God for me.
- 2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,  
My Friend and Advocate appears;  
My name is graven on his hands,  
And him the Father always hears.  
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,  
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 This instant now I may receive  
The answer of his powerful prayer:  
This instant now by him I live,  
His prevalence with God declare;  
And soon my spirit in his hands  
Shall stand, where my Forerunner stands.

108.

L.M.—*Christ the Steward of God's Family.* Isa. xxii. 22-24.  
Rev. iii. 7.

- 1 WITH what delight I raise my eyes,  
And view the courts where Jesus dwells!  
Jesus, who reigns beyond the skies,  
And here below his grace reveals.
- 2 Of David's royal house the key  
Is borne by that majestic hand;  
Mansions and treasures there I see,  
Subjected all to his command.
- 3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain  
The mighty obstacles to move;  
He looses all their bars again,  
And who shall shut the gates of love?
- 4 Fix'd in omnipotence he bears  
The glories of his Father's name,  
Sustains his people's weighty cares,  
Through every changing age the same.
- 5 My little all I there suspend,  
Where the whole weight of heaven is hung;  
Secure I rest on such a friend,  
And into rapture wake my tongue.

109.

L.M.—*Christ our Forerunner.* Heb. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 JESUS the Lord our souls adore,  
A painful sufferer now no more;  
High on his Father's throne he reigns  
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 His race for ever is complete;  
For ever undisturb'd his seat;  
Myriads of angels round him fly,  
And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,  
He joys not for himself alone;  
His meanest servants share their part,  
Share in that royal, tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise my soul, thy raptur'd sight,  
With sacred wonder and delight;  
Jesus thy own Forerunner see,  
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,  
And foaming waves to mountains swell,  
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,  
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

110.

C.M.—*Christ our Example.*

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too,  
My Lord I fain would trace;  
As thou hast done, so would I do,  
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inflam'd with zeal, 'twas thy delight  
To do thy Father's will;  
May the same zeal my soul excite  
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,  
Through all thy conduct shine;  
O may my whole deportment prove  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

111.

C.M.—*The Example of Christ.*

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,  
Appears each grace divine:  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 The largest love of human-kind  
Inspir'd his godlike breast:  
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,  
His kindness was express'd.
- 3 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 4 Lowly in heart, by all his friends,  
A friend and servant found;  
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,  
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 5 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,  
He labour'd for their good.
- 6 To God he left his righteous cause,  
And still his task pursu'd;  
While humble prayer and holy faith  
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 7 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 8 Be Christ my pattern and my guide!  
His image may I bear!  
O may I tread his sacred steps,  
And his bright glories share.

112.

C.M.—*The Name of Jesus.*

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king,  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath,  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

113.

S.M.—*Christ the Root and Offspring of David, and the Morning Star.* Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 ALL hail, mysterious King!  
Hail David's ancient root!  
Thou righteous branch which thence didst  
spring,  
To give the nations fruit.
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest  
Beneath thy grateful shade;  
Our thirsting lips salvation taste;  
Our fainting hearts are glad.
- 3 Fair Morning Star arise,  
With living glories bright,  
And pour on these awakening eyes  
A flood of sacred light.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 The horrid gloom is fled,  
Pierc'd by thy beauteous ray;  
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead  
To everlasting day.

114.

C.M.—*Christ the Head of the Church.* Eph. iv. 15, 16.

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,  
That calls a worm thy own;  
Give me among thy saints a place,  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive;  
From thee divided, each is dead,  
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet accord;  
One body all in mutual love,  
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive  
Thy Spirit with delight;  
While death and hell in vain shall strive  
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present  
Before thy Father's face;  
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
Its beauteous form disgrace.

115.

L.M.—*The Immutability of Christ.* Heb. xiii. 8.

- 1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim  
The' immortal honours of thy name;  
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,  
We make his ceaseless glories known.
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat  
Our Jesus shone divinely great,  
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,  
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.



THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 Through all succeeding ages he  
The same hath been, the same shall be;  
Immortal radiance gilds his head,  
While stars and suns wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard;  
The same his bounty to reward;  
The same his faithfulness and love,  
To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,  
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,  
And fix them near his stable throne,  
In glory changeless as his own.

116.

L.M.—*Christ the Way to Heaven.*

- 1 JESUS, my all to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went.  
The road that leads from banishment;  
The king's highway of holiness  
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief and burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither soul, I am the Way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am!  
My sinful self to thee I give!  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, " Behold the way to God."

117.

C.M.—*Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* John xiv. 6.

- 1 THOU art the Way—to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—  
Grant us to know that way,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Which leads to endless day.

118.

C.M.—*Christ the Door.* John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.

- 1 AWAKE our souls, and bless his name,  
Whose mercies never fail;  
Who opens wide a door of hope  
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,  
The buildings strong and fair;  
Within are pastures fresh and green,  
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,  
For Jesus is the door;  
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,  
Nor fear the lion's roar.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 O, may thy grace the nations lead,  
And Jews and Gentiles come,  
All travelling through one beauteous gate,  
To one eternal home.

119.

P.M.—*Christ the Light of men.*

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come! and, by thy love's revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath:  
The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise!  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
Life and joy thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart;  
Come and manifest the favour  
God hath for our ransom'd race;  
Come, thou universal Saviour!  
Come! and bring the gospel grace!
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,  
O thou mild pacific Prince!  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins!  
By thine all-restoring merit,  
Every burthen'd soul release,  
Every weary, wandering spirit,  
Guide into thy perfect peace!

120.

P.M.—*Christ our Refuge.*

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help from thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity!

121.

C.M.—*Christ the living Vine.* John xv. 4.

- 1 LORD of the vineyard, we adore  
That power and grace divine,  
Which plants our wild, our barren souls,  
In Christ the living Vine.
- 2 For ever may they there abide,  
And from that vital root,  
Be influence spread through every branch,  
To form and feed the fruit.
- 3 Shine forth, my God, the clusters warm  
With rays of sacred love,  
Till Eden's soil, and Zion's streams,  
The generous plant improve.

122.

P.M.—*Christ a true Friend.*

- 1 ONE there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's;  
Costly, free, and knows no end;  
They who once his kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,  
Would consent to shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconcil'd in him to God;  
This was boundless love indeed,  
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
Friend of Sinners was his name,  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same;  
Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love,  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a friend we have above;  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We shall love thee as we ought.

123.

S.M.—*Christ an all-sufficient Friend.*

- 1 THOU very present aid,  
In suffering and distress;  
The soul which still on thee is stay'd,  
Is kept in perfect peace:  
The soul by faith reclin'd  
On the Redeemer's breast,  
'Midst raging storms exults to find  
An everlasting rest.

- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
Whene'er thy face appears;  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears :  
It hallows every cross,  
It sweetly comforts me,  
And makes me now forget my loss,  
And lose myself in thee.
- 3 Peace to the troubled heart,  
Health to the sin-sick mind,  
The wounded spirit's balm thou art,  
The healer of mankind :  
In deep affliction, blest  
With thee, I mount above,  
And sing, triumphantly distrest,  
Thy all-sufficient love.
- 4 Jesus, to whom I fly,  
Doth all my wishes fill;  
In vain the creature streams are dry,  
I have the fountain still.  
Stript of my earthly friends,  
I find them all in *one*:  
And peace and joy that never ends,  
And heaven in Christ alone.

124.

L.M.—*Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.* 1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

- 1 MY God, assist me, while I raise  
An anthem of harmonious praise;  
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,  
And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine;  
My Father, all that store is thine;  
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd;  
Hail to the Saviour, and the God!

## THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,  
"Let there be light," the' Almighty said;  
And Christ, my Sun, his beams displays,  
And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,  
And awful justice ask'd my blood;  
That welcome Saviour from thy throne  
Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,  
And lo, his grace hath made me clean!  
He rescues from the infernal foe,  
And full redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue;  
Ye angels, warble back my song;  
For love like this demands the praise  
Of heavenly harps, and endless days.

## 125.

C.M.—*Christ our Physician: or the Paralytic at Bethesda.*  
John v. 6.

- 1 BEHOLD the great Physician stands,  
Whose skill is ever sure:  
And loud he calls to dying men,  
And free he offers cure.
- 2 And will ye hear his gracious voice,  
While sore diseas'd ye lie?  
Or will ye all his grace despise,  
And trifle till ye die?
- 3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,  
And inward vigour give;  
Then, rais'd by energy divine,  
Shall helpless mortals live.
- 4 With cheerful pace our trembling feet  
In thy blest paths shall run,  
Till Zion's healthful hill they gain,  
Where no complaint is known.

126.

P.M.—*Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night:  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief:  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

127.

L.M.—*Christ the Sun of Righteousness. Mal. iv. 2.*

- 1 TO thee, O God, we homage pay,  
Source of the light that rules the day,  
Who while he gilds all nature's frame,  
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,  
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness;  
Whose noble life salvation brings,  
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine  
With beams of light and love divine;  
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,  
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.



THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 O may his glories stand confest  
From north to south, from east to west:  
Successful may his gospel run  
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,  
When, fix'd on high in purer skies,  
Christ all his lustre shall display,  
On all his saints through endless day?

128.

P.M.—*Christ the Fountain of Life.* Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 HAIL, everlasting spring!  
Celestial fountain, hail!  
Thy streams salvation bring,  
The waters never fail:  
Still they endure,  
And still they flow,  
For all our wo  
A sovereign cure.
- 2 Blest be his wounded side,  
And blest his bleeding heart,  
Who all in anguish died  
Such favours to impart.  
His sacred blood  
Shall make us clean  
From every sin,  
And fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love  
Our souls this day would come,  
And thither from above,  
Lord, call the nations home,  
That Jew and Greek,  
With rapturous songs  
On all their tongues,  
Thy praise may speak.

129.

C.M.—*Christ the Pearl of great Price.* Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine;  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense,  
Inestimable worth appears  
The pearl of price immense.
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet!  
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign;  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possess,  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be for ever blest.
- 6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

130.

L.M.—*Christ a Corner Stone.* 1 Peter ii. 6.

- 1 LORD, dost thou shew a corner stone  
For us to build our hopes upon,  
That the fair edifice may rise  
Sublime in light beyond the skies?
- 2 We own the work of sovereign love:  
Nor death nor hell those hopes shall move,  
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,  
Laid by thy own almighty hand.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 Thy people long this stone have tried,  
And all the powers of hell defied;  
Floods of temptation beat in vain;  
Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,  
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,  
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,  
And here securely they abide.
- 5 While they that scorn this precious stone,  
Fond of some quicksand of their own,  
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,  
And buried deep in ruin lie.

131.

L.M.—*Christ the Rock on which his Church is built and secured.*  
Matt. xvi. 18.

- 1 NOW let the gates of Zion sing,  
And challenge all her spiteful foes:  
She triumphs in her Saviour-King,  
In him who from the dead arose.
- 2 He is the Rock on whom we rest,  
And firm on that foundation stand;  
Divine compassion fills his breast,  
His word is sure, and strong his hand.
- 3 Hell and its host may rage in vain;  
Vain are their counsels and their power;  
Grim death may marshal all his train,  
And boast the conquest of an hour.
- 4 Breathless and pale his servants lie,  
And know their former place no more;  
Their children raise his praises high,  
And o'er their fathers' dust adore.
- 5 Their fathers' dust the Lord shall raise,  
And burst the barriers of the grave;  
Parents and children join his praise,  
Who through eternity can save.

132.

*L.M.—Not ashamed of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own her star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain;  
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;  
And oh! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

133.

*L.M.—Christ's second coming.*

- 1 THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixed seat forsake;  
And, withering from the vault of night  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.

- 3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway;  
By power opprest, and mock'd by pride?  
O God! is this the crucified?
- 5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!  
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

## 134.

P.M.—*Christ's second Advent.*

- 1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train;  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Amen!
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him, must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
“Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment! come away!”
- 4 Now redemption long expected,  
See, in solemn pomp appear!  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air!

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

Hallelujah!

See the day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!  
The new heaven and earth to' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home:  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne!  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own!  
O come quickly!  
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

135.

P.M.—*The midnight cry.* Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 YE virgin souls, arise,  
With all the dead awake,  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take:  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes to call,  
The nations to his bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are;  
Make ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting friend;  
Your head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend;  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,  
To see, without a veil, his face.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Ye that have here receiv'd  
The unction from above ;  
And in his Spirit liv'd,  
Obedient to his love ;  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;  
Rejoice with all the sanctified !
- 5 Rejoice, in glorious hope  
Of that great day unknown,  
When you shall be caught up  
To stand before his throne ;  
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,  
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.
- 6 The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive ;  
Above yon angel powers  
In glorious joy to live ;  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
To see our Lord appear,  
Watching let us be found ;  
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,  
Be found — as, Lord, thou find'st us now !

136.

*P.M.—Christ's second coming.*

- 1 LIFT up your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners in his sufferings here ;  
Christ to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords shall soon appear :  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near !
- 2 Close behind the tribulation  
Of the last tremendous days,  
See the flaming revelation,  
See the universal blaze !

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- Earth and heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face!
- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
Darken'd into endless night,  
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,  
In his Father's glory bright  
Beams the Saviour,  
Shines the everlasting Light.
- 4 See the stars from heaven falling,  
Hark on earth the doleful cry,  
Men on rocks and mountains calling,  
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,  
"Hide us, hide us,  
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"
- 5 With what different exclamation  
Shall the saints his banner see!  
By the tokens of his passion,  
By the marks received for me,  
All discern him,  
All with shouts cry out "'Tis He!"
- 6 Yes, the prize shall then be given,  
We his open face shall see!  
Love, the earnest of our heaven,  
Love our full reward shall be;  
Love shall crown us  
Kings through all eternity.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

137.

C.M.—*The Descent of the Spirit; or his influences desired.*  
Acts x. 44.

- 1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,  
Behold thy servants wait;  
With longing eyes and lifted hands,  
We flock around thy gate.



THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,  
Thy Spirit from above,  
To bless our eyes with sacred light,  
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,  
And solid comfort bring,  
And o'er our languid souls extend  
His all-reviving wing.
- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
Declare our sins forgiven,  
And bear with energy divine  
Our raptur'd thoughts to heaven.
- 5 Diffuse, O God, those copious showers,  
That earth its fruit may yield,  
And change this barren wilderness  
To Carmel's flowery field.

138.

L.M.—*Looking to God for the communication of his Spirit.*  
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

- 1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,  
And send thy various blessings down:  
While by thine Israel thou art sought,  
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love,  
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,  
And let thy godlike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes  
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;  
While all their glowing souls are borne  
To seek that grace, which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy flock await,  
Numerous around thy temple-gate,  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living sacrifice to thee.

139.

L.M.—*Ezekiel's Vision of the dry bones.* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;  
See Adam's race in ruin lie;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?  
And can these perish'd bones revive?  
That, mighty God, to thee is known;  
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain  
To prophesy upon the slain;  
In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
Life spreads through all the realms of death;  
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;  
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when the trumpet's awful sound  
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,  
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
And spring to life beyond the skies.

140.

L.M.—*The Spirit's influences compared to living water.*  
John iv. 10.

- 1 BLEST Jesus, Source of grace divine,  
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!  
O bring these healing waters nigh,  
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,  
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,  
More eager longs for cooling rain,  
Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring,  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer this thirsty land below,

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 May this blest torrent near my side  
Through all the desert gently glide;  
Then in Immanuel's land above,  
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

141.

S.M.—*Partial Convictions*, Acts xxiv. 25.

- 1 SAY, what is this I feel,  
This trembling in my frame;  
Does it a contrite heart bespeak?  
Sure, Felix felt the same.
- 2 When conscience is alarm'd,  
My numerous sins I trace:  
Thus far a trembling soul may go,  
Without renewing grace.
- 3 Do we our sins confess,  
And all our sins forsake?  
Do we to Jesus' blood repair,  
And of his grace partake?
- 4 Lord, cleanse this soul of mine,  
And all its powers renew;  
Give me to know thy holy will,  
Thy holy will to do.

142.

C.M.—*For Conviction and Conversion*.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn;  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to our Saviour turn!
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,  
And then enrich the poor;  
The knowledge of our sickness give;  
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiven;  
By perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to heaven.

143.

C.M.—*Divine Persuasion.* Hosea xi. 4.

- 1 ALMIGHTY to persuade thou art,  
Thou Friend of helpless wo;  
Persuade me with my sin to part,  
To let my misery go.
- 2 Persuade me to repent, believe,  
Thine easy yoke to prove,  
And then into thine arms receive  
The captive of thy love.

144.

C.M.—*Gratitude the spring of true religion.* Hosea xi. 4.

- 1 MY God, what silken cords are thine,  
How soft, and yet how strong!  
While power and truth, and love combine  
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke  
Of Satan and of sin;  
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,  
Our worthless hearts to win.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
One moment takes away;  
And grace, when first the war begins,  
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears,  
In rich profusion flows;  
And glory of unnumber'd years  
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,  
Till round thy throne we meet;  
And, captives in the chains of love,  
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

145.

L.M.—*Growing in Grace.* 2 Peter iii. 18.

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,  
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;  
For all thine influence from above,  
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies,  
Brought down this plant of paradise,  
And gave its heavenly glories birth,  
To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 But why does that celestial flower  
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?  
Where are its balmy odours fled;  
And why reclines its beauteous head?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shows  
The unkindly soil in which it grows:  
Where the black frosts and beating storm  
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging sun, thy beams display  
To drive the frosts and storms away,  
Make all thy potent virtues known  
To cheer a plant so much thy own.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 6 And thou blest Spirit, deign to blow  
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;  
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad  
A fragrance grateful to our God.

146.

L.M.—*The heavenly inheritance made known by the Spirit.*  
Eph. i. 18.

- 1 COME, thou celestial Spirit, come,  
And call my roving passions home;  
To mine enlighten'd eyes display  
The heritage of heavenly day.
- 2 My God, that heritage is thine;  
How rich, how glorious, how divine!  
How far above all mortal things,  
The little pride of courts and kings!
- 3 Of endless joy the' unbounded store,  
Why is its lustre known no more?  
Away, ye mists of envious night,  
That veil salvation from my sight!
- 4 Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, shine;  
Shew the bright world, and shew it mine;  
Then paradise on earth shall spring,  
And mortal worms like angels sing.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.—  
ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.—THE VANITY  
OF THE WORLD.

147.

L.M.—*The Christian Scheme of Salvation worthy of God.* Heb. ii. 10.

- 1 IMMORTAL God, on thee we call,  
The great Original of all;  
Through thee we are, to thee we tend,  
Our sure support, our glorious end.

- 2 We praise that wise mysterious grace,  
That pitied our revolted race,  
And Jesus, our victorious head,  
The Captain of Salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,  
Should many sons to glory lead;  
And sinful worms to him are given,  
A colony to people heaven.
- 4 Jesus for us, (O gracious name!)  
Encounters agony and shame:  
Jesus, the glorious and the great,  
Was by dire sufferings made complete.
- 5 A scene of wonders here we see,  
Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee:  
And while this theme employs our tongues,  
All heaven unites its sweetest songs.

148.

P.M.—*The grand Scheme of the Gospel.* Eph. i. 9-11.

- 1 WE sing the deep mysterious plan,  
Which God devis'd ere time began,  
At length disclos'd in all its light:  
We bless the wondrous birth of love,  
Which beams around us from above,  
With grace so free, and hope so bright.
- 2 Here has the wise Eternal Mind,  
In Christ their common head, conjoin'd  
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven:  
Through him from the great Father's throne,  
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,  
And endless peace and life are given.
- 3 No more the awful cherubs guard  
The tree of life with flaming sword,  
To drive afar man's trembling race;  
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,  
And smiling wait (a friendly band!)  
To welcome strangers to the place.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 4 While we expect that glorious sight,  
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,  
And ardent hopes our bosoms raise:  
From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,  
To these resplendent realms of day,  
We'll try to send the sounding praise.

149.

L.M.—*The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation.* Rom. i. 16.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,  
That seeks relief for all his wo?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,  
Or form our natures fit for heaven?  
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,  
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;  
'Tis there such power and glory dwell  
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope  
That bears our fainting spirits up:  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines  
Where nature's golden treasure shines;  
Brought near the doctrine of the cross  
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name.



# 150.

C.M.—*Room at the Gospel Feast.* Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board;  
Not paradise with all its joys  
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given,  
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come;  
Come from the hedges and highways,  
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now  
Were fed and feasted here;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come,  
Nor could the wide assembling world  
O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready; come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.

# 151.

L.M.—*The Gospel Jubilee.* Ps. lxxxix. 15. Levit. xxv. Isa. lxi. 2.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful tidings round,  
Let every soul with transport hear,  
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,  
That you ten thousand talents owe,  
When humbled at his feet ye fall,  
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain  
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,  
To liberty assert your claim,  
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance you lost,  
Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;  
Fair Salem your arrival waits,  
To golden streets, and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more  
Bondage and poverty deplore;  
No debt, but love immensely great,  
Whose joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls that know the sound!  
God's light shall all their steps surround;  
And shew that Jubilee begun,  
Which through eternal years shall run.

152.

C.M.—*Redemption by Christ.* John xix. 30.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,  
A spectacle of wo!  
See from his agonizing wounds  
The blood incessant flow,
- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek  
And trembling lips were spread;  
Till light forsook his closing eyes,  
And life his drooping head.
- 3 'Tis finish'd — was his latest voice:  
These sacred accents o'er,  
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,  
And suffer'd pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies  
For sins, but not his own;  
The great redemption is complete,  
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

- 5 'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past;  
His blood, his pain, and toils,  
Have fully vanquished our foes,  
And crown'd him with our spoils.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—legal worship ends,  
And gospel ages run;  
All old things now are pass'd away,  
And a new world begun.

153.

P.M.—*The Cross of Christ.*

- 1 IN the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the Cross forsake me,  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way;  
From the Cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the Cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

154.

P.M.—*The Fountain opened. Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1 SEE from Zion's sacred mountain,  
Streams of living water flow,  
God has opened there a fountain,  
That supplies the world below;

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

- They are blessed  
Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
Streams of mercy find their way,  
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
Making all around look gay;  
O ye nations!  
Hail the long expected day.
- 3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,  
All-enriching as it goes,  
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,  
Buds and blossoms as the rose;  
Every object  
Sings for joy where'er it flows.
- 4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,  
Yield their fruit to all around;  
Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,  
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound;  
Fair their portion,  
Endless life with glory crown'd.

155.

*P.M.—A Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows to you, to me, to all,  
In a full perpetual tide,—  
Open'd when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,  
Come, defiled without, within;  
From infection and uncleanness,  
From the leprosy of sin,  
Wash your robes and make them white;  
Ye shall walk with God in light.

- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind;  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the troubled peace may find;  
Health this fountain will restore,  
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever;  
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:  
God is faithful;—God will never  
Break his covenant in blood,  
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,  
Seal'd when he was glorified.

156.

P.M.—*The Invitations of Jesus.* Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home:  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye, who tost on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise.
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,  
Here repose your heavy care!  
A wounded spirit who can bear?
- 5 Sinner come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound!  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

157.

*L.M.—Jesus teaching the People.*

- 1 HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound,  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gather'd round,  
And joy and reverence fill'd the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come all ye weary ones and rest!"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay then, tenements of dust!  
Pillars of earthly pride decay!  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

158.

*C.M.—None excluded from hope.*

- 1 JESUS! thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage  
Doth thy salvation flow;  
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take their share:  
No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,  
Nor boast your native powers,  
But to his sovereign grace submit,  
And glory shall be yours.

ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew:  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love;  
There's virtue in his name  
To turn the raven to a dove,  
The lion to a lamb.

159.

L.M.—*The Gospel Invitation.* Isa. lv. 1-4.

- 1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;  
(’Tis God invites the fallen race;)  
Mercy and free salvation buy;  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 “ Come, to the living waters, come;  
Sinners, obey your Maker’s call;  
Return ye weary wanderers home,  
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 “ See from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls:  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye labouring, burden’d, sin-sick souls.
- 4 “ Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have, and are, behind:  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 “ Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?  
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;  
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 “ In search of empty toys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
Whither, ah! whither would you go?  
I have the words of endless life.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 7 " Hearken to me with earnest care,  
And freely eat substantial food;  
The sweetness of my mercy share,  
And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 " I bid you all my goodness prove,  
My promises for all are free;  
Come taste the manna of my love,  
And let your souls delight in me.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words with faith and joy receive;  
Quickened your souls by grace divine,  
An everlasting life shall live.

160.

*P.M.—Sinners invited to Christ.*

- 1 COME ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,\*  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with power;  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye thirsty, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is, to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

\* Isaiah i. 6.



ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

- 4 Come ye weary heavy laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall!  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden;  
On the ground your Saviour lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
“ It is finish'd!”  
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name:  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same.

161.

*LM.—The Gospel first preached at Jerusalem. Luke xxiv. 47.*

- 1 “ GO (saith the Lord) proclaim my grace,  
“ To all the sons of Adam's race,  
“ Pardon for every crimson sin,  
“ And at Jerusalem begin.
- 2 “ There, where my blood, not fully dry,  
“ Stands warm upon Mount Calvary;  
“ That blood shall purge away their guilt,  
“ By whom so lately it was spilt.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 " Now let the daring rebels turn,  
" And o'er their bleeding Sovereign mourn;  
" Their bleeding Sovereign shall forgive,  
" And bid the rebels look and live."
- 4 Is this thy voice, all-gracious Lord?  
And did the rebels hear thy word?  
And did they fall beneath thy feet,  
And on their knees forgiveness meet?
- 5 Then may I hope for mercy too;  
Such love can my hard heart subdue,  
And give this guilty soul a place,  
Among these captives of thy grace.
- 6 Here be it daily mine employ  
To bathe thy wounds with tears of joy,  
Till 'midst the new Jerusalem  
In one full choir we sing thy name.

162.

L.M.—"*Behold I stand at the door and knock.*" Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger's at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knock'd before:  
Has waited long, is waiting still,  
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will,—the very friend you need;  
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine;  
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.

ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

- 5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain:  
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign;  
To reign, and with no partial sway:  
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 6 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!  
O may thy gentle reign increase!  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
And be his empire ALL MANKIND!

163.

C.M.—“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.” Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 COME let us who in Christ believe,  
Our common Saviour praise;  
To him with joyful voices give  
The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door  
Of every sinner's heart;  
The worst need keep him out no more,  
Nor force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,  
Yield to be sav'd from sin;  
In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,  
Nor ever hence remove;  
But sup with us, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love.

164.

C.M.—*The Sower.* Matt. xiii. 3.

- 1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,  
Break up your fallow ground!  
The sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil  
Shoots forth a hasty blade;  
But ill repays the sower's toil,  
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 The thorny ground is sure to baulk  
All hopes of harvest there;  
We find a tall and sickly stalk,  
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway-side  
Receive the trust in vain;  
The watchful birds the spoil divide,  
And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But where the Lord of grace and power,  
Has bless'd the happy field,  
How plenteous is the golden store  
The deep-wrought furrows yield!
- 6 Father of mercies, we have need  
Of thy preparing grace;  
Let the same hand that gives the seed,  
Provide a fruitful place.

165.

L.M.—“ *Why stand ye here all the day idle?*” Matt. xx. 6.

- 1 THE God of glory walks his round,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each with awful sound,  
“ No longer stand ye idle here.”
- 2 “ Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are  
clear,  
Waste not of hope the morning light!  
Ah, fools! why stand ye idle here?
- 3 “ Oh! as the griefs ye would assuage,  
That wait on life's declining year;  
Secure a blessing for your age,  
And work your Maker's business here!
- 4 “ And ye, whose locks of scanty grey  
Foretell your latest travail near;  
How swiftly fades your worthless day!  
And stand ye yet so idle here?

ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

- 5 " One hour remains, there is but one!  
But many a shriek and many a tear  
Through endless years the guilt must moan,  
Of moments lost and wasted here."  
6 Oh Thou, by all thy works ador'd,  
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,  
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,  
And grant us grace to please thee here!

166.

C.M.—*The unfruitful trees cut down.* Matt. iii. 10.

- 1 THE Lord into his vineyard comes,  
Our various fruit to see;  
His eye, more piercing than the light,  
Examines every tree.  
2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown  
If barren still ye stand;  
And fear that keenly-wounding axe,  
Which arms his awful hand.  
3 Close to the root behold it laid,  
To make destruction sure:  
Who can resist the mighty stroke?  
Or who the fire endure?  
4 Succeeding years thy patience waits;  
Nor let it wait in vain;  
But form in us abundant fruit,  
And still this fruit maintain.

167.

C.M.—*Israel's Obstinacy under God's lifted Hand.* Isa. xxvi. 11.

- 1 LORD, when thy hand is lifted up,  
The wicked will not see;  
But they shall see with glowing shame,  
Though they obdurate be.  
2 How few the weighty stroke regard,  
And seek their Maker's face!  
In vain may providence correct,  
If not enforc'd by grace.

ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

- 3 Exert thy mighty influence, Lord,  
And melt the stony breast;  
Then shall thy justice be ador'd,  
Thy mercy stand confest.
- 4 The scorner then shall mourn in dust,  
And put his sins away,  
No more resist his Maker's hands,  
But lift his own to pray.

168.

C.M.—*Sinners called to Repentance.* Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,  
Nor longer dare delay:  
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,  
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
O'erlooks the crimes of men;  
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach through all the earth;  
Let earth attend and fear:  
Listen ye men of royal birth,  
And let their vassals hear.
- 4 Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess;  
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with the grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar;  
For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days!  
Our hearts subdu'd by goodness fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

169.

*L.M.—A Call to Sinners.*

- 1 **SINNER**, O why so thoughtless grown;  
Why in such dreadful haste to die;  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,  
Madly attempt the' infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay sinner on the gospel plains,  
Behold the Lord of life unfold  
The glories of his dying pains,  
For ever telling, yet untold,

170.

*C.M.—James's Advice to Sinners. James iv. 7, 8.*

- 1 **YE** sinners, bend your stubborn necks  
Beneath the yoke divine;  
In low submission bow ye down  
Before his sacred shrine.
- 2 In pious streams your follies mourn,  
And seek his injur'd grace,  
And wait with broken, bleeding hearts,  
The openings of his face.
- 3 Resist the tempter's fierce attacks,  
And he shall speed his flight;  
Draw near to God, and his embrace  
Shall fold you with delight.
- 4 Ye sinners, cleanse your spotted hands,  
And purge your hearts from sin;  
Here fix your long-divided views,  
And peace shall reign within.
- 5 Blest Saviour, draw us by thy love,  
And fix us by thy power;  
When we have felt these sweet constraints,  
Our souls shall rove no more.

171.

S.M.—*"Give glory to God before he cause darkness."* Jer. xiii. 16.

- 1 THE swift declining day,  
How fast its moments fly!  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light;  
For know, its Maker can command  
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun  
In its meridian blaze;  
And cuts from smiling, vigorous youth,  
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow  
Your feet shall quickly slide;  
And from its airy summit dash  
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere:  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break  
Through all the horrid gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light,  
In a celestial home.

172.

S.M.—*The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.* Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before his face  
Astonish'd shrink away?



- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark from the gospel's gentle voice  
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled,  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

# 173.

L.M.—*Beholding Transgressors with grief.* Ps. cxix. 136, 158.

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes,  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;  
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;  
The Father wounded through the Son;  
The world abus'd; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night,  
In flames that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn those drops of grief to joy.

174.

C.M.—*The Gourd of Jonah.* Jonah iv. 6, 7.

- 1 OUR joy is a created good;  
How soon it fades away!  
Fades (at the morning hour bestow'd)  
Before the noon of day.
- 2 Joy, by its violent excess,  
To certain ruin tends,  
And all our rapturous happiness  
In hasty sorrow ends.
- 3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford  
A momentary shade;  
It rises like the prophet's gourd,  
And withers o'er my head.
- 4 But of my Saviour's love possess'd,  
No more for earth I pine;  
Secure of everlasting rest  
Beneath the heavenly Vine.

175.

C.M.—*Vanity of Life.* Eccles i. 2.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,  
Who can prevent or cure?  
We stand upon the brink of death  
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
It soon may be withdrawn;  
Some change may plunge us in distress  
Before to-morrow's dawn:
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,  
And find an easy prey;  
And oft, when least expected, wealth  
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,  
Produce us only pain;  
A worm unseen attacks the root,  
And all our hopes are vain.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

- 5 I pity those who seek no more  
Than such a world can give;  
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,  
And dying while they live.
- 6 Since sin has fill'd the earth with wo,  
And creatures fade and die,  
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
And fix our hopes on high.

176.

L.M.—*The Vanity of the World.*

- 1 GOD gives his mercies to be spent;  
Your hoard will do your soul no good,  
Gold is a blessing only lent,  
Repaid by giving others food.
- 2 The world's esteem is but a bribe,  
To buy their peace you sell your own,  
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,  
Who hate you while they make you known.
- 3 The joy that vain amusements give,  
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!  
The honey of a crowded hive,  
Defended by a thousand stings.
- 4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools  
That live upon her treacherous smiles;  
She leads them blindfold by her rules,  
And ruins all whom she beguiles.
- 5 God knows the thousands who go down,  
From pleasure into endless wo;  
And with a long despairing groan  
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.
- 6 O fearful thought! be timely wise;  
Delight but in a Saviour's charms,  
And God shall take thee to the skies,  
Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

177.

S.M.—*The Vanity of worldly schemes inferred from the uncertainty of Life.* James iv. 13-16.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand,  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
O make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thine almighty power  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care,  
O be it still pursu'd!  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young golden beams should die,  
In sudden, endless night.

178.

P.M.—*The Enchantment dissolved.*

- 1 BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,  
The world to our unpractis'd hearts,  
A flattering prospect shows;  
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes  
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,  
And undisturb'd repose.
- 2 So in the desert's dreary waste,  
By magic power produc'd in haste,  
(As ancient fables say)  
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,  
The senses of the traveller meet,  
And stop him in his way.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 But while he listens with surprise,  
The charm dissolves, the vision dies,  
"Twas but enchanted ground;  
Thus if the Lord our spirit touch,  
The world, which promis'd us so much,  
A wilderness is found.
- 4 At first we start, and feel distress,  
Convinc'd we never can have rest,  
In such a wretched place;  
But he whose mercy breaks the charm,  
Reveals his own almighty arm,  
And bids us seek his face.
- 5 Then we begin to live indeed,  
When from our sin and bondage freed,  
By this beloved friend,  
We follow him from day to day,  
Assur'd of grace through all the way,  
And glory at the end.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

179.

S.M.—*The Shining Light.*

- 1 MY former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins;  
I feel, alas! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
"Flee from the wrath to come."

- 4 I see, or think I see,  
A glimmering from afar;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

180.

P.M.—*Prayer for Seriousness.*

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,  
To thee, against myself, to thee,  
A worm of earth, I cry;  
An half-awaken'd child of man;  
An heir to endless bliss or pain;  
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Secure, insensible;  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar:  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?

AWAKENING, CONTRITION, CONVERSION.

- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry, and fear,  
Eternal bliss to insure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

181.

C.M.—*The alarmed Sinner's Remedy against Despair.*

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror sinks,  
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then, see the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only Son has died,  
To make her pardon sure.

182.

*L.M.—The convinced Sinner applying to Christ.*

- 1 AWAK'D from sin's delusive sleep,  
My heavy guilt I feel and weep;  
Beneath a weight of woes opprest,  
Jesus, I run to thee for rest.
- 2 O from thy throne of bliss above,  
Shed down a look of heavenly love;  
That balm shall sweeten all my pain,  
And my sad soul shall smile again.
- 3 By thy divine transforming power,  
My ruin'd nature raise, restore,  
And let my life and temper shine,  
In fair conformity to thine.

183.

*P.M.—Prayer of a convinced Sinner.*

- 1 FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds  
Whate'er thy every creature needs;  
Whose goodness providently nigh,  
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:  
To thee I look, my heart prepare;  
Suggest and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see,  
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;  
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,  
Preventing what my lips would say;  
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,  
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,  
Wayward, and impotent, and blind!  
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,  
Averse from good, and prone to ill!



AWAKENING, CONTRITION, CONVERSION.

- Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,  
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love!
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,  
And feel the indigence I see;  
Fain would I all my vileness own,  
And deep beneath my burden groan:  
Abhor the pride that lurks within,  
Detest and loathe myself and sin.
- 5 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel!  
My total misery reveal:  
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)  
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:  
My business this, my only care,  
My life, my every breath be prayer.

184.

C.M.—*The contrite Heart.* Isa. lvii. 15.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow;  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,  
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
To love thee if I could,  
But often feel another mind,  
Averse from all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,  
I fain would strive for more,  
But when I cry "My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know,  
And love thy house of prayer;  
I therefore go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache;  
Decide this doubt for me;  
And if it be not broken, break,  
And heal it, if it be.

185.

C.M.—*The humility and submission of the Penitent.* Ezek. xvi. 63.

- 1 O INJUR'D Majesty of heaven,  
Look from thy holy throne,  
While prostrate rebels own with grief  
What treasons they have done.
- 2 Thy grace, when sin abounded most,  
Reigns with superior sway;  
And pardons, bought with Jesus' blood,  
To rebels doth display.
- 3 While love its grateful anthems tunes,  
Tears mingle with the song;  
My heart with tender anguish bleeds,  
That I such grace should wrong.
- 4 How shall I lift these guilty eyes  
To mine offended Lord?  
Or how, beneath his heaviest strokes,  
Pronounce one murmuring word.
- 5 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd,  
But O! my Father, speak;  
And all the harmony of heaven  
Shall through the silence break.

186.

C.M.—*The Penitent brought back from the Pit.* Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

- 1 THE Lord, from his exalted throne,  
In majesty array'd,  
Looks with a melting pity down  
On all that seek his aid.
- 2 When touch'd with penitent remorse,  
Our follies past we mourn,  
With what a tenderness of love  
He meets our first return!

AWAKENING, CONTRITION, CONVERSION.

- 3 From heaven he sent his only Son  
To ransom us with blood,  
To snatch us from the burning pit,  
When on its brink we stood.
- 4 From death and hell he leads us up  
By a delightful way,  
And the bright beams of endless life  
Doth round our path display.
- 5 Great God, we wonder and adore;  
And to exalt such grace,  
We long to learn the songs of heaven  
Ere yet we reach the place.

187.

P.M.—*The Attraction of the Cross.*

- 1 O MY Lord, I've often mused  
On thy wondrous love to me;  
How I have the same abused,  
Slighted, disregarded thee!  
To thy church and thee a stranger,  
Pleas'd with what displeased thee:  
Lost, yet could perceive no danger;  
Wounded, yet no wound could see.
- 2 But unwearied thou pursu'dst me,  
Still thy calls repeated came;  
Till on Calvary's mount I view'd thee,  
Bearing my reproach and blame;  
Then, o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,  
Whilst I view each pierced limb,  
Tears bedew the scourge's furrow  
Mingling with the purple stream.
- 3 I no more at Mary wonder  
Dropping tears upon the grave;  
Earnest asking all around her,  
Where is he who died to save?

Dying love her heart attracted;  
Soon she felt his rising power:  
He, who Mary thus affected,  
Bids his mourners weep no more.

188.

C.M.—*Looking at the Cross.*

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear;  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain!  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
"This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
"I die that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays,  
In all its blackest hue,  
(Such is the mystery of grace)  
It seals my pardon too.

AWAKENING, CONTRITION, CONVERSION.

- 8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,  
My spirit now is fill'd;  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

189.

*P.M.—Seeking after God.*

- 1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still,  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;  
And fain I would, but though my will  
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;  
Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee!  
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
O when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:  
Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
“I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!”  
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love be all my choice!

# 190.

P.M.—*The Sinner's surrender to Grace.* Acts ix. 6.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won, at length I yield;  
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,  
Surrenders all to thee;  
Against thy terrors long I strove,  
But who can stand against thy love?  
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,  
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,  
I still had stubborn been:  
But mercy has my heart subdu'd,  
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,  
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
Come, take possession of thine own,  
For thou hast set me free;  
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers waiting stand,  
To be employ'd by thee.
- 4 My will conform'd to thine would move;  
On thee my hope, desire, and love,  
In fix'd attention join;  
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
Have Satan's servants been too long,  
But now they shall be thine.

# 191.

C.M.—*The Atonement of Christ.* Rom. iii. 25.

- 1 HOW is our nature spoil'd by sin!  
Yet nature ne'er hath found  
The way to make the conscience clean,  
Or heal the painful wound.
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own;  
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood,  
Can bring us near thy throne.

ATONEMENT, ACCEPTANCE, JUSTIFICATION.

- 3 The threatenings of the broken law  
Impress our souls with dread;  
If God his sword of vengeance draw  
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thy illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answer'd these demands,  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Come down by Jesus' hands.
- 5 Here all the ancient types agree;  
The altar and the lamb;  
And prophets in their visions see  
Salvation through his name.
- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!  
'Tis on thy cross we rest;  
For ever be thy love ador'd,  
Thy name for ever blest.

192.

P.M.—*The Sacrifice of Christ pleaded.*

- 1 PROSTRATE, with eyes of faith I see  
My Saviour fasten'd to the tree,  
A victim on that altar laid,  
Himself presenting to the skies,  
The grand vicarious sacrifice,  
The Righteous in the sinner's stead.
- 2 Well-pleasing to our God above  
His sacrifice of life and love  
I plead before the gracious throne:  
Father, a prodigal receive:  
And bid a pardon'd rebel live,  
The purchase of thy bleeding Son.

193.

C.M.—*The Fountain opened. Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day:  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other name but thine.

## 194.

L.M.—*The evil Conscience purified by the Blood of Jesus.*  
Heb. ix. 13, 14.

- 1 BLEST be the Lamb whose blood was spilt,  
To sprinkle conscience from its guilt,  
To ease its pains, to calm its fears,  
And purchase grace for future years.
- 2 Cleans'd by this all-atoning blood,  
We join in free access to God,  
The living God, before whose face  
Sinners in vain shall seek a place.



ATONEMENT, ACCEPTANCE, JUSTIFICATION.

- 3 Rouse thee, my soul, to serve him still,  
With cordial love, with active zeal;  
Serve him, like his own Son divine,  
Who made his life the price of thine.
- 4 Blest Jesus, introduc'd by thee,  
The Father's smiling face I see;  
And strengthen'd by thy grace alone,  
These grateful services are done.
- 5 Then must my debt from day to day  
Grow with each service that I pay;  
So grows my joy, dear Lord, to be  
Thus more and more in debt to thee.

195.

*L.M.—Justification.*

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress:  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day;  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolv'd through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then this shall be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."

196.

*L.M.—Justification and Perseverance. Rom. viii. 33.*

- 1 SAY, who shall God's elect condemn?  
'Tis Christ who for their ransom died;  
Rising, he intercedes for them,  
And they in him are justified.
- 2 Not tribulation, nakedness,  
The famine, peril, or the sword,  
Nor persecution or distress  
Shall separate from Christ the Lord.

- 3 Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,  
Nor powers below, nor powers above,  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Can change his purposes of love.
- 4 His sovereign mercy knows no bounds,  
His faithfulness shall still endure;  
And those who on his word rely,  
Shall find his truth for ever sure.

197.

C.M.—*God's gracious method of adopting love.* Jer. iii. 19.

- 1 AMAZING plan of sovereign love!  
And doth our God look down  
On rebels, whom his wrath might doom  
To perish at his frown?
- 2 Doth he project a wondrous scheme,  
In such a way to save,  
That justice, majesty, and grace,  
May one joint triumph have?
- 3 One look the stubborn heart subdues,  
And at his feet they fall;  
They own their Father with delight,  
And he receives them all.
- 4 Number'd amongst his dearest sons,  
The pleasant land they share;  
On earth secur'd by power divine,  
Till crown'd with glory there.
- 5 Father, in thine embraces lodg'd,  
Our heaven begun we feel,  
And wait the hour which thou shalt mark,  
Thy counsels to fulfil.

198.

S.M.—*Christians begotten to God as the first-fruits of his creatures.*  
James i. 18.

- 1 NOW to that sovereign grace,  
Whence all our comforts spring,  
Let the whole new-begotten race  
Their cheerful praises bring.

## ADOPTION.

- 2 His will first made the choice;  
His word the change hath wrought;  
In him our Father we rejoice,  
Nor be the name forgot.
- 3 Lord, may this matchless love,  
Which thy own children see,  
Make us from all thy creatures prove,  
As the first-fruits to thee.
- 4 Sacred to thee alone,  
Be all these powers of mine,  
Then in the noblest sense my own,  
When most entirely thine.

## 199.

C.M.—*A filial temper a proof of Adoption.* Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow my humble claim;  
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound,  
How tender and how dear!  
Not all the melody of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, Sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On mine expanding heart,  
And shew, that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe:  
Thou know'st I Abba, Father, cry,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

## 200.

S.M.—*God bringing his people into the covenant under the rod.*  
Ezek xx. 37.

- 1 HOW gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God!  
And O! how rich the blessings are,  
Which blossom from his rod!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2    He lifts it up on high  
      With pity in his heart,  
      That every stroke his children feel  
      May grace and peace impart.
- 3    Instructed thus they bow,  
      And own his sovereign sway;  
      They turn their erring footsteps back  
      To his forsaken way.
- 4    His covenant love they seek,  
      And seek the happy bands,  
      That closer still engage their hearts  
      To honour his commands.
- 5    Dear Father, we consent  
      To discipline divine,  
      And bless the pains that make our souls  
      Still more completely thine.

201.

L. M.—*Afflictions sanctified by the Word.*

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy word,  
      Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!  
      It guides me in the peaceful way,  
      I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,  
      The strength of youth, the bloom of health!  
      What are all joys compar'd with those  
      Thine everlasting word bestows!
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,  
      In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;  
      Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,  
      And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,  
      I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;  
      It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
      But sav'd me from eternal wo.

## AFFLICTION.

- 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,  
Thy precept I had still despis'd;  
And still the snare in secret laid,  
Had my unwary feet betray'd.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,  
And breathe towards thy dear abode,  
Where in thy presence fully blest,  
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

## 202.

C.M.—*Divine Mercies and Judgments compared.* Isa. liv. 7, 8.

- 1 IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,  
What soft compassion reigns!  
What gentle accents of thy voice  
Assuage thy children's pains.
- 2 "When I correct my chosen sons,  
"A father's bowels move;  
"One transient moment bounds my wrath,  
"But endless is my love."
- 3 Our faith shall look through every tear,  
And view thy smiling face,  
And hope amidst our sighs shall tune  
An anthem to thy grace.
- 4 Gather at length my weary soul  
To join thy saints above;  
For I would learn a song of praise  
Eternal as thy love.

## 203.

C.M.—*Afflictions moderated.* Isa. xxvii. 8.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,  
We own thy power divine;  
We hear thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
They work thy sovereign will;  
And aw'd by thy majestic voice,  
Confusion shall be still.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
To them that seek thy face,  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
Till all the tumult cease,  
And gales of Paradise shall lull  
My weary soul to peace.

204.

L.M.—*The weeping Seed-time, and joyful Harvest.* Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

- 1 THE darken'd sky how thick it lowers!  
Troubled with storms and big with showers;  
No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive;  
God bids the soul that seeks him, live;  
And from the gloomiest shade of night  
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown,  
Are in these water'd furrows sown;  
See the green blades, how thick they rise,  
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
- 4 In secret foldings they contain  
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;  
And heaven shall pour its beams around,  
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
And find his sheaves and bear them home;  
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,  
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

205.

C.M.—*Hearing the Voice of God's Rod.* Micah vi. 9.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, with reverend awe,  
The dictates of thy God;  
Silent and trembling hear the voice  
Of his appointed rod.

## AFFLICTION.

- 2 Now let me search and try my ways,  
And prostrate seek his face,  
Conscious of guilt before his throne,  
In dust my soul abase.
- 3 Teach me, my God, what's yet unknown,  
And all my crimes forgive;  
Those crimes would I no more repeat,  
But to thy honour live.
- 4 My wither'd joys too plainly shew  
That all on earth is vain;  
In God my wounded heart confides  
True rest and bliss to gain.
- 5 Father, I wait thy gracious call,  
To leave this mournful land,  
And bathe in rivers of delight,  
That flow at thy right hand.

## 206.

C.M.—*Quietness under Affliction a proper acknowledgment of God.*  
Ps. xlv. 10.

- 1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,  
That blasts our joys in death;  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back our breath,
- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
Of all the worlds above,  
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice;  
Yet scatters with unwearied hand  
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our Covenant-God and Father he,  
In Christ our bleeding Lord;  
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss  
He weaves for every brow,  
And shall tumultuous passions rise,  
If he correct us now?
- 6 Silent I own Jehovah's name;  
I kiss thy scourging hand;  
And yield my comforts and my life  
To thy supreme command.

207.

C.M.—*God's afflicted Poor trusting in his Name. Zeph. iii. 12.*

- 1 PRAISE to the Sovereign of the sky,  
Who from his lofty throne,  
Looks down on all that humble lie,  
And calls such souls his own.
- 2 The haughty sinner he disdains,  
Though gems his temples crown;  
And from the seat of pomp and pride  
His vengeance hurls him down.
- 3 On his afflicted pious poor  
He makes his face to shine;  
He fills their cottages of clay  
With lustre all divine.
- 4 Among the meanest of thy flock,  
There let my dwelling be,  
Rather than under gilded roofs,  
If absent, Lord, from thee.
- 5 Poor and afflicted though we are,  
In thy strong name we trust;  
And bless the hand of sovereign love,  
Which lifts us from the dust.

208.

L.M.—*Affliction leading to Glory. 2 Cor. iv. 17.*

- 1 YES, 'tis a rough and thorny road  
That leads us to the saints' abode;  
But when our Father's home we gain  
'Twill make amends for all our pain.



- 2 And what is all we suffer now,  
Or all we can endure below,  
To that bright day when Christ shall come,  
And take his weary pilgrims home?

209.

C.M.—*Inconstancy in Religion.* Hosea vi. 4.

- 1 PERPETUAL source of light and grace,  
We hail thy sacred name:  
Through every year's revolving round  
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all-worthless as we are,  
Its wondrous mercy pours;  
Sure as the heaven's establish'd course,  
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,  
And treacherous vows renew;  
False as the morning's scattering cloud,  
And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,  
And loud implore thy grace,  
To bear our feeble footsteps on  
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Arm'd with this energy divine,  
Our souls shall steadfast move,  
And with increasing transport press  
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So by thy power the morning sun  
Pursues his radiant way,  
Brightens each moment in his race,  
And shines to perfect day.

210.

L.M.—*The wandering Sheep.* Ps. cxix. 175, 176.

- 1 O LET my cries approach thy seat,  
My prayer, O Lord! indulgent meet,  
And let thy promis'd aid dispel  
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.

- 2 O let my soul to life restor'd,  
Thy love in lasting hymns record,  
While o'er my head its beams shall shine,  
And make thy great salvation mine.
- 3 Thine eyes in me the sheep behold,  
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold,  
That guideless, helpless, strives in vain,  
To find its safe retreat again:—
- 4 Now listens, if perchance its ear  
The shepherd's well-known voice may hear;  
Now, as the tempests round it blow,  
In plaintive accents vents its wo.
- 5 Great Ruler of this earthly ball,  
Do thou my erring steps recall:  
O seek thou him, who thee has sought,  
Nor turns from thy decrees his thought.

## 211.

S.M.—*Hope reviving.*

- 1 AND shall I sit alone,  
Oppress'd with grief and fear;  
To God my Father make my moan,  
And he refuse to hear?
- 2 If he my Father be,  
His pity he will shew;  
From cruel bondage set me free,  
And inward peace bestow.
- 3 If still he silence keep,  
'Tis but my faith to try;  
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,  
And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,  
Nor once indulge despair;  
My sins are great, but not so great  
As his compassions are.

## 212.

C.M.—*Backsliding Israel invited to return to God.* Jer. iii. 12, 13.

- 1 BACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice  
Of thy forgiving God,  
Nor force such goodness to exert  
The terrors of the rod.
- 2 Thus saith the Lord, " My mercy flows  
" An unexhausted stream;  
" And, after all its millions sav'd,  
" Its sway is still supreme.
- 3 " Own but the follies thou hast done,  
" And mourn thy sins in dust,  
" And soon thy trembling heart shall learn  
" To hope, and love, and trust."
- 4 All-gracious God, thy voice we own;  
And, prostrate at thy feet,  
Our souls in humble silence wait  
A pardon there to meet.

## 213.

C.M.—*The Backslider recollecting himself in his Affliction.*  
Hosea ii. 6, 7.

- 1 THE Lord, how kind are all his ways,  
When most they seem severe!  
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,  
That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns, he fences up our path,  
And builds a wall around,  
To guard us from the death, that lurks  
In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 When other lovers, sought in vain,  
Our fond address despise,  
He opens his indulgent arms,  
With pity in his eyes.
- 4 Return, ye wandering souls, return,  
And seek his tender breast;  
Call back the memory of the days,  
When there you found your rest.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Behold, O Lord, we fly to thee,  
Though blushes veil our face,  
Constrain'd our last retreat to seek,  
In thy much-injur'd grace.

214.

C.M.—*The Lamentation of a Sinner.*

- 1 O LORD, turn not thy face away  
From them that lowly lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful life,  
With tears and bitter cry!
- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
To them that mourn their sin;  
Oh! shut them not against us, Lord,  
But let us enter in!
- 3 We need not to confess our fault,  
For surely thou canst tell;  
What we have done, and what we are,  
Thou knowest very well:
- 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,  
With tears we come to thee:  
As children that have done amiss  
Fall at their father's knee.
- 5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat  
The blessing which we crave!  
When thou dost know, before we speak,  
The thing that we would have.
- 6 Mercy, O Lord—mercy we seek:  
This is the total sum!  
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,  
Oh! let thy mercy come!

215.

C.M.—*Creatures vain, and God the Salvation of his People.*  
Jer. iii. 23.

- 1 HOW long shall dreams of creature bliss  
Our flattering hopes employ,  
And mock our fond deluded eyes,  
With visionary joy?

BACKSLIDING AND RECOVERY.

- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills  
Is our salvation sought,  
While our eternal Rock's forsook,  
And Israel's God forgot?
- 3 The living spring neglected flows  
Full in our daily view,  
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,  
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,  
With gentle pity see;  
To thee our roving eyes direct,  
And fix our souls on thee.

216.

P.M.—*The Backslider's Prayer.*

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear and bow me to the rod:  
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the Throne of Love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin;  
Yet once again I seek thy face,  
Open thine arms, and take me in!  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore;  
Oh! for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert;  
The veil of sin again remove:  
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,  
And melt it by thy dying love!

- This rebel heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relentings now;  
Fill my whole soul with filial fears;  
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow:  
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break  
The iron sinew in my neck!
- 6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at the' approach of sin:  
A godly fear of sin impart;  
Implant and root it deep within,  
That I may dread thy gracious power  
And never dare to' offend thee more.

217.

C.M.—*God's Complacency in his Thoughts of Peace towards his People.* Jer. xxix. 11.

- 1 VILER than dust, O Lord, are we;  
And doth thine anger cease?  
And doth thy gracious heart o'erflow  
With purposes of peace.
- 2 And dost thou with delight reflect  
On what thy grace shall do?  
And with complacency of soul  
Enjoy the distant view?
- 3 And can thy often injur'd love  
So kind a message send,  
That thou to all our lengthen'd woes  
Wilt give the' expected end?
- 4 Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes,  
While such a voice we hear?  
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,  
While such a friend is near?
- 5 To all thy other favours add  
A heart to trust thy word,  
And death itself shall hear us sing,  
While resting on the Lord.

## 218.

*C.M.—Anxiety reprieved.*

- 1 WE would not seek, with God our friend,  
With anxious care to know,  
Or how, or when, our lives shall end,  
Or what our lot below.
- 2 The same kind power that gave us breath,  
Still holds us in his hand;  
And when he bids us sleep in death,  
All wise is his command.
- 3 That power, whose watchful goodness feeds  
The warblers of the air,  
And clothes with flowers the smiling meads,  
Shall we not be his care?
- 4 If lengthen'd years our lives shall crown,  
Then be his praise exprest;  
Or if in this he cuts us down,  
Still what he does is best.
- 5 May we the good each hour supplies,  
Receive with grateful mind;  
And when our fairest pleasure dies,  
Be humble and resign'd.
- 6 How swift our moments steal away;  
E'en while we speak they fly:  
Then let us seize the happy day,  
And only live to die.

## 219.

*C.M.—The Saint encouraging himself in his God. 1 Sam. xxx. 6.*

- 1 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious name,  
Still pregnant with delight;  
It scatters round a cheerful beam,  
To gild the darkest night.
- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,  
And drop, like withering flowers?  
Nor time nor death can break that band,  
Which makes Jehovah ours.

- 3 My cares, I give you to the wind,  
And shake you off like dust;  
Well may I trust my all with him,  
With whom my soul I trust.

220.

C.M.—*God furnishing a Table in the Wilderness.* Ps. lxxviii. 19, 20.

- 1 PARENT of universal good,  
We own thy bounteous hand,  
Which does so rich a table spread,  
E'en in this desert land.
- 2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks,  
In gushing torrents flow;  
The feather'd wanderers of the air  
Thy guiding instinct know.
- 3 The pregnant clouds, at thy command,  
Rain down delicious bread,  
And by light drops of pearly dew  
Are numerous armies fed.
- 4 Supported thus, thine Israel march'd  
The promis'd land to gain;  
And shall thy children now begin  
To seek their God in vain?
- 5 Are all thy stores exhausted now?  
Or does thy mercy fail?  
That faith should languish in our breasts,  
And anxious cares prevail?
- 6 Ye base unworthy fears, be gone,  
And wide disperse in air;  
Then may I feel my Father's rod,  
When I suspect his care.

221.

S.M.—*God's Care a Remedy for ours.* 1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 HOW gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
"And trust his constant care."



CARE AND CONTENTMENT.

- 2 While providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approv'd  
Down to the present day;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

222.

P.M.—*The Morrow unknown.* James iv. 14.

- 1 'TIS to us no cause of sorrow,  
That we cannot tell to-day,  
What it is will come to-morrow;  
'Tis enough that we can say,  
"He whom we our Father call,  
"Knows the future—knows it all."
- 2 Happy they, who all committing,  
To their Father's care and love,  
Let him choose what most is fitting,  
And of all he does approve.  
They are free from anxious care;  
Blest in this his people are.
- 3 Teach us, O our God and Father,  
Teach us to obey thee thus:  
Be thy choice our portion, rather  
Than what might seem good to us;  
'Tis not meet we should refuse,  
Aught that thou, our God, shalt choose.
- 4 Future things with thee are present:  
All to come thine eye can see:

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Safe it is for us, and pleasant,  
Future things to trust to thee:  
Then thy people happy are,  
When on thee they cast their care.

### 223.

C.M.—*God supplying the Necessities of his People.* Phil. iv. 19-20.

- 1 MY God! how cheerful is the sound!  
How pleasant to repeat!  
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,  
Where God hath fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply  
From his redundant stores?  
What streams of mercy from on high,  
An arm almighty pours!
- 3 From Christ, the everliving spring,  
These ample blessings flow:  
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,  
Whose heart hath lov'd us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our God  
Be endless glory given,  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

### 224.

L.M.—“*Give us day by day our daily bread.*” Luke xi. 3.

- 1 OH King of earth, and air, and sea!  
The hungry ravens cry to thee:  
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep  
The bosom of the boundless deep;
- 2 To thee the lions roaring call,  
The common Father, kind to all!  
Then grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
Our daily bread from day to day!
- 3 The fishes may for food complain;  
The ravens spread their wings in vain;  
The roaring lions lack and pine;  
But, God! Thou carest still for thine.

## CONFLICT AND TEMPTATION.

- 4 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
The bleak and lonely wilderness;  
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
For daily bread from day to day.
- 5 And oh, when through the wilds we roam,  
That part us from our heavenly home;  
When lost in danger, want, and wo,  
Our faithless tears begin to flow;
- 6 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,  
By which alone the soul may live;  
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
The bread of life from day to day.

### 225.

*C.M.—Acquiescence in the Divine Will.*

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time  
God's watchful eye surveys,  
O who so wise to choose our lot,  
And regulate our ways?
- 2 Since none can doubt his equal love,  
Unmeasurably kind:  
To his unerring, gracious will,  
Be every wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies;  
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.

### 226.

*L.M.—Conflict and Temptation.*

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;  
Out of the depths to thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm;  
Defend me from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves, say "Peace, be still."

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main,  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

## 227.

L.M.—*God's fidelity in moderating Temptations.* 1 Cor. x. 13.

- 1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,  
And make Jehovah's arm their song:  
His shield is spread o'er every saint,  
And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage,  
With mingled cruelty and rage?  
A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display  
A strength proportion'd to our day,  
And when united trials meet,  
Will shew a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove thy promise good,  
Which Jesus ratified with blood;  
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,  
And still in him let Israel trust.

## 228.

L.M.—*Looking upwards in a Storm.*

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

CONFLICT AND TEMPTATION.

- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint!  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God  
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me!  
I have an Advocate with thee:  
They whom the world caresses most  
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

229.

C.M.—*Christ's Care of the Tempted.* Luke xxii. 31, 32.

- 1 HOW keen the tempter's malice is!  
How artful and how great!  
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,  
Yet will he sift the wheat.
- 2 But God can all his power control,  
And gather in his chain;  
And where he seems to triumph most,  
The captive soul regain.
- 3 There is a shepherd kind and strong,  
Still watchful for his sheep;  
Nor shall the infernal lion rend,  
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,  
That we may fall no more;  
O raise us, when we prostrate lie,  
And comfort lost restore.
- 5 Thy secret energy impart,  
That faith may never fail,  
But, 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,  
That temper'd shield prevail.
- 6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,  
We'll guard our brethren too;  
And, taught their frailty by our own,  
Our care of them renew.

230.

L.M.—*God the Author of Consolation.* 2 Cor. vii. 6.

- 1 THE Lord, how rich his comforts are;  
How wide they spread! how high they rise!  
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,  
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.
- 2 "I have no hope," my spirit cried,  
Just trembling on the brink of hell;  
"I am thy hope," the Lord replied,  
"My love secures its favourites well."
- 3 My grateful soul shall speak its praise,  
Who turns its tremblings into songs;  
And those that mourn shall learn from me,  
Salvation to our God belongs.

231.

L.M.—*"Why art thou cast down?"* Ps. xlii. 5.

- 1 BE still my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word!
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

- 3 When first before his mercy-seat,  
Thou didst to him thy all commit;  
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He who has help'd me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey through;  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God,  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

## 232.

C.M.—*Christ's Pity and Consolation for his troubled Disciples.*  
John xiv. 1-3.

- 1 PEACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,  
And all my tears be dry;  
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn,  
That views his Jesus nigh.
- 2 "Let not your bosoms throb," he says,  
"Nor be your souls afraid!  
"Trust in your God's Almighty name,  
"And trust your Saviour's aid.
- 3 "Fair mansions in my Father's house  
"For all his children wait;  
"And I, your elder brother, go,  
"To open wide the gate.
- 4 "And if I thither go before,  
"A dwelling to prepare,  
"I surely shall return again,  
"That I may fix you there.

- 5 " United in eternal love,  
    " My chosen shall remain,  
    " And with rejoicing hearts shall share  
    " The honours of my reign."  
6 Yes, Lord, thy gracious words we hear,  
    And cordial joys they bring:  
Frail nature may extort a groan,  
    But faith shall learn to sing.

## 233.

P.M.—*Christ's little Flock comforted.* Luke xii. 32.

- 1 IS it not the Shepherd's voice?  
    Jesus, I thy word embrace;  
Fearful, I in hope rejoice;  
    I shall gain the crowning grace.  
2 I the kingdom shall receive,  
    By my Father's pleasure given;  
Triumph in thy smile and live,  
    High enthron'd with God in heaven.

## 234.

C.M.—" *Fear not.*" Isa. xxxv. 4.

- 1 YE trembling souls dismiss your fears,  
    Be mercy all your theme;  
Mercy, which like a river flows,  
    In one perpetual stream.  
2 " Fear not" the powers of earth and hell,  
    God will those powers restrain;  
His arm shall all their rage repel,  
    And make their efforts vain.  
3 " Fear not" the want of outward good,  
    For his he will provide;  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
    And give them heaven beside.  
4 " Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,  
    Or leave his work undone;  
He's faithful to his promises,  
    And faithful to his Son.



CONSOLATION AND SUPPORT.

- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,  
Or death's tremendous sting;  
He will from endless wrath preserve,  
To endless glory bring.

235.

C.M.—*The timorous Saint encouraged.* Isa. xli. 10.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
To dissipate our fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,  
And bears up all the skies,  
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,  
When dangers round us rise?
- 3 Dost thou a father's bowels feel  
For all thy humble saints;  
And in such tender accents speak,  
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 4 On this support my soul shall lean,  
And banish every care;  
The gloomy vale of death must smile,  
If God be with me there.
- 5 While I his gracious succour prove,  
'Midst all my various ways,  
The darkest shades through which I pass  
Shall echo with his praise.

236.

C.M.—*Support under Trials.* Job v. 19. 2 Cor. i. 10.

- 1 WHY should I doubt his love at last,  
With anxious thoughts perplex?  
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,  
Will save me in the next:
- 2 Will save, till at my latest hour,  
With more than conquest blest,  
I soar beyond temptation's power,  
To my Redeemer's breast.

237.

L.M.—*God the constant Support and Happiness of his People.*  
Ps. lxxiii. 25, 26.

- 1 MY God, whose all-pervading eye  
Views earth beneath, and heaven above,  
Witness, if here, or there, thou seest  
An object of mine equal love.
- 2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men  
Pursue their bliss, and find their wo,  
Detain my rising heart, which springs  
The nobler joys of heaven to view.
- 3 Not all the fairest sons of light,  
That lead the army round thy throne,  
Can bound its flight; it presseth on,  
And seeks its rest in God alone.
- 4 Fix'd near the' immortal source of bliss,  
Dauntless and joyous it surveys  
Each form of horror and distress,  
That earth, combin'd with hell, can raise.
- 5 This feeble flesh shall faint, and die;  
This heart renew its pulse no more;  
E'en now it views the moment nigh,  
When life's last movements all are o'er.
- 6 But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,  
With thy own hand thy power destroy;  
'Tis thine to bear my soul to God;  
My portion, and eternal joy.

238.

C.M.—*Confidence in God.*

- 1 OH! why art thou cast down, my soul?  
Say why distrustful still,  
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
O'er scenes of future ill?
- 2 Let faith suppress each rising fear,  
Each anxious doubt exclude;  
Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here,  
Thy Maker, wise and good!

CONFIDENCE AND TRUST.

- 3 He, to thy every trial knows  
Its just restraints to give;  
Attentive to behold thy woes,  
And faithful to relieve.
- 4 Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,  
Still in thy God confide;  
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,  
And curbs the headlong tide.

239.

C.M. — *Encouragement to trust in God.* Ps. xxxiv.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all who are distress,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just:  
Protection he affords to all  
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love!  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his name confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight;  
Your wants shall be his care.

240.

P.M. — “*I will trust.*” Isa. xii. 2.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief!  
My Saviour is near,  
And for my relief  
Will surely appear:

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

By prayer let me wrestle,  
And he will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel,  
I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way,  
Since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken  
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in times past,  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite through.
- 4 Why should I complain  
Of want or distress,  
Temptations or pain?  
He told me no less;  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord.
- 5 Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The medicine is food;  
Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song.

241.

C.M.—*Trust in God in Prosperity and Adversity.*

- 1 THE Lord, how tender is his love!  
His justice, how august!  
*Hence* all her fears my soul derives,  
*There* anchors all her trust.
- 2 He showers the manna from above,  
To feed the barren waste;  
Or points with death the fiery hail,  
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath incens'd,  
Are dust beneath his tread:  
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,  
And shakes the learned head.
- 4 He bids distress forget to groan,  
The sick from anguish cease;  
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,  
And softly whispers peace.
- 5 Thy vengeance rides the rushing wind,  
Or tips the bolt with flame:  
Thy goodness breathes in every breeze,  
And warms in every beam.
- 6 For me, O Lord, whatever lot  
The hours commission'd bring;  
Do all my withering blessings die?  
Or fairer clusters spring?
- 7 O grant that still, with grateful heart,  
My years resign'd may run:  
'Tis thine to give, or to resume,  
And may thy will be done!

242.

S.M.—*Trust in God in every condition.*

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;  
Loud to the praise of love divine  
Bid every string awake.

- 2    Though in a foreign land,  
      We are not far from home,  
And nearer to our house above,  
      We every moment come.
- 3    His grace will to the end,  
      Stronger and brighter shine,  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
      Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4    When we in darkness walk,  
      Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
      And rest upon his name.
- 5    Soon shall our doubts and fears  
      Subside at his control;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
      The midnight of the soul.
- 6    Blest is the man, O God,  
      That stays himself on thee!  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
      Shall thy salvation see.

## 243.

C.M.—*Trust in God amidst the frailties of our nature.* Ps. ciii. 14.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,  
      And make that name our trust,  
Which rais'd at first this curious frame,  
      From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,  
      The fabric of a day;  
Then know their vital powers no more,  
      But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,  
      This thought is our repose,  
That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,  
      Its various weakness knows.

- 4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,  
While struggling with our load;  
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,  
Our Father and our God.
- 5 Gently supported by thy love,  
We tend to realms of peace;  
Where every pain shall far remove,  
And every frailty cease.

## 244.

C.M.—*Christian Heroism.*

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain:  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in his train?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of wo,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in his train!
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And call'd on him to save.
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong!  
Who follows in his train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mark'd the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane:  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel!  
Who follows in their train?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 7 A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light array'd.
- 8 They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain!  
Oh God! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!

245.

P.M.—*Christian Courage, Fortitude, and Hope.*

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond *this* vale of tears  
To *that* celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Look forward to that happy place,  
The saints' secure abode:  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 See, where the Lamb in glory stands,  
Encircled with his radiant bands,  
And join the angelic powers;  
For all that height of glorious bliss  
Our everlasting portion is,  
And all that heaven is ours.
- 4 Who suffer for our master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.



COURAGE, FORTITUDE, AND ZEAL.

- 5 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up;  
It brings to life the dead:  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last  
Triumphant with our Head.

246.

C.M.—*Christian Fortitude.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb!  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they're slain:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

247.

C.M.—*The God of Peace bruising Satan.* Rom. xvi. 20.

- 1 YE armies of the living God,  
In his all-conquering name,  
Lift up your banners, and aloud  
Your Leader's grace proclaim.

- 2 What, though the prince of hell invade  
With showers of fiery darts,  
And join to the fierce lion's roar,  
The serpent's wily arts ;
- 3 Jesus, who leads his hosts to war,  
Shall tread the monster down,  
And every faithful soldier share  
The triumph and the crown!

248.

C.M.—*Persecution to be expected by every true Christian.*  
2 Tim. iii. 12.

- 1 GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,  
We shout thy conquering name;  
Legions of foes beset thee round,  
And legions fled with shame.
- 2 A victory glorious and complete  
Thou by thy death didst gain;  
So in thy cause may we contend,  
And death itself sustain.
- 3 By our illustrious general fir'd,  
We no extremes would fear;  
Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,  
If thou our Lord be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn  
To triumph and renown;  
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,  
May we but share thy crown.

249.

C.M.—*Pressing on in the Christian Race.* Phil. iii. 12-14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge the way.

COURAGE, FORTITUDE, AND ZEAL.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high:  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honours down.

250.

*L.M.—Zeal for Christ; or Peter and John following their Master.  
John xxi. 18-20.*

- 1 BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands,  
Submissive to their Lord's commands,  
And yield their liberty and breath  
To him that lov'd their souls in death!
- 2 Lead me to suffer and to die,  
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:  
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,  
And teach me smiling to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,  
And from the cross or flames draw back,  
Grace can its feeble courage raise.  
And turn its tremblings into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,  
I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;  
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move  
With humble hope and silent love.

251.

*S.M.—Christian Zeal.*

- 1 JESUS, I fain would find  
Thy zeal for God in me;  
Thy yearning pity for mankind,  
Thy burning charity.

- 2 In me thy Spirit dwell!  
In me thy bowels move!  
So shall the fervour of my zeal  
Be the pure flame of love.

252.

C.M.—*Holy Zeal and Diligence.*

- 1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,  
Earth's vanities pursue,  
How slow the advances which I make  
With heaven itself in view.
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;  
Great God my love inflame;  
Religion, without zeal and love,  
Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill  
I would with fervour strive;  
And all those powers employ for thee  
Which I from thee derive.

253.

C.M.—*The good Samaritan.* Luke x. 30-37.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising breasts  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' wo!
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,  
When 'thron'd above the skies,  
And 'midst the embraces of his God,  
He felt compassion rise.

COMPASSION AND CHARITY.

- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
To raise us from the ground,  
And made the richest of his blood  
A balm for every wound.

254.

C.M.—*Providing Bags that wax not old, &c.* Luke xii. 33.

- 1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!  
How swift they pass away!  
The dying flower reclines his head,  
The beauty of a day!
- 2 The bags are rent, the treasures lost  
We fondly call'd our own;  
Scarce could we the possession boast,  
And straight we found it gone.
- 3 But there are joys that cannot die,  
With God laid up in store;  
Treasure beyond the changing sky,  
Brighter than golden ore.
- 4 To that my rising heart aspires,  
Secure to find its rest,  
And glories in such wide desires  
Of all their wish possess.
- 5 The seeds which piety and love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair fertile fields above,  
To ample harvests grow.
- 6 The mite my willing hands can give,  
At Jesus' feet I lay;  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
And heaven at large repay.

255.

S.M.—*Communion with God and Christ.* 1 John i. 3.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near;  
With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.

- 2    God pities all my griefs;  
      He pardons every day;  
Almighty to protect my soul  
      And wise to guide my way.
- 3    How large his bounties are;  
      What various stores of good,  
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,  
      And purchas'd with his blood!
- 4    Jesus, my living head,  
      I bless thy faithful care;  
Mine advocate before the throne,  
      And my forerunner there,
- 5    Here fix, my roving heart;  
      Here wait, my warmest love,  
Till the communion be complete  
      In nobler scenes above.

## 256.

C.M.—*Converse with God.* Gen. v. 24. Heb. xi. 5.

- 1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls  
      Admire thy matchless grace;  
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell  
      With Adam's worthless race.
- 2 O lead me to that happy path,  
      Where I my God may meet;  
Though hosts of foes begird it round,  
      Though briers wound my feet.
- 3 Cheer'd with thy converse, I can trace  
      The desert with delight;  
Through all the gloom one smile of thine  
      Can dissipate the night.
- 4 Nor shall I through eternal days  
      A restless pilgrim roam;  
Thy hand that now directs my course,  
      Shall soon convey me home.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight  
    To realms of heavenly day;  
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds  
    To bear this flesh away.
- 6 Joyful my spirit will consent  
    To drop its mortal load;  
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,  
    That break its way to God.

257.

C.M.—*Joy and Prosperity from the Presence and Blessing of God.*  
Ps. xc. 17.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
    With rays of beauty shine:  
O let thy favour crown our days,  
    And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
    Our hands might toil in vain;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
    If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,  
    With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,  
    Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
    Till all our labours cease;  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
    With everlasting peace.

258.

C.M.—*The Divine Presence desired.* Job xxiii. 3, 4.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place,  
    Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
    And pour my woes abroad!
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
    What sorrows I sustain;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
    And leaves my heart in pain.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones;  
He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

259.

C.M.—“*O that I were as in months past.*” Job xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
His praises tun'd my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm;  
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke  
Of what his love had done;  
But now my heart is almost broke,  
For all my joys are gone.



COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 7 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey;  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,  
O come without delay.

260.

C.M.—*Walking with God.* Gen. v. 24.

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be;  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 261.

L.M.—*The holy Soul returning to its rest. Ps. cxvi. 7.*

- 1 RETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest  
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast;  
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,  
The soul that loves thee only knows.
- 2 Lodg'd in thine arms, I fear no more  
The tempter's howl, the billows' roar;  
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,  
Which violate the saint's retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount  
The power of language to recount;  
From morning-dawn, the setting sun  
Sees but my work of praise begun.
- 4 The mercies, all my moments bring,  
Ask an eternity to sing;  
What thanks those mercies can suffice,  
Which through eternity shall rise?
- 5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possess'd,  
In future hopes more richly bless'd,  
I'll sit and sing till death shall raise  
A note of more proportion'd praise.

## 262.

L.M.—*The Covenant. Ezek. xxxvi. 25-28.*

- 1 THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!  
Behold I change your hearts of stone,  
Each shall renounce his idol god,  
And serve henceforth the Lord alone.
- 2 My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds  
To wash your filthiness away;  
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,  
And learn my statutes to obey.
- 3 My truth the great design insures,  
I give myself away to you;  
You shall be mine, I will be your's,  
Your God unalterably true.

COVENANT OF GRACE.

- 4 Yet not unsought, or unimplor'd,  
The plenteous grace shall I confer;  
No—your whole hearts shall seek the Lord,  
I'll put a praying spirit there.
- 5 From the first breath of life divine,  
Down to the last expiring hour;  
The gracious work shall all be mine,  
Begun and ended in my power.

263.

C.M.—*Prisoners delivered from the Pit by the Blood of the Covenant.*  
Zech. ix. 11.

- 1 YE prisoners who in bondage lie,  
In darkness and the pit,  
Behold the grace that sets us free,  
And to that grace submit.
- 2 The tidings of deliverance hear,  
Confess the covenant good,  
And bless the ransom God hath found  
In our Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Justice no more asserts its claim  
Your forfeit lives to take;  
But smiling mercy quick descends  
Your heavy chains to break.
- 4 We walk at large, and sing the hand,  
To which we freedom owe,  
And drink those rivers with delight,  
Which through this desert flow.
- 5 He that hath liberty bestow'd,  
Will give a kingdom too;  
He that hath loos'd the bonds of death,  
The path of life will shew.

264.

C.M.—*Support in God's Covenant under domestic Troubles.*  
2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 MY God, the covenant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure,  
And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 What, though my house be not with thee  
As nature could desire?  
To nobler joys than nature gives,  
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become;  
Jesus my guardian, and my friend,  
And heaven my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love;  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom  
Shall heavenly rays impart,  
Which, when my eyelids close in death,  
Shall warm my chilling heart.

265.

L.M.—*Rejoicing in our Covenant Engagements.* 2 Chron. xv. 15.

- 1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice  
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart,  
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

266.

P.M.—*Coming to Christ as a Living Stone.* 1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.

- 1 WITH ecstasy of joy  
Extol his glorious name,  
Who rais'd the spacious earth,  
And rais'd our ruin'd frame:  
He built the church who built the sky,  
Shout and exalt his honours high.
- 2 See the foundation laid  
By power and love divine;  
Jesus, his First-born Son,  
How bright his glories shine!  
Low he descends, in dust he lies,  
That from his tomb a church may rise.
- 3 But he for ever lives,  
Nor for himself alone;  
Each saint new life derives  
From this mysterious stone;  
His influence darts through every soul,  
And in one house unites the whole.
- 4 To him with joy we move;  
In him cemented stand;  
The living temple grows,  
And owns the Founder's hand;  
That structure, Lord, still higher raise,  
Loudly to sound its Builder's praise.
- 5 Descend and shed abroad  
The tokens of thy grace,  
And with more radiant beams  
Let glory fill the place;  
Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,  
And own our God is All in All.

267.

S.M.—*Enlargement of the Church.* Isa. xlix. 21.

- 1 ZION, a mourner long,  
Her new-born children sees;  
And with surprise and pleasure asks,  
“ Who hath begotten these?”
- 2 In solitude she sat,  
While these estrang’d had been;  
But, lo! the rising morn presents  
A new and glorious scene!
- 3 The late beclouded sun  
In beams afresh displays;  
The harps, which on the willows hung,  
Are now attun’d to praise.
- 4 One here, another there,  
Are gather’d to the Lord;  
Trophies of his victorious grace  
And all-subduing word.
- 5 But oh, the happier day,  
When round the blissful throne  
Jesus his scatter’d flock shall see,  
Collected all in one.
- 6 Without a jarring note  
Or one discordant tongue,  
The countless millions there shall join  
In one harmonious song.

268.

P.M.—*God’s Government the Joy of the Church.* Isa. lii. 7.

- 1 YE subjects of the Lord! proclaim  
The royal honours of his Name:  
“ Jehovah reigns!” be all our song.  
’Tis He, thy God, O Zion, reigns!  
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,  
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 2 Ye princes, boast no more your crowns,  
But lay the glittering trifles down  
In lowly honour at his feet;  
A span your narrow empire bounds,  
He reigns beyond created rounds,  
In self-sufficient glory great.
- 3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,  
Form'd, like your slaves, of brittle clay,  
Down to the dust your sceptres bend:  
To everlasting years he reigns,  
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,  
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.
- 4 So shall his favour'd Zion live;  
In vain confederate nations strive  
Her sacred turrets to destroy;  
Her Sovereign sits enthron'd above,  
And endless power and endless love  
Insure her safety and her joy.

269.

P.M.—*Christ ever present with his Ministers and Churches.*  
Matt. xxviii. 20.

- 1 WIDE o'er all worlds the Saviour reigns;  
Unmov'd his power and love remains;  
And on his arm his church shall rest.  
Fair Zion, joyful in her King,  
Through every changing age shall sing,  
With his perpetual presence blest.
- 2 Tyrannic death, in vain thy rage,  
Thy triumphs new in every age,  
O'er the first heroes of his host;  
Conscious of more than mortal aid,  
Our bleeding hearts are not dismay'd,  
But an Immortal Leader boast.
- 3 Though buried deep in dust they lie,  
Whose tuneful voices rais'd on high  
Led the sweet anthems to his name;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The children learn the father's song,  
And unform'd tongues shall still prolong  
The ever present Saviour's fame.

- 4 The present Saviour, he shall give  
Millions of future saints to live,  
And crowd the temples of his grace:  
The present Saviour, lo! he comes  
To call whole legions from their tombs,  
And teach their dust sublimer praise.

270.

P.M.—*Good Tidings for Zion.* Isa. lii. 7.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred herald stands;  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands;  
Mourning captive!  
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?  
Cease thy mourning,  
Zion still is well belov'd.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!  
He himself appears thy friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end,  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;  
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;  
For all thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favour bless'd;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.



CHURCH OF CHRIST.

271.

P.M.—“ *Then had the Churches rest, and were edified,*” &c.  
Acts ix. 31.

- 1 O THAT now the church were blest  
With faith and faith's increase!  
Grant us, Lord, the outward rest,  
And true internal peace:  
Build us up in holy love,  
And let us walk with God below,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
And all thy comfort know.
- 2 With the humble filial fear  
Be mix'd the joy of grace,  
While we gladly persevere  
In all thy righteous ways:  
Thus let each in thee abide,  
Let each improve the blessing given,  
Till thy church is multiplied  
Beyond the stars of heaven.

272.

C.M.—*Communion of Saints.*

- 1 LET saints below in concert join  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo! thousands to their endless home  
Are swiftly borne away;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon must launch as they.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide!  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

273.

S.M.—*Communion of Saints.*

- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,  
Be banish'd far away:  
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above;  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love.

274.

P.M.—*Future Peace and Glory of the Church.*

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken,  
“ O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you:  
Themes of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways;  
You shall name your walls, Salvation,  
And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow :

DEDICATION TO GOD.

Still, in undisturb'd possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign;  
Never shall we feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see;  
But, your griefs for ever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me:  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night;  
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light."

275.

C.M.—*Renouncing all for God.*

- 1 TO thee, O God, my prayer ascends,  
But not for golden stores;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems,  
On the rich eastern shores.
- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy  
Men call a mighty name;  
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,  
My restless thoughts inflame;
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms,  
My fond desires allure;  
But nobler things than these from thee,  
My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of things unseen,  
My best affections move;  
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,  
Thine everlasting love:
- 5 These are the blessings I desire,  
Lord, be these blessings mine,  
And all the glories of the world,  
I cheerfully resign.

276.

C.M.—*Old Things are passed away.*

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me.
- 6 Yes; though of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will;  
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
I had refus'd thee still.

277.

L.M.—*Chorus* Luke x. 42.

- 1 BESET

In life's

DEDICATION TO GOD.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

278.

*L.M.—The Soul weaned from earthly delights, and thirsting for God.*

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share;  
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid,  
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,  
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;  
And taught me to esteem as dross,  
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
That quickens all things where it flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn like me,  
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.
- 4 [Dear fountain of delight unknown!  
No longer sink below the brim;  
But overflow, and pour me down  
A living and life-giving stream!
- 5 I am of all the plants that share  
The love of thy Father's eye;  
More grateful to his care,  
Than any sweeter fruit than I.]

279.

*Offering of the Heart to God.*  
Thy heart just as it is,  
Present in thy throne;  
Thee above all,  
Thee alone.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Complete thy work and crown thy grace,  
O may I faithful prove!  
And listen to the Spirit's voice,  
Which manifests thy love;
- 3 Which teaches me what is thy will,  
And tells me what to do;  
Which covers me with shame, when I  
Do not thy will pursue.
- 4 This unction may I ever feel,  
This teaching from my Lord,  
And learn obedience to thy voice,  
In thy reviving word.

280.

S.M.—“ *Who is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the LORD.*” 1 Chron. xxix. 5.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransom'd servant, I  
Restore to thee thy own;  
And from this moment, live or die,  
To serve my God alone.

281.

C.M.—*The Choice of Moses.* Heb. xi. 26.

- 1 MY soul, with all thy waken'd powers,  
Survey the heavenly prize;  
Nor let these glittering toys of earth  
Allure thy wandering eyes.
- 2 The splendid crown which Moses sought,  
Still beams around his brow;  
Though soon great Pharaoh's scepter'd pride  
Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day  
I cheerfully resign;  
Rich in that large immortal store,  
Secur'd by grace divine.

DEDICATION TO GOD.

- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,  
Angels and God approve:  
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell  
My steadfast soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward  
I daily will survey;  
And in the blooming prospect lose  
The sorrows of the way.

282.

*L.M.—Choosing the Narrow Way.*

- 1 WHAT thousands never knew the road!  
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!  
None but the chosen tribes of God  
Will seek or choose it for their own.
- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end,  
One only leads to joys on high;  
By that my willing steps ascend,  
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask, or hope to find  
Delight or happiness below;  
Sorrow may well possess the mind  
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,  
I seek immortal joys above;  
There glory without end, shall be  
The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,  
Contented lick your native dust;  
But God shall fight, with all his storms,  
Against the idol of your trust.

283.

*C.M.—Jacob's Vow. Gen. xxviii. 20-22.*

- 1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand  
Thine Israel still is fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,  
To thee address our prayer,  
And in thy kind and faithful breast  
Deposit all our care.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,  
Wilt be our constant guide;  
If thou wilt daily bread supply,  
And raiment wilt provide;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,  
Till these our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace:
- 5 To thee, as to our covenant God,  
We'll our whole selves resign;  
And count, that not our tenth alone,  
But all we have is thine.

284.

P.M.—*Social Dedication to God.*

- 1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,  
By thy pardoning love compell'd,  
Up to thee our souls we raise,  
Up to thee our bodies yield;  
Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable through thy Son,  
While to thee alone we live,  
While we die to thee alone.
- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,  
That we should be wholly thine.  
In thy only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join:  
O that every work and word  
Might proclaim how good thou art;  
“Holiness unto the Lord,”  
Still be written on our heart.



285.

S.M.—*The willing Sacrifice.* Rom. xii. 1.

- 1 AND will the eternal King  
So mean a gift reward?  
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,  
Which thy own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim,  
And to thine altar move,  
The willing victims of thy grace,  
And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire,  
The sacrifice inflame,  
So shall a grateful odour rise  
Through our Redeemer's name.

286.

C.M.—*Renewed Dedication.*

- 1 DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,  
Which of itself complains,  
And mourns with much and frequent smart,  
The evil it contains.
- 2 How eager are my thoughts to roam  
In quest of what they love!  
But ah! when duty calls them home,  
How heavily they move!
- 3 O cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,  
Transform me by thy power,  
And make me thy belov'd abode,  
And let me rove no more.

287.

S.M.—*Dependence.*

- 1 MAN's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone,  
And e'en an angel would be weak  
Who trusted in his own.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2    Retreat beneath his wings,  
      And in his grace confide;  
      This more exalts the King of kings  
      That all your works beside.
- 3    In Jesus is our store,  
      Grace issues from his throne;  
      Whoever says, " I want no more,"  
      Confesses he has none.

288.

*S.M.—For power to watch, and pray, and persevere.*

- 1    A CHARGE to keep I have;  
      A God to glorify;  
      A never-dying soul to save,  
      And fit it for the sky:  
      To serve the present age  
      My calling to fulfil;  
      O may it all my powers engage,  
      To do my Master's will!
- 2    Arm me with jealous care,  
      As in thy sight to live;  
      And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
      A strict account to give!  
      Help me to watch and pray,  
      And on thyself rely;  
      Assur'd, if I my trust betray,  
      I shall for ever die.

289.

*S.M.—The active Christian. Luke xiii. 35-38.*

- 1    YE servants of the Lord,  
      Each in his office wait,  
      Observant of his heavenly word,  
      And watchful at his gate.
- 2    Let all your lamps be bright,  
      And trim the golden flame;  
      Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
      For awful is his name.

DILIGENCE AND WATCHFULNESS.

- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,  
With his own royal hand,  
And raise that favourite servant's head  
Amidst the' angelic band.

290.

S.M.—*Watchfulness and Prayer.* Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread  
We all shall soon appear;  
Our caution'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day;  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,  
The awful hour unknown;  
When, rob'd in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down;  
The' immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race;  
With all thy father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,  
To' increase our gracious fears,  
For ever let the' archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears;

The solemn midnight cry,  
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!  
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,  
"And meet your instant doom!"

- 4 O may we thus be found,  
Obedient to thy word;  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord!  
O may we thus insure  
Our lot among the blest;  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

291.

C.M.—*Christian Watchfulness.* Mark xiii. 37.

- 1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,  
And view the threatening scene;  
Legions of foes encamp around,  
And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone,  
These enemies assail;  
All thine eternal hopes are lost  
If their attempts prevail.
- 3 Now to the work of God awake;  
Behold thy master near;  
The various, arduous task pursue  
With vigour and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on;  
The' account will surely come,  
And opening day, or closing night,  
May bear me to my doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!  
Yet like a dream it flies,  
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase  
From these deluded eyes.

292.

L.M.—*The Christian Warfare.* Eph. vi. 10-17.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host;  
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Here, giant danger threatening stands,  
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;  
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;  
Perils and snares beset thee round;  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most, the traitor in thine heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul, "now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield;"  
Put on the armour from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth and powers of hell:  
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;  
Why should his faithful followers fear?

293.

L.M.—*Warning against Slothfulness.* Rev. iii. 11.

- 1 O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair;  
Why thus secure on hostile ground?  
The Lord commands thee to beware;  
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain!  
O Israel! gird thee for the fight:  
Arise, the combat to maintain:  
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

- 3 O, sleep not thou as others do;  
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;  
The coward, and the sluggard too,  
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee;  
A crown awaits thee in the skies:  
With such a hope shall Israel flee,  
And yield, through weariness, the prize.
- 5 No: let a careless world repose,  
And slumber on through life's short day,  
While Israel to the conflict goes,  
And bears the glorious prize away.

294.

L.M.—*Deliverance celebrated, and good Resolutions formed.*  
Ps. cxvi. 8, 9.

- 1 GREAT source of life, our souls confess  
The various riches of thy grace;  
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,  
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;  
By thee were earth's foundations laid;  
And all the charms of men's abode  
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,  
When trembling on the verge of death;  
Gently it wipes away our tears,  
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;  
Kindled by him, by him restor'd;  
And while our hours renew their race,  
Still would we walk before his face.
- 5 So when by him our souls are led  
Through unknown regions of the dead,  
With joy triumphant shall they move  
To seats of nobler life above.

## 295.

C.M.—*Praise for Recovery from Sickness.* Ps. cxviii. 18, 19.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand  
In every chastening stroke,  
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,  
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee, in my distress, I cried,  
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;  
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,  
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,  
That with the pious throng,  
I may record my solemn vows,  
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand  
Renews our labouring breath;  
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints  
Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour  
Those heavenly gates display,  
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,  
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the blest  
With raptures bow around,  
My anthems to delivering grace  
In sweeter strains shall sound.

## 296.

C.M.—*Equity and Justice.* Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 COME, let us search our ways, and try,  
Have they been just and right?  
Is the great rule of equity  
Our practice and delight?
- 2 What we would have our neighbours do,  
Have we done still the same?  
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,  
Nor injur'd his good name?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,  
And boast his name in vain,  
If we can slight the laws of God,  
And prove unjust to men.

297.

C.M.—*Relieving Christ in his poor Members.* Matt. xxv. 40.

- 1 JESUS! my Lord, how rich thy grace!  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall I count the matchless sum?  
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on the throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine!  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine.
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace,  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited, and cheer'd,  
And in their accents of distress  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love,  
I in thy poor would see;  
O! rather let me beg my bread,  
Than hold it back from thee.

298.

L.M.—*The Light of good Examples the most effectual Way to glorify God.* Matt. v. 16.

- 1 GREAT Teacher of thy church, we own  
Thy precepts all divinely wise;  
O may thy mighty power be shown,  
To fix them still before our eyes.
- 2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,  
And fill our breasts with heavenly zeal,  
That while we trust thy power to save,  
We may that sacred law fulfil.



### EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE.

- 3 Adorn'd with every heavenly grace,  
    May our examples brightly shine,  
And the sweet lustre of thy face  
    Reflected beam from each of thine.
- 4 These lineaments divinely fair,  
    Our heavenly Father shall proclaim;  
And men that view his image there,  
    Shall join to glorify his name.

## 299.

*C.M.—The right Improvement of Life.*

- 1 AND is this life prolong'd to me?  
    Are days and seasons given?  
Shall I not then prepare to be  
    A fitter heir for heaven?
- 2 I'll never let these moments pass,  
    These golden hours be gone:  
Lord! I accept thy offer'd grace,  
    I bow before thy throne.
- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin  
    By my Redeemer's blood;  
Now let my flesh and heart begin  
    The honours of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul defile  
    With sin's deceitful toys;  
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,  
    Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim  
    The wonders of thy praise,  
And spread the savour of thy name  
    Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine;  
    And when I leave this state,  
May heaven receive this soul of mine,  
    To bliss divinely great.

300.

L.M.—*The Privilege of the Living above the Dead.*

- 1 AWAKE my zeal, awake my love,  
And serve my Saviour here below,  
In works which all the saints above,  
Which holy angels cannot do.
- 2 My faith and hope may see the Lord,  
Though vales of darkness lie between;  
Hope shall rest firm upon his word,  
And faith rejoice in things unseen.
- 3 Awake my charity, and feed  
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor:  
In heaven are found no sons of need;  
There all these duties are no more.
- 4 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!  
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,  
Daily thy rising sins control,  
And be thy victories ever new.
- 5 The land of triumph lies on high;  
There are no fields of battle there;  
Lord! I would conquer till I die,  
And finish all the glorious war.
- 6 Let every flying hour confess  
I gain thy gospel fresh renown,  
And when my life and labours cease,  
May I possess the promis'd crown.

301.

L.M.—*Faith connected with Salvation.* Rom. i. 16.

- 1 NOT by the laws of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven:  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
Can make a wounded conscience whole;  
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

## FAITH.

- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!  
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;  
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display!  
Let death and guilt no longer reign;  
Save me in thine appointed way,  
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

## 302.

L.M.—*The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.* Mark ix. 24.

- 1 JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,  
In thee, believing, we rejoice;  
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,  
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting hopes alive;  
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,  
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,  
While saints lie mourning in the dust;  
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,  
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;  
Reveal the glories of thy name;  
And put all anxious doubts to flight,  
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

## 303.

C.M.—*The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.* Exod. xv. 26.

- 1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are  
Waiting to feel thy touch;  
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust thy word;  
But wilt thou pity us the less?  
Be that far from thee, Lord!

- 3 Remember him who once applied  
With trembling for relief;  
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears, he cried,  
“ O help my unbelief.”
- 4 She too, who touch’d thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answer’d “ Daughter, go in peace,  
“ Thy faith has made thee whole.”
- 5 Conceal’d amid the gathering throng,  
She would have shunn’d thy view,  
And if her faith was firm and strong,  
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her with hopes and fears we come  
To touch thee if we may,  
O send us not despairing home,  
Send none unheal’d away.

### 304.

*C.M.—The Power of Faith.*

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares;  
Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares:—
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,  
The healing balm to give:  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign,  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain:—

FAITH.

- 5 Shews me the precious promise seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood,  
And helps my feeble hopes to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I rest,  
Till this vile body dies;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
At once to glory rise!

305.

C.M.—*Living by Faith in Christ, &c.* Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 MY Jesus, while in mortal flesh  
I hold my frail abode,  
Still would my spirit rest on thee,  
Its Saviour, and its God.
- 2 By hourly faith in thee I live,  
'Midst all my griefs and snares;  
And death, encounter'd in thy sight,  
No form of horror wears.
- 3 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,  
Then raise them to thy seat,  
Till love dissolves mine inmost soul  
At its Redeemer's feet.
- 4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;  
Be dead to every sin;  
And tell the boldest foes without,  
That Jesus reigns within.
- 5 My life with his connected stands,  
Nor asks a surer ground;  
He keeps me in his gracious arms,  
Where heaven itself is found.

306.

L.M.—*A living and dead Faith.*

- 1 THE Lord receives his highest praise  
From humble minds and hearts sincere  
While all the loud professor says,  
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 To walk as children of the day,  
To mark the precept's holy light,  
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,  
Shew who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the Lord,  
To purchase pardon for his own,  
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd,  
Return the Saviour words alone.
- 4 With golden bells, the priestly vest,  
And rich pomegranates border'd round,  
The need of holiness express'd,  
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.
- 5 Easy, indeed, it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If swelling words and fluent speech  
Might serve instead of faith and love.
- 6 But none shall gain the blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see,  
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,  
Unless that grace has made *him* free.

307.

L. M.—*Acting as seeing Him who is invisible.* Heb. xi. 27.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King,  
Thy peerless splendours none can bear,  
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
When God with all his lustre's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
The Great Invisible can see,  
And with its tremblings mingle joy  
In fix'd regards, great God, to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,  
Sham'd in thy presence, disappears!  
And all the glowing raptur'd soul,  
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

FAITH.

- 4 O ever-conscious to my heart,  
Witness to its supreme desire,  
Behold it presseth on to thee,  
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge,  
To bear thee ever in its sight,  
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
Its only portion and delight.

308.

P.M.—*For Peace in Believing.* John xiv. 1.

- 1 CALMER of my troubled heart,  
Bid my unbelief depart;  
Speak, and all my sorrows cease,  
Speak, and all my soul is peace.
- 2 Comfort me whene'er I mourn,  
With the hope of thy return;  
And till I thy glory see,  
Bid me still believe in thee.

309.

P.M.—*Joy and Peace in Believing.*

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings:  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the' unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too;  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens,  
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there:  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

### 310.

C.M.—*The Influence of Faith.*

- 1 WHEN faith presents the Saviour's death,  
And whispers "This is thine,"  
Sweetly my rising hours advance,  
And peacefully decline.
- 2 While such my views, the radiant sun  
Sheds a more sprightly ray;  
Each object smiles, all nature charms;  
I sing my cares away.

### 311.

L.M.—*The Confidence of Faith.* Hab. iii. 17, 18.

JESUS is mine! I'm now prepar'd  
To meet with what I thought most hard;  
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,  
And comforts melt away like snow;  
No blasted trees, or failing crops  
Can hinder my eternal hopes;  
Though creatures change, the Lord's the same,  
Then let me triumph in his name.



# 312.

C.M.—*Faith's Review and Expectation.* 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

- 1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come:  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

# 313.

C.M.—*The Fear of God.* Prov. xiv. 26.

- 1 HAPPY, beyond description, he  
Who fears the Lord his God;  
Who hears his threats with holy awe,  
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells,  
With its fair partner, love;  
Blending their beauties, both proclaim  
Their source is from above.

- 3 Let terrors fright the' unwilling slave,  
The child with joy appears;  
Cheerful he does his father's will,  
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God!  
Possess this soul of mine,  
Then shall I worship thee aright,  
And taste thy joys divine.

314.

C.M.—*Being in the Fear of God all the day long.* Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 THRICE happy souls, who born from heaven,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Thus all their days with God begin,  
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal  
Prevent the dawning day;  
And turn the sacred pages o'er,  
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares may love present  
Its incense to thy throne;  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends  
Be each refreshment sought,  
And by each various providence  
Some wise instruction brought.
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,  
Or by temptations tried,  
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,  
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of light arise,  
Our grateful hearts would be  
With thee, amidst the social band,  
In solitude with thee.

FORBEARANCE,—FAMILY RELIGION.

- 7 At night we lean our weary heads  
On thy paternal breast;  
And, safely folded in thine arms,  
Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid, pure delights, like these,  
Let all my days be past;  
Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
Nor shall I fear the last.

315.

L.M.—*Forbearance, Meekness, and Kindness.*

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be  
More perfectly conform'd to thee;  
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,  
And form my temper like thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,  
Share in his grief, supply his need;  
The haughty frown may I not fear,  
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,  
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,  
Excite no feelings in my breast,  
But such as Jesus once express'd.
- 4 To others let me always give,  
What I from others would receive;  
Good deeds for evil ones return,  
Nor, when provok'd, with anger burn.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair,  
The precepts of the gospel are;  
And God himself, the God of love,  
His own resemblance will approve.

316.

L.M.—*God's gracious approbation of a religious care of our Families. Gen xviii. 19.*

- 1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace,  
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand  
Their root and branches are sustain'd.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd,  
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,  
Morning and night present its vows;  
Our servants there, and rising race  
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim  
The honours of thy glorious name,  
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove  
To join the family above.

317.

C.M.—*Sovereignty and Grace.*

- 1 THE Lord! how fearful is his name!  
How wide is his command!  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe;  
While with a smile, or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall,  
In all their shining forms,  
His sovereign eye looks through them all,  
And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels to our worthless race,  
In sweet compassion move;  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, Love.

GRACE, PARDON, SALVATION.

- 6 Now, let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will,  
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,  
We are his favourites still,  
7 No more shall peevish passion rise,  
The tongue no more complain;  
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,  
And love resumes again.

318.

S.M.—*Salvation by Grace.* Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to my ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.  
2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.  
3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.  
4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

319.

L.M.—*The Riches of pardoning Grace celebrated.* Isa. xliv. 22.

- 1 LET heaven burst forth into a song;  
Let earth reflect the joyful sound;  
Ye mountains, with the echo ring,  
And shout, ye forests, all around.  
2 The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd,  
Hath made his mourning people glad,  
And the rich glories of his name  
In their salvation hath display'd.

- 3 Unnumber'd sins, like sable clouds,  
Veil'd every cheerful ray of joy,  
And thunders murmur'd through the gloom,  
While lightnings pointed to destroy.
- 4 He spoke, and all the clouds dispers'd,  
And heaven unveil'd its shining face;  
The whole creation smil'd anew,  
Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.
- 5 Israel, return in humble love,  
Return to thy Redeemer's breast,  
And charm'd by his melodious voice,  
Compose thy weary powers to rest.

## 320.

L.M.—*God's incomparable Mercy admired.* Micah vii. 18-20.

- 1 SUPREME in mercy, who shall dare  
With thy compassion to compare?  
For thy own sake wilt thou forgive,  
And bid the trembling sinner live.
- 2 Millions of our transgressions past,  
Cancell'd, behind thy back are cast;  
Thy grace, a sea without a shore,  
O'erflows them, and they rise no more.
- 4 And lest new legions should invade,  
And make the pardon'd souls afraid,  
Our inbred lusts thou wilt subdue,  
And form degenerate hearts anew.
- 4 Our Leader God, our songs proclaim;  
We lift our banners in his name;  
With songs of triumph forth we go,  
And level the gigantic foe.
- 5 His truth to Jacob shall prevail;  
His oath to Abram cannot fail:  
The hope of saints in ancient days,  
Which ages yet unborn shall praise.

321.

L.M.—“*Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears,  
and my feet from falling.*” Ps. cxvi. 8.

- 1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,  
Sav'd from the second death, I feel;  
My eyes from tears of dark despair,  
My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;  
Mine eyes on his perfections gaze;  
My soul shall live for God alone,  
And all within me shout his praise.

322.

C.M.—“*Say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation.*” Ps. xxxv. 3.

- 1 SALVATION! O melodious sound  
To wretched, dying men!  
Salvation that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again!
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,  
From fiends, and fires, and chains;  
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,  
Where love and glory reigns!
- 3 But oh! may a degenerate soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling eye  
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss  
My feeble heart o'erbears;  
And unbelief almost perverts  
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine  
These dying hopes can raise;  
Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
And turn its tears to praise.
- 6 My Saviour-God, this broken voice  
Transported shall proclaim,  
And call on all the' angelic harps  
To sound so sweet a name.

323.

L.M.—*God magnified for his Salvation.* Ps. xl. 16.

- 1 GOD of salvation, we adore  
Thy saving love, thy saving power ;  
And, to our utmost stretch of thought,  
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 Perish each thought of human pride;  
Let God alone be magnified;  
His glory let the heavens resound,  
Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
- 3 Saints, who his full salvation know,  
Saints, who but taste it here below,  
Join every angel's voice to raise  
Continued, never-ending praise.

324.

C.M.—*The Word of Salvation sent to us.* Acts xiii. 26.

- 1 AND why do our admiring eyes  
These gospel glories see?  
And whence, doth every heart reply,  
Salvation sent to me?
- 2 And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,  
And shew my sins forgiven,  
And bear thy witness to my part  
Amongst the heirs of heaven.
- 3 As the redeemed of the Lord,  
We sing the Saviour's name;  
And, while the long salvation lasts,  
Its sovereign grace proclaim.

325.

L.M.—*Man by Nature, Grace, and Glory.*

- 1 LORD, what is man! extremes how wide,  
In this mysterious nature join!  
The flesh to worms and dust allied,  
The soul immortal and divine!



GRACE, PARDON, SALVATION.

- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame  
Kindled by the Almighty's breath,  
Till, stain'd by sin, it soon became  
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, oh! amazing grace!  
Assum'd our nature as his own,  
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,  
Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals  
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?  
Again a life divine he feels,  
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what in yonder realms above,  
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?  
With honour, holiness, and love,  
No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,  
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;  
While wondering angels round him throng,  
And swell the chorus of his praise.

326.

S.M.—*The Christian's Last Triumph.* 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

- 1 "I THE good fight have fought!"  
O when shall I declare!  
The victory of my Saviour got,  
I long with Paul to share.  
O may I triumph so,  
When all my warfare's past!  
And, dying, find my latest foe  
Under my feet at last!
- 2 This blessed word be mine,  
Just as the port is gain'd,  
"Kept by the power of grace divine,  
I have the faith maintain'd:"

The' apostles of my Lord,  
To whom it first was given,  
They could not speak a greater word,  
Nor all the saints in heaven.

327.

*The Happiness of God's Israel. Deut xxxiii. 29.*

- 1 O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!  
Unrivall'd all thy glories are:  
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,  
And calls thine interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord;  
His shield is thine, and thine his sword:  
Review in ecstasy of thought  
The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,  
Opens thy passage through the sea;  
He through the desert is thy guide,  
And heaven for Canaan will provide.
- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast  
Such favours to their chosen host;  
Their glories which through ages shine,  
Are but dim shades and types of thine.
- 5 Celestial Spirit! teach our tongue  
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,  
Proportion'd to the sweeter name  
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

328.

*L.M.—Heavenly Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13-17.*

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,  
The blessings of God's chosen race:  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description, he  
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me!"  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heavenly understanding gains.

## HAPPINESS.

- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price  
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise;  
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,  
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy! who his guest retains;  
He owns, and shall for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

## 329.

C.M.—*Heavenly Wisdom.* Prov. iii. 13-17.

- 1 HOW happy is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice;  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice!
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years;  
And in her left the prize of fame  
And honour bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

- 5 According as our labours rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

330.

P.M.—*Happiness.*

- 1 HAPPINESS! thou lovely name,  
Where's thy seat? O tell me where!  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All cry out, "It is not here."  
Not the wisdom of the wise  
Can inform me where it lies,  
Nor the grandeur of the great  
Can the bliss, I seek, create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,  
Jesus! crucified for me,  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in thee:  
Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
Constitute our bliss below:  
Thee to see, and thee to love,  
Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord! it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny,  
Lord! if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death—to die.  
Source and Giver of repose,  
Singly from thy smile it flows,  
Peace and happiness are thine,  
Mine they are if thou art mine.
- 4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,  
Every object teems with joy;  
Here, O may I walk with thee,  
Then into thy presence die!

## HAPPINESS.

Let me but thyself possess,  
Total sum of happiness!  
Real bliss I then shall prove,  
Heaven below, and heaven above.

### 331.

*C.M.—The Happiness of Believers.*

- 1 **HAPPY** the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone:  
Walking in all his ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know;  
*They* sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And *we* in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,  
And bow before thy throne!  
We, in the kingdom of thy grace;  
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;  
From thence our spirits rise;  
And he that in thy statutes treads,  
Shall meet thee in the skies.

### 332.

*L.M.—The Christian's Honour and Happiness.*

- 1 **HONOUR** and happiness unite  
To make the Christian's name a praise:  
How fair the scene, how clear the light,  
That fills the remnant of his days!
- 2 A kingly character he bears,  
No change his priestly office knows;  
Unfading is the crown he wears,  
His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,  
Salvation shines upon his face;  
His robe is of the' ethereal dye,  
His steps are dignity and grace.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 The noblest creature seen below,  
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;  
God gives him all he can bestow,  
His kingdom of eternal love!
- 5 My soul is ravish'd at the thought!  
Methinks from earth I see him rise!  
Angels congratulate his lot,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!

333.

C.M.—*The Christian's happy State.*

- 1 HOW happy is the Christian's state,  
His sins are all forgiven:  
A cheering ray confirms the grace,  
And lifts his hopes to heaven.
- 2 Though in the rugged path of life  
He heaves the pensive sigh,  
Yet trusting in his God, he finds  
Delivering grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,  
He feels the chastening rod,  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And, when the welcome message comes  
To call his soul away,  
His soul in raptures shall ascend  
To everlasting day.

334.

P.M.—*Happiness in bearing the Cross.*

- 1 'TIS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss:  
Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

HOLINESS, OBEDIENCE, RELIGION.

- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil;  
These spring up, and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil:  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a castaway?  
Bastards may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not, if he might.

335.

*L.M.—Hatred of Sin.*

- 1 HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth,  
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;  
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,  
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,  
Hope bids me still with patience wait;  
Till death shall set me free from sin,  
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,  
Where angels and archangels dwell,  
One sin unslain within my breast,  
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,  
And blest with liberty again,  
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear  
One link of all his former chain.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,  
When glory crowns the Christian's head;  
One view of Jesus as he is,  
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

336.

*L.M.—Consecration of the Heart to Christ.*

- 1 O THOU who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to' impart!  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it, for thy glory, burn  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And, trembling, to its source return  
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

337.

*C.M.—A tender Conscience.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God of truth and love,  
In me thy power exert,  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness from my heart.
- 2 I want a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.
- 3 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire,  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.



- 4 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.
- 5 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make,  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

### 338.

P.M.—*The Image of God.*

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,  
Glorify thyself in me;  
Meekly beaming in our face,  
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,  
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd  
To thy will,—thy will be done!  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path he trod,  
Die with Jesus on the cross,  
Rise with him to thee my God.

### 339.

C.M.—*Christians chosen to bring forth permanent Fruit. John xv. 16.*

- 1 I OWN, my God, thy sovereign grace,  
And bring the praise to thee;  
If thou my chosen portion art,  
Thou first hast chosen me.
- 2 My gracious counsellor and guide  
Will hear me when I pray;  
Nor while I urge a Saviour's name,  
Will frown my soul away.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Blest Jesus, animate my heart  
With beams of heavenly love,  
And teach that cold unthankful soil  
The heavenly seed to' improve.
- 4 In copious showers thy Spirit send,  
To water all the ground,  
So, to the honour of thy name,  
Shall lasting fruit be found.

340.

L.M.—*Christ's Service the Fruit of our Labours on Earth.*  
Phil. i. 22.

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay;  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good,  
Nor future days or powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;  
To him, who for my ransom died;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His love hath animating power.

341.

C.M.—*Christ's Sheep described.* John x. 27.

- 1 THY flock, with what a tender care,  
Bless'd Jesus, dost thou keep;  
Fain would my weak, my wandering soul,  
Be number'd with thy sheep.

HOLINESS, OBEDIENCE, RELIGION.

- 2 Gentle, and tractable, and plain,  
My heart would ever be,  
Averse to harm, propense to help,  
And faithful still to thee.
- 3 The gentle accents of thy voice  
My listening soul would hear;  
And by the signals of thy will,  
I all my course would steer.
- 4 I follow where my Shepherd leads,  
And mark the path he drew;  
My Shepherd's feet Mount Zion tread,  
And I shall reach it too.

342.

C.M.—*The Nature and Necessity of Inward Religion.* James i. 27.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful bloom;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
Or for the awful tomb.
- 3 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
Be my Redeemer's throne;  
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be join'd with godly fear;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.
- 5 Let lively hope my soul inspire;  
Let warm affections rise;  
And may I wait with strong desire  
To mount above the skies.

# 343.

L.M.—*Religion.*

- 1 **THROUGH** shades and solitudes profound,  
The fainting traveller wends his way;  
Bewildering meteors glare around,  
And tempt his wandering feet astray.
- 2 Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,  
The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
When forth she sallies through the sky,  
The guardian angel of the night.
- 3 Thus mortals, blind and weak, below  
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain;  
The world's a wilderness of wo,  
And life's a pilgrimage of pain.
- 4 Till mild Religion from above,  
Descends, a sweet engaging form,  
The messenger of heavenly love,  
The bow of promise in a storm.
- 5 Then guilty passions wing their flight,  
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;  
Religion's yoke is soft and light,  
And all her paths are paths of peace.
- 6 Ambition, pride, revenge depart,  
And folly flies her chastening rod;  
She makes the humble contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.
- 7 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way, and leads the soul.
- 8 At her approach the grave appears  
The gate of Paradise restor'd:  
Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
And drops his double-flaming sword.

HOPE.

- 9 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,  
May we the crown of glory gain;  
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,  
And reign with God, for ever reign.

344.

P.M.—*The Pleasures of Religion.*

- 1 'TIS religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity:  
Let me then make God my friend,  
And on all his ways attend.

345.

C.M.—*"Good Hope through Grace."* 2 Thess. ii. 16.

- 1 COME, humble souls; ye mourners, come;  
And wipe away your tears;  
Adieu to all your sad complaints,  
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,  
The Saviour's dying love;  
Soon you shall sing the glorious theme  
In loftier strains, above.
- 3 God, the eternal, mighty God,  
To dearer names descends;  
Calls you his treasure and his joy,  
His children and his friends.
- 4 My Father, God! and may these lips  
Pronounce a name so dear?  
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony  
Delight my listening ear.
- 5 Thanks to my God, for every gift  
His bounteous hands bestow;  
And thanks eternal, for that love  
Whence all those comforts flow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 For ever let my grateful heart  
His boundless grace adore,  
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,  
And bids me hope for more.
- 7 Transporting hope! still on my soul,  
Let thy sweet glories shine,  
Till thou thyself art lost in joys  
Immortal and divine.

346.

L.M.—*Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.*  
1 Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?  
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?  
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?  
Am I not safe if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand!  
That gracious hand on which I live,  
Does life, and time, and death command,  
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,  
On him alone my hopes recline;  
The wondrous glories of his name,  
How wide they spread, how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom, boundless power!  
Unchanging faithfulness and love!  
Here let me trust, while I adore,  
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

347.

C.M.—*Lively Hope and gracious Fear.*

- 1 I WAS a grovelling creature once,  
And basely cleav'd to earth;  
I wanted spirit to renounce  
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,  
And sent me from above  
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,  
The wings of joy and love.

HUMILITY, MEEKNESS, SIMPLICITY.

- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,  
And there delighted stand,  
To view, beneath a shining sky,  
The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain  
Has promis'd it to me:  
The length and breadth of all the plain,  
As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege!  
To thee for help I call,  
I stand upon a mountain's edge,  
Oh save me, lest I fall.
- 6 Though much exalted in the Lord,  
My strength is not my own;  
Then let me tremble at his word,  
And none shall cast me down.

348.

P.M.—*The Child.*

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child:  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;  
Fears to stir a step alone;  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon thy smiles,  
Till the promis'd hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

349.

P.M.—*For Humility and Simplicity of Soul.* Isa. xxviii. 9.

- 1 LORD, that I may learn of thee,  
Give me true simplicity;  
Wean my soul, and keep it low,  
Willing thee alone to know.
- 2 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,  
Docile, helpless as a child;  
Only seeing in thy light,  
Only walking in thy might.
- 3 Then infuse the teaching grace,  
God of truth and righteousness;  
Knowledge, love divine, impart,  
Life eternal to my heart.

350.

S.M.—*The Meek beautified with Salvation.* Ps. cxlix. 4.

- 1 YE humble souls rejoice,  
And cheerful triumphs sing;  
Wake all your harmony of voice,  
For Jesus is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,  
Whom here your souls have known,  
Pledges the honour of his word,  
To' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,  
For which his blood was paid;  
How beauteous shall our souls appear,  
Thus sumptuously array'd!



## JOY AND REJOICING.

- 4 Salvation, Lord, is thine,  
And all thy saints confess,  
The royal robes, in which they shine,  
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

### 351.

C.M.—“*The Joy of the Lord is your strength.*” Neh. viii. 10.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known,  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
A sense of pardoning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable! divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind,  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;  
But if you are the Lord's,  
Resign to them that know him not,  
Such joys as earth affords.

### 352.

L.M.—*Rejoicing in God.* Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal state;  
O'er all the earth his power extends;  
All heaven before his footstool bends.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,  
And mercy all his empire guides;  
Such works are pleasing in his sight,  
And such the men of his delight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast:  
No more, ye strong, your valour trust,  
Nor let the rich survey his store,  
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,  
That God, thy God, to thee is known,  
That thou hast own'd his sovereign sway,  
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 5 My wisdom, wealth, and power I find  
In one Jehovah all combin'd!  
On him I fix my roving eyes,  
Till all my soul in rapture rise.
- 6 All else, which I may treasure call,  
May in one fatal moment fall;  
But what his happiness can move,  
Whom God the Blessed deigns to love?

353.

C.M.—*Delight in God.*

- 1 O LORD! I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan  
Who has a fountain near;  
A fountain which will ever run  
With waters sweet and clear?

KNOWLEDGE AND LIBERTY.

- 4 No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee;  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.
- 5 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;  
I triumph and adore:  
Thenceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

354.

C.M.—*The impoverished Saint rejoicing in God.* Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 SO firm the saint's foundations stand,  
Nor can his hopes remove,  
Sustain'd by God's almighty hand,  
And shelter'd in his love.
- 2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,  
And vines their fruit deny,  
Famine through all his fields prevail,  
And flocks and herds may die.
- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,  
A source of sacred joy,  
Which no afflictions can control,  
Nor death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord! may we feel thy cheering beams,  
And taste thy saints' repose;  
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,  
While such a fountain flows.

355.

L.M.—*Experimental Knowledge communicated.* 1 John i. 1-3.

- 1 JESUS! mine Advocate above,  
Let me not hear of thee alone,  
But make the wonders of thy love  
By deep experience sweetly known.
- 2 On thee my soul would fix its eye;  
My lips would taste thy heavenly grace;  
Then would I raise thine honours high,  
And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.

- 3 The sacred flame from heart to heart  
Should with a rapid progress run ;  
Till each in God could boast his part,  
Through sweet communion with his Son.
- 4 Thus may the servants of the Lord  
Feel the salvation they proclaim ;  
And thus may crowds receive the word,  
And echo back the Saviour's name.

356.

C.M.—*True Liberty given by Christ.* John viii. 36.

- 1 HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls  
To life and liberty ;  
Transported fall before his feet,  
Who makes the prisoners free.
- 2 The cursed bonds of sin he breaks,  
And breaks old Satan's chain :  
Smiling he deals those pardons round,  
Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours  
His Spirit from on high ;  
We lose the terrors of the slave,  
And " Abba, Father," cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace ;  
The sinner's friend proclaim ;  
And call on all around to seek  
True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain  
Your Father's house above !  
There shall you wear immortal crowns,  
And sing redeeming love.

357.

C.M.—*Looking into the perfect Law of Liberty, and continuing in it.*  
James i. 25.

- 1 BEHOLD the glass the gospel lends,  
That men themselves may view :  
How free from stain its surface is !  
How polish'd, and how true !

KNOWLEDGE AND LIBERTY.

- 2 Behold that wise, that perfect law,  
Which noblest freedom gives;  
O may it all our souls refine,  
And sanctify our lives!
- 3 Not with a transient glance survey'd,  
And in an hour forgot,  
But deep inscrib'd on every heart,  
To reign o'er every thought.
- 4 Great Author of each perfect gift,  
Thy sovereign grace display,  
That these rebellious, roving powers,  
May hearken and obey.
- 5 Inspir'd by thee, our feeble souls  
Shall pass victorious on;  
As the faint dawning light improves  
To all the blaze of moon.

· 358.

L.M.—*Religious Liberty; or the Wickedness of Persecution.*

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind  
With iron chain the free-born mind,  
To force conviction, and reclaim  
The wandering, by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven  
Dominion not to mortals given;  
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus! thy gentle law of love  
Doth no such cruelties approve;  
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields  
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,  
It draws the willing soul along;  
And conquest to thy church requires,  
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 O happy who are thus compell'd  
To the rich feast by Jesus held!  
Britain, thy blessings know, and prize  
The light which liberty supplies.

359.

C.M.—*Having the Son, and Life in Him.* 1 John v. 12.

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,  
“The Son of God is mine!”  
Happy, though humbled in the dust,  
Rich in this gift divine.
- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,  
And shall for ever live;  
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,  
And endless vigour give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,  
Nor will the Lord deny;  
Nor will celestial mercy see  
Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtain'd, for praise alone  
We wish continued breath,  
And taught by blest experience, own  
That praise can live in death.

360.

C.M.—*The happy Change.*

- 1 HOW blest thy creature is, O God,  
When, with a single eye,  
He views the lustre of thy word,  
The day-spring from on high!
- 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,  
And frown on earthly things,  
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,  
With healing on his wings.
- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart,  
A barren soil no more,  
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,  
Where serpents lurk'd before.

- 4 The soul, a dreary province once  
Of Satan's dark domain,  
Feels a new empire form'd within,  
And owns a heavenly reign.
- 5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams  
The fruitful year control,  
Since first, obedient to thy word,  
He started from the goal,
- 6 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys  
His orient rays impart;  
But Jesus! 'tis thy light alone  
Can shine upon the heart.

### 361.

*L.M.—God shining into the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.*

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,  
With uncreated glories bright!  
His presence gilds the worlds above;  
The unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,  
When in substantial darkness veil'd,  
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,  
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,  
And light o'er all its face was spread;  
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,  
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies  
In shades of ignorance and vice;  
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,  
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine,  
On this benighted heart of mine;  
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,  
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 My soul reviv'd by heaven-born day,  
Thy radiant image shall display ;  
While all my faculties unite  
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

362.

C.M.—*The Christian's Life connected with that of Christ.*

John xiv. 19.

- 1 THE covenant of a Saviour's love  
Shall stand for ever good,  
And thus his life shall guard the souls  
He purchas'd with his blood.
- 2 " I live for ever," saith the Lord,  
" And you shall therefore live ;  
" Receive with pleasure every pledge  
" My power and love can give."
- 3 We own the promise, Prince of Grace ;  
Though earthly helpers die ;  
And animate our fainting hearts,  
While Christ our friend is nigh.
- 4 The king of fears can do no more  
Than stop our mortal breath ;  
But Jesus gives a nobler life,  
That cannot yield to death.

363.

P.M.—*Christ the Believer's Life.*

- 1 A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace  
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see ;  
For us who his offers embrace ;  
For all it is open and free :  
Jehovah himself doth invite  
To drink of his pleasures unknown ;  
The streams of immortal delight,  
That flow from his heavenly throne.
- 2 As soon as in him we believe,  
By faith of his Spirit we take :  
And, freely forgiven, receive  
The mercy for Jesus's sake !



LIFE AND LIGHT DIVINE.

We gain a pure drop of his love;  
The life of eternity know;  
Angelical happiness prove,  
And witness a heaven below.

364.

C.M.—*The hidden Life of a Christian.*

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here!  
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While grace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,  
His God in secret sees;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his figure here;  
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,  
Till Christ his life appear.
- 6 He looks to heaven's eternal hills,  
To meet that glorious day:  
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot wheels!  
How long is thy delay.

365.

C.M.—*Christians, as risen with Christ, are to seek things above.*

Col. iii. 1.

- 1 HEARKEN, ye children of your God;  
Ye heirs of glory hear;  
For accents so divine as these  
Might charm the dullest ear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,  
Your souls to sin must die;  
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There at his Father's hand he sits  
Enthron'd divinely fair,  
Yet owns himself your brother still,  
And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
On wings of faith and love;  
Jesus, your choicest treasure lies,  
And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down  
When we attempt to fly;  
Lord, send thy strong attractive force  
To raise and fix us high.

366.

*L.M.—Light shining in Darkness. Ex. x 23.*

- 1 WHILE Egypt lies enwrapt in night,  
And horror reigns in every mind,  
Where Israel dwells, there wondrous light  
Diffuses peace and joy refin'd.
- 2 So grace shall round the righteous shine,  
In tents of poverty and wo;  
While all the powers of wrath combine,  
To lay their proud oppressors low.
- 3 Though all the world in darkness lies,  
Where'er his ransom'd sons may rest,  
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,  
In all his richest glory drest.
- 4 Through every scene of suffering here,  
His light and comfort shall prevail;  
Nor can our faith admit a fear,  
Should all the springs of nature fail.

- 1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable:  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depth to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart:  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine!  
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice:  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that, with humbled Peter, I  
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,  
My faithfulness to prove;  
Thou know'st, for all to thee is known,  
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Thou know'st that thee I love.
- 6 O that I could, with favour'd John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast!  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

368.

P.M.—*Divine Love.*

- 1 LOVE Divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown!  
Jesus, thou art all compassion:  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest;  
Take away the bent to sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver.  
Let us all thy grace receive!  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave!  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thine hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restor'd in thee:  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

# 369.

L.M.—*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.* Deut. vi. 5.

- 1 YES, I would love thee, blessed God!  
Paternal goodness marks thy name!  
Thy praises through thy high abode,  
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son  
For man to suffer, bleed, and die,  
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,  
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him thy reconciled face  
With joy unspeakable I see,  
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace,  
Draw and unite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish, wandering heart,  
Attracted by a creature's power,  
Would from this blissful centre start,  
Lord, fix it there to stray no more.

# 370.

C.M.—*Christ precious to the Believer.* 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS! I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
With my last labouring breath;  
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

371.

C.M.—*Appeal to Christ in proof of Love to him.* John xxi. 16.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love;  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp the' immortal flame.
- 6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;  
But O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

372.

P.M.—*"Lovest thou me?"* John xxi. 16.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?

LOVE.

- 2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly sure can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name!
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my grief and sin a thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?
- 5 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case!  
Thou who art thy people's sun,  
Shine upon the work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray:  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

373.

P.M.—“*Lovest thou me?*” John xxi. 16.

- 1 HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;  
’Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
“ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me?”
- 2 I deliver’d thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, heal’d thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turn’d thy darkness into light.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be,  
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
Oh! for grace to love thee more.

374.

P.M.—*Christian Love and Unity.*

- 1 HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,  
When brethren cordially agree,  
And kindly think and speak the same;  
A family of faith and love,  
Combin'd to seek the things above,  
And spread the common Saviour's fame.
- 2 The God of grace, who all invites,  
Who in our unity delights,  
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless;  
Revives us with refreshing showers,  
The fulness of his blessing pours,  
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.
- 3 Jesus, thou precious corner-stone,  
Preserve inseparably one,  
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join:  
Still let us in thy Spirit live,  
And to thy church the pattern give  
Of unanimity divine.



LOVE.

- 4 Still let us to each other cleave,  
And from thy plenitude receive  
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;  
Till to a perfect man we rise,  
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,  
And find prepar'd our heavenly place.

375.

C.M.—*Christian Sympathy*. Gal. vi. 2.

- 1 HAIL! everlasting Prince of Peace!  
Hail! Governor Divine!  
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!  
What gentle laws are thine!
- 2 His tender heart with love o'erflow'd,  
Love spoké in every breath;  
Vigorous it reign'd through all his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 All these united charms he shews,  
Our frozen souls to move;  
This proof of love to him demands  
That we each other love.
- 4 O be the sacred law fulfill'd,  
In every act and thought;  
Each angry passion far remov'd,  
Each selfish view forgot.
- 5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide  
By thy Redeemer's grace,  
And, in one grasp of fervent love,  
All earth and heaven embrace.

376.

C.M.—*Christian Love*.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part,  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And shew a brother's love.
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows;  
When union sweet, and fond esteem,  
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above,  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

377.

P.M.—*Brotherly Love.* Ps. cxxxiñ.

- 1 HOW beautiful the sight  
Of brethren who agree  
In friendship to unite,  
And bonds of charity:  
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed  
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill  
The cups of Hermon's flowers;  
Or Zion's fruitful hill,  
Bright with the drops of showers,  
When mingling odours breathe around,  
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands  
Blessings, a boundless store,  
From his unsparing hands,  
Yea, life for evermore:  
Thrice happy they who meet above,  
To spend eternity in love!

C.M.—*Christian Charity.*

- 1 BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,  
Our dying Master stands!  
His weeping followers, gathering round,  
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell!  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its Author well.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never rais'd in vain:
- 4 "Whose breast expands with generous warmth,  
A stranger's woes to feel;  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
- 5 "He spreads his kind, supporting arms  
To every child of grief:  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 "To gentle offices of love,  
His feet are never slow:  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give;  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 "To him protection shall be shown,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love."

# 379.

L.M.—*The Heart purified to Love by the Spirit.* 1 Pet. i. 22.

- 1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love,  
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move:  
With ardour strong these breasts inflame,  
To all that own a Saviour's name.
- 2 Still let the heavenly fire endure,  
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure;  
Let every heart and every hand,  
Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove! descend and bring  
The smiling blessings on thy wing,  
And make us taste those sweets below  
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

# 380.

L.M.—*Communing with our Hearts.* Ps. iv. 4.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more:  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home:  
Retir'd and silent seek them there:  
True conquest is our souls to o'ercome,  
True strength to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye  
Distinct surveys each deep recess,  
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then with the visits of thy love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,  
Till every grace shall join to prove,  
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

381.

C.M.—*Retirement.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine,  
And (all harmonious names in one)  
My Saviour thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

382.

P.M.—*Christian Moderation.* 1 Cor. vii. 29-31.

- 1 SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,  
Nor let this earth delude thy sight  
With glittering trifles gay and vain:  
Wisdom divine directs thy view  
To objects ever grand and new,  
And faith displays the shining train.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below,  
Nor let unbounded torrents flow  
When mourning o'er my wither'd joys;  
So this deceitful world is known,  
Possess'd, I call it not my own,  
Nor glory in its painted toys.
- 3 The empty pageant rolls along;  
The giddy unexperienc'd throng  
Pursue it with enchanted eyes;  
It passeth with swift march away,  
Still more and more its charms decay,  
Till the last gaudy colour dies.
- 4 My God, to thee my soul shall turn,  
For thee my noblest passions burn,  
And drink in bliss from thee alone:  
I fix on that unchanging home,  
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,  
Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

383.

C.M.--*God speaking Peace to his People. Ps. lxxxv. 8.*

- 1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite,  
In silence soft and sweet;  
And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
Yet gladly I attend,  
For lo! the everlasting God  
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul  
The sounds of peace convey;  
The tempest at his word subsides,  
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart  
To grieve his love no more,  
But, charm'd by melody divine,  
To give its follies o'er.

384.

L.M.—*Peace from and with God.* Isa. lvii. 19.

- 1 HARK! for the great Creator speaks;  
In silence let the earth attend;  
And, when his words of grace are heard,  
In grateful adoration bend.
- 2 “ ’Tis I create the fruit of praise,  
“ And give the broken heart to sing;  
“ Peace, heavenly peace, my lips proclaim,  
“ Pleas’d with the happy news they bring.”
- 3 Receive the tidings with delight,  
Ye Gentile nations from afar;  
And you the children of his love,  
Whom grace hath brought already near.
- 4 To these, to those, his sovereign hand,  
Its healing energy imparts:  
Peace, peace, be echo’d from your tongues,  
And echo’d from consenting hearts.
- 5 Enjoy the health which God hath wrought;  
Nor let the daily tribute cease,  
Till chang’d for more exalted songs  
In regions of eternal peace.

385.

L.M.—*Peace after a Storm.*

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil’d my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears;  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 O! let me then at length be taught,  
What I am still so slow to learn;  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!  
But when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will:  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

386.

C.M.—*Peace in Christ amidst Tribulations.* John xvi. 33.

- 1 HENCEFORTH let each believing heart  
From anxious sorrows cease;  
Though storms of trouble rage around,  
In Jesus we have peace.
- 2 His blood from wrath to come redeems,  
And his almighty grace,  
By bitterest draughts of deep distress,  
Its healing power displays.
- 3 Jesus, our Captain, march'd before  
To lead us to the fight;  
And now he reacheth out the crown  
With heavenly glories bright.
- 4 Lord, 'tis enough; thy voice we hear;  
That crown by faith we see:  
No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,  
Since none divide from thee.

387.

P.M.—*God's Fidelity to his Promises.* Heb. x. 23.

- 1 THE promises I sing,  
Which sovereign love hath spoke;  
Nor will the eternal King  
His words of grace revoke;



PROMISES AND PRIVILEGES.

They stand secure  
And steadfast still;  
Not Zion's hill  
Abides so sure.

- 2 The mountains melt away  
When once the Judge appears,  
And sun and moon decay,  
That measure mortal years;  
But still the same  
In radiant lines  
The promise shines  
Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound  
Through mine attentive ears,  
When thunders cleave the ground,  
And dissipate the spheres;  
'Midst all the shock  
Of that dread scene,  
I stand serene,  
Thy word my rock.

388.

C.M.—“*Jehovah Jireh. The Lord will provide.*” Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,  
Nor sink in hopeless fear;  
For when they least expect his aid,  
The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abraham found; he rais'd the knife,  
God saw, and said “Forbear;”  
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;  
Behold the victim there.
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;  
But hark! the foe's at hand;  
Saul turns his arms another way,  
To save the invaded land.

- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,  
He thought to rise no more;  
But God prepar'd a fish to save,  
And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,  
That meet us in his word!  
May every deep-felt care of mine  
Be trusted with the Lord.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,  
And, though it tarry, wait:  
The promise may be long delay'd,  
But cannot come too late.

389.

L.M.—*A Christian's Treasure*; "All things are your's, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas." 1 Cor. iii. 21.

- 1 HOW vast the treasure we possess!  
How rich thy bounty, King of Grace!  
This world is ours, and worlds to come;  
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.
- 2 Paul is our teacher; while he speaks  
The shadows fly, the morning breaks;  
His words like beams of knowledge shine,  
And fill our souls with light divine.
- 3 Cephas is ours; he makes us feel  
The kindlings of celestial zeal;  
While sweet Apollos' charming voice  
Gives us a taste of heavenly joys.
- 4 The springing corn, the stately wood,  
Grow to provide us house and food:  
Fire, air, earth, water, join their force;  
All nature serves us in her course.
- 5 The sun rolls round to make our day,  
The moon directs our nightly way;  
While angels bear us in their arms,  
And shield us from ten thousand harms.

PROMISES AND PRIVILEGES.

- 6 O glorious portion of the saints!  
Let faith suppress our sore complaints,  
And tune our hearts and tongues to sing  
Our bounteous God, our sovereign king.

390.

L.M.—*All things working for good* Rom. viii. 28.

- 1 MY soul, survey thy happiness,  
If thou art found a child of grace;  
How richly is the gospel stor'd,  
What joy the promises afford.
- 2 "All things are yours," the gift of God,  
And purchas'd with the Saviour's blood;  
While the good Spirit shews us how  
To use and to enjoy them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,  
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;  
If bread of sorrows be my food,  
Those sorrows work my real good.
- 4 Father! I wait thy daily will,  
Thou shalt divide my portion still:  
Grant me, on earth, what seems thee best,  
'Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

391.

L.M.—*"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."* Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near;  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;  
For "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

- 4 When call'd by Him to bear the cross,  
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, and poverty;  
Still "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When death at length appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall the fears subdue:  
He comes to set thy spirit free;  
And "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

392.

C.M.—*Patience of Hope.*

- 1 THOU Sovereign Ruler of the world,  
To thee would I resign  
My future hopes and present joys,  
And learn thy will divine.
- 2 I kiss the hand which holds the rod,  
Nor will I dare complain;  
Although my brightest days be past;  
My darkest still remain.
- 3 Compar'd with what my Saviour felt,  
How light my sorrows are;  
Nor can the greatest pains I feel,  
With pains of hell compare.
- 4 Then will I patiently submit,  
Nor let a murmur rise,  
While I possess a steadfast hope  
Of bliss beyond the skies.

393.

L.M.—*Prayer for Patience*

- 1 LORD, who has suffer'd all for me,  
My peace and pardon to procure;  
The lighter cross I bear for thee,  
Help me with patience to endure.
- 2 The storm of loud repining, hush,  
I would in humble silence mourn;  
Why should the unburnt, tho' burning bush,  
Be angry as the crackling thorn?

PATIENCE, RESIGNATION, SUBMISSION.

- 3 Ah! were I buffeted all day,  
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit upon;  
I yet should have no right to say,  
My great distress is mine alone.
- 4 Let me not angrily declare  
No pain was ever sharp like mine;  
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,  
But rather weep, remembering thine.

394.

L.M.—“ *Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.*” Heb. xii. 5.

- 1 CHASTIS'D by an indulgent God,  
I would the kind chastisement feel,  
But never faint beneath the rod,  
Nor desperate, nor insensible.
- 2 From each extreme divinely kept,  
The trouble coming from above,  
I would with thankful awe accept,  
And bless, with tears, my Father's love.

395.

C.M.—“ *It is the LORD—let him do what seemeth him good.*”  
1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,  
Whose claims are all divine;  
Who has an undisputed right,  
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
Or contradict his will,  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,  
My wealth, my friends, my ease;  
And of his bounties, may recall  
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load;  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 It is the Lord — whose matchless skill  
Can, from afflictions, raise  
Blessings, eternity to fill  
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name;  
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,  
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His covenant will my soul defend  
Should Nature's self expire,  
And the great judge of all descend  
In awful flames of fire.
- 8 Can I with hopes so firmly built,  
Be sullen or repine?  
No, gracious God, take what thou wilt,  
To thee I ALL resign.

396.

C.M.—*Resignation ; or God our Portion.*

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God are in thy hand;  
My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou should'st take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were possess'd by me,  
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store?  
'Tis but a bitter sweet:  
When I attempt to pluck the rose,  
A pricking thorn I meet.

- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
The honey's mix'd with gall;  
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
Be thou my All in All.

397.

C.M.—*Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness.*

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign hand denies,  
Accepted at the throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise;  
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee.  
3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
My path of life attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless my journey's end.

398.

C.M.—*Submission.*

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.  
2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at thy gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?  
3 No, let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.  
4 Thy favour all my journey through,  
Thou art engag'd to grant;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

399.

C.M.—*Filial Submission.* Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,  
To say, "My Father God!"  
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,  
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,  
For thou art good and wise;  
Let every anxious thought be still,  
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,  
And bid me wait serene;  
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father! O permit my heart  
To plead her humble claim,  
And ask the bliss those words impart,  
In my Redeemer's name.

400.

L.M.—*Social Prayer.*

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise:
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be  
"Amid this little company;  
"To them unveil my smiling face,  
"And shed my glories round the place."



PRAYER.

- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

401.

C.M.—*Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer.* Matt. vi. 9-13.

- 1 FATHER of all, we bow to thee  
Who dwell'st in heaven ador'd,  
But present still, through all thy works,  
The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name  
By all beneath the skies;  
And may thy kingdom still advance,  
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,  
With hearts resign'd to thee;  
And as in heaven thy will is done,  
On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own  
The hand that feeds us still;  
Give us our bread, and teach to rest  
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess,  
O may they be forgiven;  
As mercy we to others shew,  
We mercy beg from heaven.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct;  
From evil guard our way;  
And in temptation's fatal path  
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine's the power, the kingdom thine,  
All glory's due to thee;  
Thine from eternity they were,  
And thine shall ever be.

# 402.

L.M.—“ *Ask what I shall give thee.*” 1 Kings iii. 5.

- 1 AND dost thou say, “ Ask what thou wilt?”  
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;  
I pray to be releas’d from guilt,  
And freed from sin and Satan’s power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,  
More of thine image let me bear;  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal’d,  
And from thy joy to draw my strength;  
To have thy boundless love reveal’d  
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign;  
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,  
All shall be well if thou art mine.

# 403.

C.M.—“ *Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.*”  
John xvi. 24.

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?  
Whatever good we want;  
Whatever man may seek to share,  
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies!—Thou  
In whom we move and live,  
Hear us, in heaven thy dwelling, now,  
And answer and forgive.
- 3 When bound with sins and trespasses,  
From wrath we fain would flee,  
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,  
And set the captives free.
- 4 When harass’d by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel;  
O give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal.

PRAYER.

- 5 When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure,  
By storm or calm in thee be found,  
A refuge strong and sure.
- 6 When age advances, may we grow  
In faith, and hope, and love;  
And walk in holiness below,  
To holiness above.
- 7 When earthly joys and cares depart,  
Desire and envy cease,  
Be thou the portion of our heart,  
In thee may we have peace.
- 8 When flames these elements destroy,  
And worlds in judgment stand,  
May we lift up our heads with joy,  
And meet at thy right hand.

404.

C.M.—“*Lord help me.*” Matt. xv. 25.

- 1 OH, help us, Lord! each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give;  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore,  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 If strangers to thy fold we call,  
Imploring, at thy feet,  
The crumbs that from thy table fall,  
'Tis all we dare entreat.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,  
So thou wilt grant but this;  
The crumbs that from thy table fall  
Are light, and life, and bliss.
- 6 Oh help us, Jesus! from on high,  
We know no help but thee;  
Oh help us so to live and die,  
As thine in heaven to be.

405.

*C.M.—For growth in Grace.*

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart!  
Whate'er of sin in us is found  
O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless,  
But guide our hearts into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up;  
Our little stock improve,  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

406.

*C.M.—For the supply of real Wants.*

- 1 AUTHOR of good! we rest on thee,  
Thine ever watchful eye  
Alone our real wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,  
Thy love our footsteps guide,  
That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear, all fears beside.

PRAYER.

- 3 And since, by passion's force subdu'd,  
Too oft with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
Add grasp the specious ill;
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Let mercy still supply;  
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,  
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

407.

*L.M.—For entire Subjection to the Will of God.*

- 1 O THOU! who hast at thy command  
The hearts of all men in thy hand!  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline,  
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;  
Mould every purpose of the soul:  
O'er all may we victorious be,  
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to thee;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays,  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 Still make us, when temptation's near,  
As our worst foe ourselves to fear;  
And each vain-glorious thought to quell;  
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.
- 5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,  
Against our mightiest foes prevail;  
Thy word our safety from alarm,  
Our strength thine everlasting arm.
- 6 And while we to thy glory live,  
May we to thee all glory give,  
Until the joyful summons come,  
That calls thy willing servants home.

# 408.

L.M.—*Christ our Example in Prayer.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in feeble clay,  
Prayer was his solace and delight;  
'Twas thus he spent the busy day,  
And still employ'd the silent night.
- 2 Oppress'd with sorrows, not his own,  
But laden with our guilt and grief,  
He bow'd before his Father's throne,  
And there he sought and found relief.
- 3 Each fleeting hour he pass'd away  
In sweet communion with his God;  
Oh! let us learn of him to pray,  
And tread the path which Jesus trod.

# 409.

C.M.—*What is Prayer?*

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watch-word at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold he prays."

## PRAYER.

- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus on the' eternal throne  
For mourners intercedes.
- 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way!  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

## 410.

*L.M.—The House of Prayer.*

- 1 THY mansion is the Christian's heart,  
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!  
Bid the unruly throng depart,  
And leave the consecrated door.
- 2 Devoted as it is to thee,  
A thievish swarm frequents the place;  
They steal away my joys from me,  
And rob my Saviour of his praise.
- 3 There too a sharp designing trade,  
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;  
Nor cease to press me and persuade  
To part with ease and purchase pain.
- 4 I know them, and I hate their din,  
Am weary of the bustling crowd;  
And while their voice is heard within,  
I cannot serve thee as I would.
- 5 Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,  
What peace shall reign when thou art here!  
Thy presence makes this den of thieves  
A calm delightful house of prayer.

- 6 And if thou make thy temple shine,  
Yet, self-abas'd will I adore;  
The gold and silver are not mine,  
I give thee what was thine before.

## 411.

*L.M.—Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love;  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when, through weariness, they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures' ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## 412.

*L.M.—Exhortation to praise Jehovah. Ps. cxiii.*

- 1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,  
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;  
His glorious name let all adore  
From age to age for evermore.



PRAISE.

- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,  
From the sun's rising to its rest;  
Above the heavens his power is known,  
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God?—so great, so high,  
He bows himself to view the sky,  
And yet, with condescending grace,  
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan  
Of those who sit and weep alone;  
He lifts the mourner from the dust,  
And saves the poor in him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God, in joyful lays  
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;  
His saving name let all adore,  
From age to age for evermore.

413.

P.M.—*Thanksgiving and Praise.*

- 1 MY soul praise the Lord,  
Speak good of his name!  
His mercies record,  
His bounties proclaim;  
To God, their Creator,  
Let all creatures raise  
The song of thanksgiving,  
The chorus of praise.
- 2 Though hid from man's sight,  
God sits on his throne,  
Yet here, by his works,  
Their Author is known;  
The world shines a mirror  
Its Maker to show,  
And heaven views its image  
Reflected below.

- 3 By knowledge supreme,  
By wisdom divine,  
God governs this earth  
With gracious design:  
O'er beast, bird, and insect,  
His providence reigns,  
Whose will first created,  
Whose love still sustains.
- 4 And man, his last work,  
With reason endu'd,  
Who falling through sin,  
By grace is renew'd;  
To God, his Creator,  
Let man ever raise  
The song of thanksgiving,  
The chorus of praise.

414.

*P.M.—General Praise.*

- 1 LET us, with a joyful mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God,  
Who by wisdom did create  
The heavens high, and all their state;
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain  
How to rise above the main;  
Who, by his commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
- 4 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun  
All the day his course to run;  
And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

PRAISE.

- 5 All his creatures God does feed,  
His full hand supplies their need;  
Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He his mansion hath on high,  
Above the reach of mortal eye;  
And his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

415.

P.M.—*Glory to God in the highest.*

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No;—the church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

416.

P.M.—*Praise to the God of Abraham.*

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love;  
Jehovah great I AM!  
By earth and heaven confest;  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand:  
I'd all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
In all his ways:  
He calls a worm his friend!  
He calls himself my God!  
And he shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend,  
I shall on eagles' wings upborne  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

## 417.

C.M.—*Praise for Divine Goodness.* Ps. lxi. 8. cxiii. 1.

- 1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose breath our souls inspir'd;  
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,  
With grateful ardour fir'd!
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose tender care sustains  
Our feeble frame, encompass'd round  
With death's unnumber'd pains.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose goodness, passing thought!  
Loads every minute, as it flies,  
With benefits unsought!
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
From whom salvation flows,  
Who sent his Son our souls to save  
From everlasting woes!
- 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
For hope's transporting ray,  
Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,  
To realms of endless day!

## 418.

C.M.—*Praise the peculiar Duty of Man.*

- 1 LORD of the world's majestic frame!  
Stupendous are thy ways;  
Thy various works declare thy name,  
And all recount thy praise.
- 2 The heavens thy matchless skill display,  
With all the stars of light;  
The splendid sun that rules the day,  
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,  
That shine from pole to pole,  
In silent harmony unite,  
To praise thee as they roll;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 O shall not we, of human race,  
The glorious concert join!  
Shall not the children of thy grace  
Attempt the theme divine!
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time  
Can shew forth God's high praise:  
Nor all the noblest strains sublime  
That earth or heaven can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our blest employ  
Through life's uncertain days:  
And in the realms of boundless joy,  
Eternal be thy praise.

419.

*C.M.—Praise for Creation and Providence.*

- 1 I SING the' almighty power of God  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord  
That fill'd the earth with food;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord! how thy wonders are display'd  
Where'er I turn mine eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known,  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from thy throne.

PRAISE.

- 6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven he shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in hell beneath;  
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He keeps me with his eye;  
Why then should I forget the Lord  
Who is for ever nigh?

420.

*P.M.—Praise for daily Mercies.*

- 1 WE'LL proclaim the wondrous story  
Of the mercies we receive,  
From the day-spring's dawning glory,  
Till the fading hour of eve.
- 2 All the blessings heaven is lending,  
We'll extol in grateful lays;  
To his radiant throne ascending,  
Wafted on the wings of praise.
- 3 In exalted rapture joining,  
We'll employ our happy days,  
All our grateful hearts combining  
To declare his endless praise.

421.

*P.M.—“O Lord, I will praise thee.” Isa. xii. 1.*

- 1 I WILL praise thee every day,  
Now thine anger's turn'd away!  
Comfortable thoughts arise  
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, in the fair gospel field,  
Wells of free salvation yield  
Streams of life, a plenteous store,  
And my soul shall thirst no more.

- 3 Jesus is become at length,  
My salvation and my strength;  
And his praises shall prolong,  
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,  
Publish his exalted fame!  
Still his worth your praise exceeds,  
Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,  
Let the nations roll it round!  
Zion, shout, for this is he,  
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

422.

L.M.—*Praise to God through the whole of our Existence.*  
Ps. cxlvi. 2.

- 1 GOD of my life, through all its days  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains,  
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.



PRAISE.

- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.

423.

C.M.—*Prosperity and Adversity.* Eccles. vii. 14.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!  
My Father and my God!  
I'll sing the honours of thy name,  
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy various love surveys;  
Where shall my grateful lips begin,  
Or where conclude thy praise?
- 3 In every period of my life  
Thy kindest thoughts appear;  
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,  
And crown each circling year.
- 4 In all these mercies may my soul  
A Father's bounty see,  
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows,  
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 5 Teach me, in times of deep distress,  
To own thy hand, my God!  
And in submissive silence hear  
The lessons of thy rod.
- 6 In every varying mortal state,  
Each bright, each dreary scene,  
Give me a meek and humble mind,  
Still equal and serene.
- 7 Then should I close my eyes in death,  
Without one anxious fear;  
For death itself, my God, is life,  
If thou art with me there.

424.

L.M.—*Grace and Providence.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand  
Supports the weight of sea and land,  
Whose grace is such a boundless store,  
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,  
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;  
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,  
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came  
From him who built this earthly frame;  
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,  
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,  
Or, if I feel it, heals again;  
From Satan's malice shields my breast,  
Or overrules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low  
Beneath the gratitude I owe!  
It means thy praise, however poor,  
An angel's song can do no more.

425.

P.M.—*Prosperity and Adversity.* Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy!  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield;  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use:
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

PRAISE.

- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe;  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-trees blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;
- 8 Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain:  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy:
- 9 Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.

426.

P.M.—*Ebenezer; or grateful Praise.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing!  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—O, fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thine help I'm come,  
And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;  
Let that grace now like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee!  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart—O take and seal it!  
Seal it from thy courts above.

427.

P.M.—*Grateful Praise.* Ps. ciii.

- 1 CHEERFULLY my soul shall praise  
God, whose mercy crowns my days,  
Who forgiveth all my sin,  
Cleanseth me from stains within,  
Hears my weak complaints and sighs,  
And my daily need supplies.
- 2 He with loving kindness brings  
Life and healing on his wings,  
O my soul, beneath their shade,  
Thou shalt find eternal aid;  
There reposing, ever praise  
God, whose mercy crowns thy days.

428.

C.M.—*A Song of Praise.*

- 1 INDULGENT Father! how divine  
How bright thy bounties are;  
Through nature's ample round they shine,  
Thy goodness to declare.

PRAISE.

- 2 But in the nobler works of grace,  
What sweeter mercy smiles  
In my benign Redeemer's face,  
And every fear beguiles!
- 3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,  
To thee my thanks shall rise,  
When morning ushers in the day,  
Or evening veils the skies.
- 4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,  
Thy praise shall tune my breath;  
The sweet remembrance of thy name,  
Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But oh! how blest my song shall rise,  
When freed from feeble clay,  
And all thy glories meet mine eyes  
In one eternal day!
- 6 Not seraphs who resound thy name,  
Through yon ethereal plains,  
Shall glow with a diviner flame,  
Or raise sublimer strains.

429.

P.M.—*Divine Love.*

- 1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;  
How bright on high its glories blaze!  
How sweetly bloom below!  
It streams from thy eternal throne;  
Through heaven its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil;  
In every vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.

- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale;  
Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
And smile on every vale.
- 4 But in thy gospel see it shine  
With grace and glories more divine,  
Proclaiming sins forgiven;  
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To realms of everlasting day,  
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest,  
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
And ardent gratitude;  
And all my thoughts and passions tend  
To thee, my Father and my Friend,  
My soul's eternal good.
- 6 Dart from thine own celestial flame  
One vivid beam, to warm my frame  
With kindred energy;  
Mark thine own image on my mind,  
And teach me to be good and kind,  
And love and bless like thee.

## 430.

*L.M.—Thankfulness for being made meet for the heavenly  
Inheritance. Col. i. 12.*

- 1 ALL-GLORIOUS God! what hymns of praise  
Shall our transported voices raise!  
What flaming love and zeal are due,  
While heaven stands open to our view!
- 2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!  
Just on the brink of endless wo,  
Doom'd to a heritage in hell,  
Where sinners all in darkness dwell.

PRAISE.

- 3 But lo, a ray of cheerful light  
Scatters the horrid shades of night!  
Lo! what triumphant grace is shewn  
To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 Far, far beyond these mortal shores,  
A bright inheritance is ours;  
Where saints in light our coming wait,  
To share their holy, blissful state.
- 5 If ready drest for heaven we shine,  
Thine are the robes, the crown is thine;  
May endless years their course prolong,  
While "Thine the praise," is all our song.

431.

*P.M.—Praise and Supplication.*

- 1 TO Thee, my God, and Saviour,  
My soul exulting springs;  
Rejoicing in thy favour,  
Almighty King of kings.  
I'll celebrate thy glory,  
With all the saints above;  
And tell the pleasing story  
Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses  
Bedecks the dewy east,  
And when the sun reposes  
Upon the ocean's breast,  
My voice in supplication  
Well pleased thou shalt hear;  
Oh grant me thy salvation,  
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By Thee through life supported,  
I'll pass the dangerous road,  
By heavenly hosts escorted  
Up to their bright abode;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

There cast my crown before thee,  
When all my woes are o'er;  
And day and night adore thee—  
What can an angel more.

432.

P.M.—*Universal Praise.* Ps. cl. 6.

BREATHE in praise of your Creator,  
Every soul his honours raise;  
Magnify the Lord of nature,  
Magnify the God of grace.  
Hallelujah!  
Fill the universe with praise.

433.

C.M.—*Everlasting Praise.*

- 1 MY God! my King! to thee I'll raise  
My voice and all my powers;  
Unwearied songs of sacred praise  
Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,  
While suns shall set and rise,  
And tune my everlasting song  
When all creation dies.

434.

L.M.—*God exalted above all Praise.*

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too!  
From sin and dust, to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.



PRAISE.

- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;  
But, O, the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below;  
Be short our tunes; our words be few!  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

435.

*P.M.—Praise to our Creator and Ruler. Ps. c.*

- 1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,  
O serve Him with gladness and fear;  
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,  
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God,—and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and ruler o'er all;  
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;  
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,  
Your vows in his temple proclaim;  
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,  
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
And we are the work of his hand;  
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

436.

*P.M.—Praise to God for his Goodness, Mercy, and Truth.  
Ps. cxlvi.*

- 1 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,  
The Lord thy God delight to praise;  
His gifts I will for him improve,  
To him devote my happy days;  
To him my thanks and praises give,  
And only for his glory live.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,  
My every pulse shall beat for him;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
My spirit shall resume the theme;  
The gracious theme, for ever new,  
Through all eternity pursue.
- 3 Soon as the breath of man expires,  
Again he to his earth shall turn;  
Where then are all his vain desires,  
His love and hate, esteem and scorn?  
All, all at that last gasp are o'er,  
He falls to rise on earth no more.
- 4 He, then, is blest, and only he,  
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;  
Who can to Him for succour flee,  
That spread the earth and heaven abroad;  
That still the universe sustains,  
And Lord of his creation reigns.
- 5 True to his everlasting word,  
He loves the injur'd to redress;  
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord  
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness:  
He sets the mournful prisoners free,  
And bids the blind their Saviour see.
- 6 The Lord thy God, O Zion, reigns,  
Supreme in mercy as in power,  
The endless theme of heavenly strains,  
When time and death shall be no more:  
And all eternity shall prove  
Too short to utter all his love.

437.

P.M.—*Praise for the Blessings of Creation and Providence.*

- 1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid,  
God our souls and bodies made;  
God on us, in gracious showers,  
Blessings every moment pours;

PRAISE.

Compasses with angel-bands,  
Bids them bear us in his hands:  
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd,  
Life and all descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,  
Made the earth on which we tread:  
God refreshes in the air;  
Covers with the clothes we wear;  
Feeds us with the food we eat;  
Cheers us by his light and heat:  
Makes his sun on us to shine:—  
All our blessings are divine.

3 Give him, then, and ever give,  
Thanks for all that we receive!  
Man we for his kindness love;  
How much more our God above!  
Worthy thou our heavenly Lord,  
To be honour'd and ador'd:  
God of all-creating grace!  
Take the everlasting praise.

438.

*P.M.—Praise for Creation, Preservation, and Redemption.*

1 O HEAVENLY King,  
Look down from above;  
Assist us to sing  
Thy mercy and love:  
So sweetly o'erflowing,  
So plenteous the store,  
Thou still art bestowing,  
And giving us more.

2 O God of our life,  
We hallow thy name!  
Our business and strife,  
Is thee to proclaim;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Accept our thanksgiving  
For creating grace!  
The living, the living  
Shall shew forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord,  
Almighty art Thou!  
Preserv'd by thy word,  
We worship thee now.  
The bountiful Donor  
Of all we enjoy:  
Our tongues to thy honour,  
And lives we employ.

4 But, O! above all,  
Thy kindness we praise,  
From sin and from thrall,  
Which saves the lost race;  
Thy Son thou hast given,  
The world to redeem,  
And bring us to heaven,  
Whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love  
We sing and rejoice,  
With angels above  
We lift up our voice:  
Thy love each believer  
Shall gladly adore;  
For ever and ever,  
When time is no more.

439.

P.M.—*Blessing God for Spiritual Blessings in Christ.* Eph. i. 3.

1 LOUD be thy name ador'd,  
Thy titles spread abroad,  
Of Christ, our glorious Lord,  
The Father and the God!

PRAISE.

Through such a Son,  
Thy Church's Head,  
Thine honours spread  
O'er worlds unknown.

- 2 Ten thousand gifts of love  
From Thee, through Him, descend;  
And bear our souls above,  
To joys that never end:  
To heaven they soar,  
Sustain'd by God,  
And through the road  
His arm adore.
- 3 Ten thousand songs of praise  
Shall by the Saviour rise,  
And through eternal days,  
Shall echo round the skies:  
New shouts we'll give,  
And loud proclaim  
The honour'd Name,  
By which we live.

440.

*C.M.—Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 TO Christ the Lord, let every tongue  
Its noblest tribute bring:  
When he's the subject of the song  
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,  
And on his glories dwell:  
Think on the wonders of his grace,  
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd  
Upon his awful brow:  
His head with radiant glories crown'd,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men:  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 6 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have:  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
- 7 His hand a thousand blessings pours  
Upon my guilty head;  
His presence gilds my darkest hours,  
And guards my sleeping bed.
- 8 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shews me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

441.

*P.M.—Praise for Redeeming Love.*

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:  
Ye, who his salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

PRAISE.

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been }  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,  
Welcome to his sacred rest:  
Nothing brought him from above —  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd the infernal powers;  
Those tremendous foes of ours,  
From their cursed empire drove;  
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each cheerful string;  
Mortals join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

442.

C.M.—*The Name of Jesus.*

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!  
We love to hear of thee;  
No music's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to us speak!  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay;  
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
When all things else decay.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud  
With all the favour'd throng;  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

443.

P.M.—*Praise to Jesus, the Lamb of God.*

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God!  
Publish through earth abroad,  
Jesus's fame:  
Tell what his love hath done;  
Trust in his name alone;  
Shout to his lofty throne,  
“Worthy the Lamb!”
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!  
Dry up your mournful tears;  
Join our glad theme:  
Beauty for ashes bring,  
Strike each melodious string,  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
“Worthy the Lamb!”
- 3 Hark! how the choirs above,  
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name!  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crown'd;  
While all the heavens resound,  
“Worthy the Lamb!”

444.

C.M.—*The Church militant learning the Church triumphant's Song.*

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand  
Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime and land,  
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and his flock appear  
One Shepherd and one fold.



PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await  
On earth the pilgrim's throng,  
Yet learn we in our low estate,  
The Church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Cry the redeem'd above,  
Blessing and honour to obtain,  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,  
Who died our souls to save;  
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O Grave?
- 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise  
To God in Christ be given;  
May all who now this anthem raise,  
Renew the strain in heaven.

445.

S.M.—“ *Get thee out of thy Country,*” &c. Gen. xii. 1.

- 1 IN every time and place,  
Who serve the Lord most high,  
Are call'd his sovereign will to' embrace,  
And still their own deny;  
To follow his command,  
On earth as pilgrims rove,  
And seek an undiscover'd land,  
And house and friends above.
- 2 Father, the narrow path  
To that far country show;  
And in the steps of Abraham's faith  
Enable me to go,  
A cheerful sojourner,  
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,  
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,  
I reach my heavenly home.

P.M.—*Seeking a better Country.* Heb. xi. 14.

- 1 **LEADER** of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all that travel to the sky;  
Come, and with us, even us, abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely;  
On thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place;  
But hasten through the vale of wo,  
And restless to behold thy face;  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here;  
But seek a city out of sight;  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light;  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the' appointed course to run,  
This weary world we cast behind;  
From strength to strength we travel on,  
The new Jerusalem to find;  
Our labour this, our only aim,  
To find the new Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;  
That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Rais'd by the breath of Love divine,  
We urge our way with strength renew'd,  
The Church of the First-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God;  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

447.

L.M.—*Christians seeking a City to come.* Heb. xi. 14.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here;"  
This may distress the worldly mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here;"  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let this truth our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion's its name—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!  
Had I the pinions of the dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will be *mine*,  
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

448.

P.M.—*"The Lord is my Helper."* Heb. xiii. 6.

- 1 OFT, as I look upon the road  
That leads to yonder blest abode,  
I feel distress and fearful:  
So many foes the passage throng,  
I am so weak, and they so strong,  
How can my soul be cheerful?
- 2 But when I think of him, whose power  
Can save me in a trying hour,  
And place on him reliance;

My soul is then asham'd of fear,  
And though ten thousand foes appear,  
I bid them all defiance.

- 3 The dangerous road I then pursue,  
And keep the glorious prize in view,  
With joyful hope elated;  
Strong in the Lord, in him alone,  
Where he conducts I follow on  
With ardour unabated.
- 4 O Lord, each day renew my strength,  
And let me see thy face at length,  
With all thy people yonder;  
With them in heaven thy love declare,  
And sing thy praise for ever there,  
With gratitude and wonder.

449.

C.M.—*The Christian's future Rest.*

- 1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,  
In everlasting day;  
Through floods and flames the passage lies,  
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,  
Hear and obey his word;  
Then let us triumph in his name,  
Our Saviour is the Lord.

450.

C.M.—*The Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8-10.*

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing;  
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;  
How holy and how plain!  
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,  
Nor ask the track in vain.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,  
Nor lurking serpent wound;  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While labouring up the hill.

451.

P.M.—*The Pilgrim's Prayer.*

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside:  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

452.

P.M.—*The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Towards heaven thy native place :  
Sun and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

453.

P.M.—*The Pilgrim's Journey and Home.*

- 1 COME, all whoe'er have set  
Your faces Sion-ward,  
In Jesus let us meet,  
And praise our common Lord;  
In Jesus let us still go on,  
Till all appear before his throne.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 Nearer and nearer still  
We to our country come;  
To that celestial hill,  
The weary pilgrim's home;  
The new Jerusalem above,  
The seat of everlasting love.
- 3 The ransom'd sons of God,  
All earthly things we scorn;  
And to our high abode,  
With songs of praise return;  
From strength to strength we still proceed,  
With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4 The peace and joy of faith,  
Each moment may we feel!  
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,  
From earth, and death, and hell,  
We to our Father's house repair,  
To meet our elder Brother there.
- 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,  
Our all in all is he;  
And in his steps who tread,  
We soon his face shall see;  
Shall see him with our glorious friends,  
And then in heaven our journey ends.

454.

*C.M.—Longing for the new Jerusalem.*

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee.
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths have no end.
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain or wo?  
Or feel at death, dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

455.

L.M.—*Home in view.* John xiv. 2, 3.

- 1 AS when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'er-looking hill,  
His heart revives, if cross the plains  
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers,  
No more he grieves for troubles past;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.



PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus, in the realms of day;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he will wipe my tears away.
- 5 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode;  
Assur'd our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

456.

L.M.—“*Thou shalt remember all the way,*” &c. Deut. viii. 2.

- 1 THUS far my God hath led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my blissful home;  
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,  
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,  
And sins and snares my peace destroy;  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,  
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road  
Which leads us to the mount of God?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in this wilderness below.
- 6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love  
Doth thus thy children's graces prove;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be All in All.

P.M.—*The heavenly Voyage.*

- 1 JESUS! at thy command  
     I launch into the deep,  
     And leave my native land,  
     Where sin lulls all asleep:  
     For thee I fain would all resign,  
     And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;  
     My compass is thy word;  
     My soul each storm defies,  
     While I have such a Lord!  
     I trust thy faithfulness and power,  
     To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,  
     Through all my passage lie,  
     Yet Christ will safely keep,  
     And guide me with his eye:  
     My anchor hope shall firm abide,  
     And I each boisterous storm outide.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
     The port of endless rest;  
     My soul, thy sails expand,  
     And fly to Jesus' breast!  
     O may I reach the heavenly shore,  
     Where winds and waves distress no more!
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
     And storms forbear to toss,  
     Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
     Lest I should suffer loss,  
     For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
     Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
     A prosperous gale of grace,  
     To waft from all below  
     To heaven, my destin'd place!  
     Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
     And leave the world and sin behind.

458.

C.M.—*Perseverance.*

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,  
Faith sees him always near;  
A guide, a glory, a defence,  
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you,  
So surely you that love his name,  
Shall triumph in him too.

459.

P.M.—“*I will trust and not be afraid.*” Isa. xii. 2.

- 1 WHEN we cannot see our way,  
Let us trust and still obey;  
He who bids us forward go,  
Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seems denied,  
Fearless let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3 Though it seems the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light,  
Since the Lord himself is there,  
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Night with him is never night;  
Where he is, there all is light:  
When he calls us, why delay?  
They are happy who obey.
- 5 Be it our's, then, while we're here,  
Him to follow without fear;  
Where he calls us, there to go;  
What he bids us, that to do.

460.

C.M.—*Establishment in Religion, from the God of all Grace.*

1 Pet. v. 10, 11.

- 1 HOW rich thy favours, God of grace!  
How various and divine!  
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,  
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,  
And leads the wondrous way  
To his own palace, where he reigns  
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,  
Displays the radiant prize,  
And shews the purchase of his blood  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 He perfects what his hand begins,  
And stone on stone he lays,  
Till firm and fair the building rise,  
A temple to his praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years,  
That mercy shall attend,  
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
To joys that never end.

461.

S.M.—*Union with Christ.* 1 Cor. vi. 17.

- 1 MY Saviour! I am thine,  
By everlasting bands;  
My name, my heart, I would resign,  
My soul is in thy hands.

PERSEVERANCE.

- 2 To thee I still would cleave,  
With ever-growing zeal;  
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,  
They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite  
My soul to him, my Head;  
Shall form me to his image bright,  
And teach his path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide,  
From this abode of clay;  
But love shall keep me near his side  
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
What should remain to fear?  
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

462.

C.M.—“ *Will ye also go away?*” John vi. 67-69.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
“ Wilt thou forsake me too!”
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me:  
To whom, or whither, could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd  
Thou art the Christ of God;  
Who hast eternal life secur'd  
By promise and by blood.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest  
And bid my fears depart;  
No love but thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.

463.

C.M.—*Adherence to Christ.* John vi. 68, 69.

- 1 LORD! should we leave thy hallowed feet,  
To whom could we repair?  
Where else such holy comforts meet,  
As spring eternal there?
- 2 Unmingled joys 'tis thine to give,  
And undecaying peace;  
For thou canst teach us so to live,  
That life shall never cease.
- 3 Thou only canst the cheering words  
Of endless life supply:  
Anointed of the Lord of lords,  
The Son of God Most High.

464.

S.M.—*The Happiness and Security of Christ's Sheep.* John x. 28.

- 1 MY soul, with joy attend,  
While Jesus silence breaks;  
No angel's harp such music yields,  
As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 "I know my sheep," he cries,  
"My soul approves them well;  
"Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,  
"And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 "I freely feed them now  
"With tokens of my love,  
"But richer pastures I prepare,  
"And sweeter streams above.
- 4 "Unnumber'd years of bliss  
"I to my sheep will give;  
"And, while my throne unshaken stands,  
"Shall all my chosen live.

PROSPECT OF DEATH AND HEAVEN.

- 5 " This tried almighty hand  
" Is rais'd for their defence;  
" Where is the power shall reach them there?  
" Or what shall force them thence?"
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,  
Let faith triumphant cry;  
My heart can on this promise live,  
Can on this promise die.

465.

C.M.—*Christ's Sheep guarded by Omnipotence.* John x. 29, 30.

- 1 IN one harmonious cheerful song,  
Ye happy saints combine;  
Loud let it sound from every tongue,  
The Saviour is divine.
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,  
To him the Father gave;  
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,  
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 In Christ the' Almighty Father dwells,  
And Christ and he are one;  
The rebel power which Christ assails,  
Attacks the eternal throne.
- 4 That hand which heaven and earth sustains,  
And bars the gates of hell,  
And rivets Satan down in chains,  
Shall guard his chosen well.
- 5 Now let the' infernal lion roar,  
How vain his threats appear!  
When he can match Jehovah's power,  
I will begin to fear.

466.

L.M.—*Rising to God, or Prospect of Death and Glory.*

- 1 NOW let our souls on wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time,  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth?  
Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God?  
For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large;  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;  
And the sweet expectation now,  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

467.

P.M.—“ *For what is your life? it is even a vapour.*” James iv. 14.

- 1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapour,  
Soon it vanishes away;  
Life is like a dying taper;  
O, my soul! why wish to stay?  
Why not spread thy wings and fly,  
Straight to yonder world of joy?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent!  
Brighter far than fancy paints;  
There, in majesty transcendent,  
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,  
Sing with rapture of his love;  
Through the heavens its praises sounding,  
Filling all the courts above:  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly.  
Straight to yonder world of joy.



PROSPECT OF DEATH AND HEAVEN.

- 4 Go, and share his people's glory,  
    'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;  
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,  
    One that angels love to hear:  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.

468.

C.M.—*God the everlasting Light of the Saints above.* Isa. lx. 20.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
    With all your feeble light:  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
    Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
    In brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
    No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
    Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts,  
    Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
    Shall there his beams display;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
    With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
    Shall swell into my eyes;  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
    Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints  
    Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
    With infinite delight.

469.

C.M.—*Our Desire and Groaning before God.* Ps. xxxviii. 9, 10.

- 1 MY soul, the awful hour will come,  
     Apace it passeth on,  
     To bear this body to the tomb,  
     And thee to scenes unknown.
- 2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,  
     Shall pant and sink away;  
     And you, my eye-lids, soon shall close  
     On the last glimmering ray.
- 3 Whence in that hour shall I receive  
     A cordial for my pain,  
     When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,  
     Those friends would weep in vain?
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace,  
     To thee my spirit flies,  
     And opens all its deep distress  
     Before thy pitying eyes.
- 5 All its desires to thee are known,  
     And every secret fear,  
     The meaning of each broken groan  
     Well notic'd by thine ear.
- 6 O fix me by that mighty power,  
     Which to such love belongs,  
     Where darkness veils the eyes no more,  
     And groans are chang'd to songs.

470.

L.M.—*The Happiness of departing and being with Christ.* Phill. i. 23.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,  
     And view the scene on either hand,  
     My spirit struggles with its clay,  
     And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;  
     It faints my much-lov'd Lord to see;  
     Earth, twine no more about my heart,  
     For 'tis far better to depart.

- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home:  
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,  
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blessed interview, how sweet!  
To fall transported at his feet!  
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace.
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!  
To fly as on a cherub's wing?  
Performing with unwearied hands  
A present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait thy signal for my flight!  
For, while thy service I pursue,  
I find my heaven begun below.

## 471.

L.M.—*The dying Saint.*

- 1 SEE! while the saint expiring lies,  
Upward he lifts his longing eyes;  
In praise he spends his latest breath;  
Triumphs in pain, and sings in death.
- 2 Oh, who can tell what secret power  
Supports him in the gloomy hour;  
What unseen hand is with him there,  
Or whence proceeds that cheerful air?
- 3 A smile upon his lips appears,  
His face a heavenly aspect wears;  
Each grief remov'd, each sin forgiven,  
On earth he feels the dawn of heaven.
- 4 Sinners behold, and wondering cry,  
Thus, like the righteous, let me die!  
But such an end they'll never find,  
Who leave not such a life behind.

472.

P.M.—*The dying Christian to his Soul.*

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,  
“Sister spirit, come away!”  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears;—  
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
*O grave! where is thy victory?*  
*O death! where is thy sting?*

473.

P.M.—*For a Believer departing.*

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below;  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go!  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above,  
Shews the purchase of his merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast:  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest:

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

For the joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain,  
Die to live a life of glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

474.

L.M.—*The Righteous blessed in Death.*

- 1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,  
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!  
How bright the' unchanging morn appears;  
Farewell! inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

475.

C.M.—*On the Death of a Believer.*

- 1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death;  
The glories that surround the saints,  
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,  
We scarce can say "They're gone!"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
To trace her in her flight;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
They are completely blest;  
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,  
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,  
His face they always view;  
Then let us followers be of them,  
That we may praise him too.
- 6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,  
Should make their memory dear;  
And, Lord, do thou the prayers fulfil  
They offer'd for us here.
- 7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,  
We miss them day by day;  
But thou canst every breach repair,  
And wipe our tears away.
- 8 We pray, as in Elisha's case,  
When great Elijah went;  
May double portions of thy grace,  
To us, who stay, be sent.

476.

P.M.—*The Antepast of Heaven.*

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,  
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
Since the sweet earnest of his love  
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!  
No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What bliss it is with Christ to reign!
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
When sorrow pains our hearts no more,  
How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all his works of grace explore!

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

What heights and depths of love divine  
Will there, through endless ages shine!

- 3 This is the heaven I long to know;  
For this, with patience, I would wait,  
Till, wean'd from earth, and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat,  
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
And, with the elders, cast them down.

477.

C.M.—*The promised Land.* Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns!
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair!  
For sin, the source of mortal wo,  
Can never enter there.
- 5 There no alternate night is known,  
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;  
But glory from the sacred throne,  
Spreads everlasting day.
- 6 O may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 7 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high;  
Then bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

478.

C.M.—*A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

- 1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,  
And triumph o'er the just;  
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,  
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,  
And flaming guards around;  
The skies divide to make him room,  
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
And lo! the graves obey,  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute the' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the midway air,  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And low adore him there.
- 5 O may my humble spirit stand  
Among them cloth'd in white!  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.

479.

P.M.—*The Redeemed in Heaven.* Rev. vii. 9-17.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song:  
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
"Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
"Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
"New dominion every hour."



## OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod,  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Seal'd with his almighty name;  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

## PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

480.

L.M.—*On Opening a Place of Worship.*  
*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.* Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

- 1 AND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish his abode?  
And will he from his radiant throne  
Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honour raise;  
Long may they echo with thy praise!  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train;  
While power divine his word attends  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here.

481.

C.M.—*On Opening a Place of Worship.*

- 1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Shew us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hopes to raise;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord, dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humbled mind, bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow!
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers;  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

## 482.

*L.M.—Re-opening a Place.*

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confin'd,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold! at thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord;  
Come thou and fill this wider space,  
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;  
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

## 483.

*L.M.—The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ.**Eph. iv. 11, 12.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,  
Smile on our homage, and our vows;  
While with a grateful heart we share  
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.

- 3 Hence sprung the apostles' honour'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And fed by Christ their graces live;  
While guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run,  
Through the last courses of the sun;  
While unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their heart shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow:  
Pastors and people shout his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

## 484.

C.M.—*Prayer for a Pastor.* Num. xxvii. 15-17.

- 1 FATHER of spirits, from thy hand,  
Our souls immortal came;  
And still thine energy divine,  
Supports the' ethereal flame.
- 2 By thee our spirits all are known,  
And each remotest thought  
Lies wide-expanded to his eye,  
By whom their powers were wrought.
- 3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,  
The flock deserted flies;  
And, on the' eternal Shepherd's care,  
Our cheerful hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust  
Thy dear assemblies mourn,  
In speedy tokens of thy grace,  
O Israel's God return.

ORDINATIONS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

- 5 The powers of nature all are thine,  
And thine the aids of grace;  
Thine arm has borne thy churches up  
Through every rising race.
- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,  
And here thy suppliants bless,  
And change, to strains of cheerful praise,  
Their accents of distress.
- 7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,  
May this thy flock be fed:  
And with a steady, growing pace,  
To Zion's mountain led.

485.

L.M.—*The Goodness of God in giving Pastors after his own Heart.*  
Jer. iii. 15.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep  
With constant care thy humble sheep;  
By thee inferior pastors rise  
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;  
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,  
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,  
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;  
And by their fair example led,  
The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;  
Thy saints are succour'd and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the shepherd and the flock;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And own this tribute of our praise.

486.

C.M.—*Watching for Souls, in the View of the great Account.*  
 Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
 And take the' alarm they give;  
 Now let them from the mouth of God  
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
 The pastor's care demands;  
 But what might fill an angel's heart,  
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heavenly bliss forego;  
 For souls, which must for ever live  
 In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
 The' account to render there;  
 And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,  
 Lord, how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see;  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee.

487.

C.M.—*Prayer for Ministers.*

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,  
 From death and sin set free;  
 May every under shepherd keep  
 His eye intent on thee!
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,  
 To execute thy will:  
 Compassion, patience, love, and care,  
 And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 In flame their minds with holy zeal  
 Their flocks to feed and teach;  
 And let them live and let them feel  
 The sacred truths they preach.

488.

*L.M.—The People's Prayer for their Minister.*

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to thee commend;  
His person bless, his soul secure,  
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace,  
Direct his feet in paths of peace;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,  
In him thy mighty power exert;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

489.

*S.M.—Ministerial Desires. 1 Thes. iii. 8.*

- 1 BLEST Jesus, bow thine ear,  
While we entreat thy love;  
O come, and all our hearts possess,  
And our best passions move.
- 2 May we stand fast in thee,  
Though storms and tempests beat;  
And in thy guardian-arms obtain  
A calm and safe retreat.
- 3 Still be thy truth maintain'd,  
And still thy word obeyed,  
And to the merits of thy blood  
A constant homage paid.
- 4 So shall thy shepherds live,  
And raise their cheerful head,  
And, in such blessings on their flock,  
Confess their toils repaid.

## 490.

*C.M.—Christ's Care of Ministers and Churches. Rev. ii. 1.*

- 1 WE bless the' eternal Source of light,  
Who makes the stars to shine;  
And through this dark, beclouded world,  
Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sovereign King,  
Whose golden lamps we are;  
Fix'd in the temples of his love,  
To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserv'd;  
Still fed with oil the flame;  
And in deep characters inscrib'd  
Our heavenly master's name.
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,  
And all our state surveys,  
His smiles shall with new lustre deck  
The people of his praise.

## 491.

*L.M.—Paul's Solicitude to finish his Course with Joy. Acts xx. 24.*

- 1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise  
For this rich gospel of thy grace;  
And, that our hearts may love it more,  
Teach them to feel its vital power.
- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,  
And keep the crown of life in view;  
That crown which in one hour repays  
The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,  
Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey;  
And the last hour improve for thee,  
The last of life, or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite  
Our souls to their supreme delight!  
Welcome that death, whose painful strife  
Bears us to Christ, our better life.



C.M.—*Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.* Mark x. 14.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
"The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;  
Ye children seek his face;  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust:  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

L.M.—*Prayer of Parents for themselves and their Children.*

- 1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,  
For whom was made whatever is,  
Who hath entrusted to our care  
These candidates for glorious bliss.
- 2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,  
For grace to guide what grace has given;  
We ask for wisdom from on high  
To train our infants up for heaven.
- 3 Them we may tend, severely kind,  
As guardians of their thoughtless youth;  
And plant thou in their tender mind  
The principles of heavenly truth.

494.

*L.M.—Prayer for Children.*

- 1 THOU God of love and mercy, hear  
Our grateful vows, our fervent prayer;  
And with thy choicest favours bless,  
And own as thine our infant race.
- 2 Incline their hearts to learn thy will,  
Their opening minds with knowledge fill;  
Impress thine image on their breast,  
And guide them to eternal rest.

495.

*C.M.—Joining the Church of Christ.*

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now,  
Before the Lord we speak;  
To him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break.
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways;  
And while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

496.

*C.M.—Self-Dedication. Ps. cxvi.*

- 1 I LOVE the Lord;—He lent an ear  
When I for help implor'd;  
He rescu'd me from all my fear,  
Therefore I love the Lord.

JOINING A CHURCH,—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,  
Death dragg'd me for his prey;  
The pit was mov'd to take me in;  
All hope was far away.
- 3 I cried, in agony of mind,  
"Lord, I beseech thee, save:"  
He heard me;—Death his prey resign'd,  
And mercy shut the grave.
- 4 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,  
From God no longer roam;  
His hand hath bountifully blest,  
His goodness call'd thee home.
- 5 What shall I render unto thee,  
My Saviour, in distress,  
For all thy benefits to me,  
So great and numberless?
- 6 This will I do, for thy love's sake,  
And thus thy power proclaim;  
The sacramental cup I'll take,  
And call upon thy name.
- 7 Thou covenanted God of grace,  
Hear and record my vow,  
While in thy courts I seek thy face,  
And at thine altar bow:—
- 8 Henceforth to thee myself I give;  
With single heart and eye,  
To walk before thee while I live,  
And bless thee when I die.

497.

C.M.—"*This do in remembrance of me.*" Luke xxii. 19.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do my dying Lord,  
I *will* remember Thee.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!  
I must remember Thee:—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I-remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

498.

C.M.—*Jesus hasting to suffer.*

- 1 THE Saviour! what a noble flame  
Was kindled in his breast;  
When hasting to Jerusalem  
He march'd before the rest!
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal to God,  
His every thought engross;  
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,  
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,  
And woes to us unknown,  
Forth to the task his spirit flew;  
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can!  
Our hearts shall sound abroad,  
Salvation to the dying Man,  
And to the rising God!
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here  
Engage our wondering eyes,  
We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
And hasten to the skies.

499.

C.M.—*Nearness to God through Christ.* Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood?  
And, to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above!  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love!
- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quickening grace,  
And bring us yet more near;  
Here may we see thy glories shine,  
And taste thy mercies here.
- 4 O may that love which spread thy board,  
Dispose us for the feast;  
May faith behold a smiling God,  
Through Jesus' bleeding breast.
- 5 Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise,  
In such a scene as this,  
And view the happy moment near,  
That shall complete our bliss.

500.

L.M.—*Regard to the Lord's Supper urged.*

- 1 MY God, and is thy table spread?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes!  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd?  
Was not for you the victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd;  
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure, or the profit end.
- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live;  
And more that energy afford,  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

501.

P.M.—“*Having an High Priest over the House of God.*”  
Heb. x. 21.

- 1 THE' atoning work is done,  
The victim's blood is shed;  
And Jesus now is gone,  
His people's cause to plead.  
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,  
And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with his blood  
The mercy seat above;  
For justice had withstood  
The purposes of love.  
But justice now objects no more,  
And mercy yields her boundless store.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 No temple made with hands  
His place of service is;  
In heaven itself he stands,  
An heavenly priesthood his:  
In him the shadows of the law  
Are 'all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile he be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again:  
In brightest glory he will come,  
And take his waiting people home.

502.

P.M.—*Christian Fellowship.*

- 1 JESUS is our common Lord,  
He our loving Saviour is;  
By his death to life restor'd,  
Misery we exchange for bliss.  
Bliss to carnal minds unknown:  
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!  
Only to believers shewn:  
Glorious and unspeakable.
- 2 Christ our Brother and our Friend,  
Shews us his eternal love:  
Never shall our triumphs end,  
Till we take our seats above.  
Let us walk with him in white,  
For our bridal day prepare;  
For our partnership in light,  
For our glorious meeting there.

503.

P.M.—*The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now—and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye ransom'd flock, and blest!  
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest:  
There your seat is now prepar'd;  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand  
On the borders of your land:  
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Bids you, undismayed, go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive may we go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our Leader be  
And we still will follow thee.

504.

S.M.—*The Song of the Redeemed.*

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power:  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For us whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing!  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,  
In Christ the' eternal King!
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
“Ye blessed children, come!”  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
To our eternal home.



CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongues  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
"Of Moses and the Lamb!"

505.

*L.M.—Dedication of Ourselves to God.*

- 1 NO more, ye humble mourners, sigh,  
Let sorrow raise the downcast eye;  
See, faith descends to banish fear,  
And dry the penitential tear.
- 2 "Look to the cross," she cries, "and view  
"What glorious victim groan'd for you!  
"His dying pangs, his streaming blood,  
"Proclaim the kind, forgiving God.
- 3 "Look to the bright ethereal plains,  
"There your exalted Jesus reigns,  
"With power to save, and love to bless,  
"To comfort wo, and aid distress."
- 4 Welcome, sweet tidings, that impart  
New life to my desponding heart;  
Welcome, blest sound of sins forgiven,  
Of peace restor'd, and promis'd heaven.
- 5 My God! the vast, amazing grace,  
Claims all my wonder, all my praise;  
My powers and passions I resign,  
To be alone, and ever thine.

506.

*L.M.—Beneficence well pleasing to God. Heb. xiii. 16.*

- 1 THE Sovereign of the earth and skies  
Glorious in holiness and might,  
Deigns to accept our sacrifice,  
And views our offerings with delight.
- 2 Through Christ our grateful songs will please,  
Our acts of mercy, kindness, love;  
No costly rites can equal these  
In his regard who reigns above.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 As he his various gifts imparts,  
With liberal hand dispense them here;  
Rejoice the widows' aching hearts,  
Comfort the sick, the orphan cheer.
- 4 Protect the friendless and the poor,  
And teach the dark, uncultur'd mind  
To know the God whom we adore,  
And love the Saviour of mankind.

507.

C.M.—*The Duty and Pleasure of supporting Charity Schools.*

- 1 BLESS'D is the man whose heart expands  
At melting pity's call,  
And the rich blessings of whose hands  
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.
- 4 Be our's the bliss, in wisdom's way  
To guide untutor'd youth,  
And lead the mind that went astray,  
To virtue and to truth.
- 5 Almighty God, thine influence shed  
To aid this good design;  
The honours of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

508.

L.M.—*For the Children of Charity Schools.*

- 1 NOW be our hearts attun'd to sing  
The goodness of our heavenly King;  
Whose mercies crown our youthful days,  
And fill our mouths with songs of praise.

CHARITY SCHOOLS.

- 2 His gifts for thanks perpetual call,  
'Tis to his love we owe our all;  
Our health and strength, our lives and friends,  
With every good his bounty sends.
- 3 Our highest praise to him be given,  
For sending us his Son from heaven;  
To teach his will, to save from sin,  
' From foes without, and foes within.'
- 4 O may we all his grace receive,  
His mercy trust, his truths believe,  
Obey each dictate of his word,  
And follow on to know the Lord.
- 5 Our future steps, great God! attend,  
And guide and guard us to the end;  
Then in the glorious realms above,  
In nobler strains we'll sing thy love.

509.

*L.M.—Poor Children praying for themselves and their Benefactors.*

- 1 GOD over all, the sun by day  
Reveals thy glory in his light;  
The moon and stars thy voice obey,  
And mark thy presence through the night.
- 2 God over all, the earth that yields  
Her flowers and fruits at thy command,  
From mountains, rivers, woods, and fields,  
Pours the rich bounties of thy hand.
- 3 To us the poorest of the poor,  
High as thou art thy care descends;  
Thy mercies are for ever sure,  
*Thou art our Father, these our friends.*
- 4 *Are these our friends?—Thou, God of grace,*  
Reward their love a thousand fold;  
And may they ever, in thy face,  
Their best, their dearest friend behold.

- 5 *Art* Thou our Father?—we confess,  
With grief and shame, our sin and guilt;  
O turn from our unrighteousness,  
Look on thy Son,—his blood was spilt.
- 6 He bore the chastening of thy rod,  
That we might by his stripes be heal'd;  
He died for us, the Lamb of God!  
He rose, and our redemption seal'd.
- 7 And shall we, dare we, can we still  
Resist thy fear, thy love despise?  
No, take us,—soul, affection, will,—  
A free and living sacrifice.

## 510.

*L.M.—Praise and Prayer of Children in a Charity School.*

- 1 WHILE saints and angels, glorious King!  
Day without night, thy praises sing;  
Thou wilt not humbler strains despise,—  
The songs of children reach the skies.
- 2 Amidst the whole creation's cares,  
The meanest worm thy bounty shares;  
Thine eyes the depths of ocean see,  
The grave itself hides not from Thee.
- 3 While want and hardship were our lot,  
Thou knew'st us, though we knew Thee not:  
Now we adore thy hand, which sends  
Our earthly comforts, home, and friends.
- 4 With these, thy heavenly gifts afford,  
Thy Son, thy Spirit, and thy Word;  
—Thy Word to teach our wayward youth  
The path to heaven, O God of Truth!
- 5 —Thy Spirit, to dispel the night  
Of sin and error, God of Light!  
—Thy Son, to raise our souls above,  
Pardon'd through Him, O God of Love!

NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

- 6 For all the good thy grace imparts,  
What shall we give Thee? Take our hearts,  
Oh! seal them by thy power divine,  
In life, in death, for ever thine.

511.

C.M.—*The Gratitude of Children to God.*

- 1 **THY** throne, O God! in righteousness,  
For ever shall endure;  
We bow before it;—deign to bless  
The children of the poor.
- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,  
Yet we thy goodness share;  
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,  
The children of thy care.
- 3 Strangers to thee, though thine by name,  
We heard thy welcome voice,  
And gather'd from the world became  
The children of thy choice.
- 4 Thou art our Shepherd,—glorious God!  
Thy little flock behold,  
And guide us by thy staff and rod,  
—The children of thy fold.
- 5 We praise thy name that we were brought  
To this delightful place,  
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,  
—The children of thy grace.
- 6 O! may our friends, thy servants here,  
Meet all our souls above;  
And they and we in heaven appear,  
The children of thy love.

512.

L.M.—*For a Day of National Humiliation.*

*God's Controversy with Britain stated and pleaded.* Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **HEARKEN**, ye hills; ye mountains hear;  
Jehovah vindicates his laws;  
Trembling in silence at his bar,  
Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Israel, stand forth—present thy plea;  
And charge the Almighty to his face;  
Say if his rules oppressive be;  
Say, if defective be his grace.
- 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease;  
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame:  
'Tis our's, in sackcloth to confess,  
And thine the sentence to proclaim.
- 4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,  
Thy mercies, and our crimes appear,  
More than the stars that deck the skies,  
And all our dreadful guilt declare.
- 5 How shall we come before thy face,  
And in thine awful presence bow?  
What offerings can secure thy grace,  
Or calm the terrors of thy brow.
- 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed;  
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain;  
Or the first-born's devoted head  
With horrid gore thine altar stain.
- 7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God,  
Whom impious sinners dar'd to slay,  
Hath sovereign virtue in his blood,  
To purge the nation's guilt away.
- 8 With humble faith to that we fly,  
With that be Britain sprinkled o'er;  
Trembling no more in dust we lie,  
And dread thy hand and bar no more.

513.

L.M.—*For a Day of Humiliation in time of War.* Deut. xxiii. 9.

- 1 GREAT God of heaven and nature, rise,  
And hear our loud united cries;  
See Britain bow before thy face,  
Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust;  
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast;  
Thine is the land, and thine the main,  
And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down,  
On every shore, on every town;  
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,  
And' lay thy lifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,  
And purge our land of all its crimes;  
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,  
Let princes, priests, and people shine.

514.

L.M.—*Hymn in time of War.*

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,  
And death and ruin strew the ground;  
To thee we look, on thee we call,  
The Parent and the Lord of all.
- 2 Thou who hast stamp'd on human kind  
The image of a heaven-born mind,  
And in a father's wide embrace  
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race.
- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage  
Thy sons their impious battles wage;  
How spreads destruction like a flood,  
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,  
And deeds of hell deform the earth;  
While righteousness and justice mourn,  
And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind  
The raging waves, the furious wind;  
O, bid the human tempest cease,  
And hush the maddening world to peace.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 6 With reverence may each hostile land,  
Hear and obey that high command,  
Thy Son's blest errand from above—  
“ My creatures live in mutual love.”

515.

*L.M.—Thanksgiving for Peace.*

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!  
A word of thine almighty breath  
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:  
Thy smile is life,—thy frown is death!
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign;  
And war resounds its dire alarms,  
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain;—
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course, and bounds their  
power:  
Thy law the angry nations own,  
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;  
(Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!)  
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,  
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord!  
All move subservient to thy will;  
Both peace and war await thy word,  
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,  
Thy kind protection still implore;  
O, may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,  
Confess thy goodness and adore!

516.

*P.M.—National Thanksgiving.*

- 1 HOW rich thy gifts, Almighty King!  
From thee our various comforts spring;  
The' extended trade, the fruitful skies,



NATIONAL THANKSGIVING,—SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- The blessings liberty bestows,  
The' eternal joys the gospel shows,  
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
That pours from every foreign shore;  
Science and art their charms display:  
Religion teaches us to raise  
Our voices to our Maker's praise,  
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,  
To God we raise united songs;  
His power and mercy we proclaim;  
Britons through every age shall own,  
Jehovah here has fix'd his throne,  
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 4 Long as the moon her course shall run,  
Or men behold the circling sun,  
O, still may God in Britain reign;  
Crown her just counsels with success,  
With peace and joy her borders bless,  
And all her sacred rights maintain.

517.

L.M.—*For a Day of Prayer for the Revival of Religion.*  
*God entreated for Zion. Isa. lxiii. 6.*

- 1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies!  
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?  
While feeble mortals raise their cries,  
Wilt thou the great Jehovah hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,  
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?  
Till thy own power shall stand confest,  
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd,  
Here in thy sacred temple wait:  
For this we lift our voices loud,  
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Look down, O God! with pitying eye,  
And view the desolation round;  
See what wide realms in darkness lie,  
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,  
And call the nations from afar;  
Let all the isles their Saviour know,  
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 6 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,  
And light invade her darkest gloom,  
The yoke of iron bondage break,  
The yoke of Satan and of Rome.
- 7 With gentle beams on Britain shine,  
And bless her princes and her priests;  
And, by thine energy divine,  
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 8 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,  
And on his vineyard sweetly smile;  
While all the virtues of his train  
Adorn our church, adorn our isle.
- 9 On all our souls let grace descend,  
Like heavenly dew in copious showers,  
That we may call our God our friend,  
That we may hail salvation our's.
- 10 Then shall each age and rank agree  
United shouts of joy to raise:  
And Zion, made a praise by thee,  
To thee shall render back the praise.

518.

L.M.—*The unknown God.* Acts xvii. 23.

- 1 THOU, mighty Lord, art God alone,  
A King of majesty unknown,  
And all thy dazzling glories rise  
Beyond the reach of angels' eyes.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Yet through this earth thy works proclaim  
Some notice of thy reverend name;  
And where thy gracious gospel shines,  
We read it in the fairest lines.
- 3 But O! how few of Adam's race,  
Have learnt thy nature and thy ways!  
While thousands, e'en in lands of light,  
Are buried in Egyptian night.
- 4 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear,  
And to thy solemn rites draw near;  
Yet, though salvation seems so nigh,  
Because they know not God they die.
- 5 Send thy victorious gospel forth,  
Wide from these regions of the north,  
And through thy churches grace impart,  
To write thy name on every heart.

519.

L.M.—“ *The LORD our God is one LORD.* Deut. vi. 4.

- 1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause  
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;  
All things are subject to thy laws,  
All things depend on Thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within thyself possest;  
Controll'd by none in thy commands,  
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 To Thee alone ourselves we owe;  
This homage heaven and earth should pay;  
All other gods we disavow,  
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy Great Name through every land;  
All Idol Deities dethrone!  
Reduce the world to thy command;  
And reign, as thou art, God alone!

520.

P.M.—*For the Spread of the Gospel.* Isa. lx. 4, 5.

- 1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace;  
Blessed jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see,  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtain'd on Calvary:  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominion  
Multiply and still increase:  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

521.

L.M.—*For the Extension of Christ's Kingdom.* Ps. xliii. 3.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,  
Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
And permanent as his control:
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,  
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom  
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,  
The dawn of an eternal day.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,  
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;  
And antichrists, on every shore,  
Fall from their thrones to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,  
In pure devotion, at thy feet;  
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
Her fulness and her glory too.
- 5 O that from Britain now might shine  
This heavenly light, this truth divine!  
Till the whole universe shall be  
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

522.

P.M.—“*Come over and help us.*”

- 1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,  
Rolling sadly through the sky!  
’Tis the cry of heathen nations,  
“Come and help us, or we die.”
- 2 Hear the heathens’ sad complaining,  
Christians, hear their dying cry,  
And the love of Christ constraining,  
Join to help them, ere they die.

523.

P.M.—*Reply to the Call of the Heathen for Help.*

- 1 FROM Greenland’s icy mountains,  
From India’s coral strand,  
Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error’s chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;—  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of light deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## 524.

C.M.—*Prayer for Success to Missionary Efforts.*

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine;  
And in thy works by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 O! when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe, and every soul,  
Shall hear the joyful sound!

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays,  
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,  
The temples of thy praise.

525.

C.M.—*The Promise pleaded.*

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledged  
To thine exalted Son,  
That through the nations of the earth  
Thy word of life shall run?  
2 " Ask, and I give the heathen lands  
" For thine inheritance,  
And to the world's remotest shores.  
Thine empire shall advance."  
3 From east to west, from north to south,  
Then be his name ador'd!  
Europe, with all thy millions shout  
Hosannahs to thy Lord!  
4 Asia and Africa, resound  
From shore to shore his fame,  
And thou, America, in songs,  
Redeeming love proclaim.

526.

P.M.—*The Year of Jubilee.*

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound:  
Let all the nations know  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.  
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption through his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above;  
Receive it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, sav'd from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

527.

*L.M.—For the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,  
Display thy glorious banner high!  
The summons send from coast to coast,  
And call a numerous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,  
Proclaim the great sabbatic day:  
Assert the glories of thy name;  
Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.



THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud  
The peaceful blessings of thy reign;  
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,  
The mystery to the heart explain.

528.

S.M.—“*That thy Way may be known,*” &c. Ps. lxxii.

- 1 TO bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline,  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate thy fame;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing  
With joy and pious mirth;  
For thou the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

529.

L.M.—*Prayer for Gentiles and Jews.*

- 1 ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!  
Put on thy strength, the nations shake!  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,  
“I am Jehovah; God alone!”  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!  
But to each conscience be applied,  
The blood that flow’d from Jesus’ side,

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend,  
Let Mahomet's impostures end;  
Break superstition's papal chain,  
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- 5 Let Zion's time of favour come!  
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home!  
And let our wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 6 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,  
In every clime, of every name!  
Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

530.

P.M.—*United Exertions for the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding,  
Loud proclaims the jubilee:  
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,  
Grace to sinners rich and free;  
Ye who know the joyful sound,  
Publish it to all around.
- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious?  
Does his love your spirits cheer?  
Do you find him kind and gracious,  
Still removing doubt and fear?  
Think that what he is to you,  
Such he'll be to others too.
- 3 Were you once at awful distance,  
Wandering from the fold of God?  
Could no arm afford assistance,  
Nothing save but Jesu's blood?  
Think how many still are found  
Strangers to the joyful sound.
- 4 Brethren, join in supplication,  
Join to plead before the Lord,  
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,  
He alone can give the word.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Father let thy kingdom come,  
Bring thy wandering outcasts home.

- 5 Brethren, let us freely offer;  
All we have is from above;  
Let us *give*, and *act*, and suffer;  
What is this to Jesus' love!  
Did he die our souls to save?  
Then we're his, and all we have.
- 6 Hark! the saints' triumphant chorus,  
"Worthy is the Lamb," they cry;  
They have gain'd the prize before us,  
Soon we hope to share their joy;  
But while here, remember still,  
They who love him, do his will.
- 7 Till we reach the wish'd-for vision,  
Till we see him as he is,  
Let us scorn the world's derision,  
Let us prove that we are his;  
Let us sound through all the earth,  
Christ's inestimable worth.

531.

P.M.—"I will bring thy Seed from the East," &c. Isa. xliiii. 5, 6.

- 1 MY soul, with sacred joy survey  
The glories of the latter day;  
Its dawn already seems begun,  
Sure earnest of the rising sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand,  
(A chosen, consecrated band,)  
The standard of the cross display,  
And cry aloud, "Behold the way!"
- 3 The north "gives up," the south no more  
"Keeps back" her consecrated store;  
From east to west the message runs,  
And either India yields her sons.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray,  
With joy I view, and hail the day;  
Thou Sun arise, supremely bright,  
And fill the world with purest light.

532.

*S.M.—Address to Missionaries.*

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey,  
Arise! and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The master whom you serve  
Will needful strength bestow;  
Depending on his promis'd aid,  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go spread a Saviour's fame,  
And tell his matchless grace,  
To the most guilty and deprav'd  
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success;  
Assur'd that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavours bless.

533.

*C.M.—A Missionary departing to his Station.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies! condescend  
To hear our fervent prayer,  
While this our brother we commend  
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door,  
His various efforts bless;  
On him thy Holy Spirit pour  
And crown him with success.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind,  
Supply his every need;  
Make him in spirit meek, resign'd—  
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,  
Uphold him by thy grace;  
And guard him by thy mighty power,  
Till he shall end his race.
- 5 Then follow'd by a numerous train,  
Gather'd from heathen lands,  
A crown of life may he obtain  
From his Redeemer's hands.

534.

L.M.—*The Waters of the Sanctuary healing the Dead Sea.*  
Ez. xlvii. 8,9.

- 1 GREAT Source of being and of love,  
Thou waterest all the worlds above;  
And all the joys we mortals know,  
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command,  
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,  
Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,  
And pours its limpid stream around.
- 3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,  
Swells to a river in its course;  
Through desert realms its windings play,  
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Close by its banks, in order fair,  
The blooming trees of life appear;  
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,  
And on the fruit the nations live.
- 5 To the dead sea the waters flow,  
And carry healing as they go;  
Its poisonous dregs their power confess,  
And all its shores the fountain bless.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 6 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crown'd,  
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;  
And bear us on thy gentle wave  
To him, who all thy virtues gave.

535.

P.M.—*The gathering of the Gentiles.*

- 1 THE heathen perish;—day by day,  
Thousands on thousands pass away!  
O Christians! to their rescue fly,  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,  
Yea, life itself, that they may live;  
What hath your Saviour done for *you*?  
And what for *Him* will ye not do?
- 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,  
Call in the south, wake up the north;  
Of every clime, from sun to sun,  
Gather God's children into one.

536.

P.M.—*Prayer for the Conversion of the World.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,  
And Lord of all below,  
Thy faithfulness and love,  
Thy power and mercy show:  
Fulfil thy Word,  
Thy Spirit give,  
Let Heathens live,  
And praise the Lord.
- 2 Few be the years that roll,  
Ere all shall worship thee;  
The travail of his soul  
Soon let the Saviour see:  
O God of grace!  
Thy power employ,  
Fill earth with joy,  
And heaven with praise.

537.

L.M.—*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily stage of duty run :  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mispent, redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care :  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;  
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear ;  
Think how the' all-seeing God thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart ;  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praises to the' Eternal King.
- 5 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept !  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake !
- 6 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

538.

L.M.—*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done:  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Oh may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close!  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Lord, let my heart for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below:  
Praise him above ye heavenly host:  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

539.

P.M.—*New Year. Time how swift.*

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their course have run,  
Never more to meet us here:  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little—none can know.



SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view:  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

540.

P.M.—*New Year. The Fig-tree.* Luke xiii-6-9.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground,  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found:  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another and another year.
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword,  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our Lord  
Cried, "Let it still alone."  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood  
From God obtained the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space:  
Thou didst on our behalf appear,  
And lo! we see another year.
- 5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let some gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound;  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

541.

L.M.—*New Year. Help obtained from God. Acts xxvi. 22.*

- 1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year thy mercy shows;  
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God,  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own,  
The future all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

542.

C.M.—*New Year. Reflections on our Waste of Years.* Ps. xc. 9.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds,  
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale we pass  
The swift advancing year;  
And study artful ways to' increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God! my trifling heart,  
Its great concern to see;  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise;  
Or this shall bear my smiling soul  
To joy that never dies.

543.

L.M.—*New Year. The possibility of dying this Year.* Jer. xxviii. 16.

- 1 GOD of my life, thy constant care  
With blessings crowns each opening year,  
This guilty life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled,  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since from this day the changing sun  
Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive; but who can say,  
Or through the year, or month, or day,  
"I will retain this vital breath;"  
Thus far at least in league with death?

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,  
Make them and own them still as thine;  
So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.

544.

*L.M.—Winter and Spring.*

- 1 THE various changing seasons owe  
Their revolutions to the Lord;  
The hoary frost and fleecy snow,  
And winds and clouds obey his word.
- 2 He sends the cold, and o'er the streams,  
His arms an icy mantle fling;  
Again his sun's enlivening beams,  
Restore the blessings of the spring.
- 3 The moon and stars, at his command,  
Swiftly perform their destin'd race;  
None can his mighty power withstand,  
Or his mysterious footsteps trace.
- 4 He rules the storm by sea and land,  
At his rebuke the tempest dies,  
And in the hollow of his hand,  
The whole extent of nature lies.

545.

*P.M.—Spring.*

- 1 PLEASING spring again is here!  
Trees and fields in bloom appear!  
Hark, the birds, with artless lays,  
Warble their Creator's praise!  
Where, in winter, all was snow,  
Now the flowers in clusters grow;  
And the corn, in green array,  
Promises a harvest day.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 2 What a change has taken place!  
Emblem of the spring of grace;  
How the soul, in winter, mourns  
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;  
Till the Spirit's gentle rain  
Bids the heart revive again;  
Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,  
And each grace springs forth afresh.
- 3 Lord, afford a spring to me!  
Let me feel like what I see;  
Ah! my winter has been long,  
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song!  
Winter threaten'd to destroy  
Faith and hope, and every joy;  
If thy life was in the root,  
Still I could not yield thee fruit.
- 4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice  
Make my drooping soul rejoice;  
O, beloved Saviour, haste,  
Tell me all the storms are past:  
On thy garden deign to smile,  
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;  
Soon thy presence will restore  
Life to what seem'd dead before.
- 5 Lord, I long to be at home,  
Where these changes never come!  
Where the saints no winter fear,  
Where 'tis spring throughout the year!  
How unlike this state below!  
There the flowers unwithering blow;  
There no chilling blasts annoy;  
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

546.

C.M.—*Hay Time.*

- 1 THE grass and flowers which clothe the fields  
And look so green and gay,  
Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,  
And fall, and fade away.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Fit emblem of our mortal state!  
Thus, in the scripture glass,  
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,  
May see themselves but grass.
- 3 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,  
Nor call your time your own:  
Around you look—the scythe of death  
Is mowing thousands down.
- 4 The grass, when dead, revives no more;  
We die to live again:  
But oh! if death should prove the door  
To everlasting pain!
- 5 Lord, help us to obey thy call,  
That, from our sins set free,  
When, like the grass, our bodies fall,  
Our souls may rise to thee.

547.

C.M.—*An abundant Harvest.*

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!  
How rich thy bounties are!  
The rolling seasons as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;  
The plants in beauty grew:  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above  
Matur'd the swelling grain;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,  
Thy hand all nature hails;  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter, fails.

548.

L.M.—*Autumnal Hymn.*

- 1 GREAT God! at whose all-powerful call,  
At first arose this beauteous frame,  
Thou bid'st the seasons change, and all  
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,  
From winter-storms recover'd, rise;  
When thousand grateful scenes appear,  
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 O! how delightful 'tis to see  
The earth in vernal beauty drest,  
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,  
Thy blooming glories stand confest.
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,  
And light and genial heat conveys:  
And while he leads the seasons on,  
From thee derives his quickening rays.
- 5 Around us from the teeming field,  
Spring the rich grain, or purple vine,  
At thy command they rise to yield  
The strengthening bread, or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God! from every part,  
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow:  
We see—we taste—let every heart  
With grateful love and duty glow.

549.

C.M.—*The Seasons ordained by God.*

- 1 THE rolling year, Almighty Lord!  
Obeys thy powerful nod:  
Each season, as it silent moves,  
Declares the present God.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Wak'd by thy voice, out steps the spring,  
In living green new drest;  
On hills, in vales, through fields and groves,  
Thy beauties stand confest.
- 3 The sun calls forth the summer months,  
Nor do the hours delay;  
The fruits with various colours glow  
Beneath his ripening ray.
- 4 Thy bounty, Lord, in autumn shines,  
And spreads a common feast;  
He that regards his favourite, man,  
Will not neglect the beast.
- 5 When winter rears her hoary head,  
And shews her furrow'd brow,  
In storms and tempests, frosts and snows,  
How awful, Lord, art thou.
- 6 The rolling year, Almighty Lord!  
Obeys thy powerful nod:  
Each season, as it silent moves,  
Declares the present God.

550.

C.M.—*Unfruitfulness confessed.* Jer. viii. 20.

- 1 ALAS! how fast our moments fly!  
How short our months appear!  
How swift through various seasons hastes  
The still revolving year!
- 2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,  
While Jesus waiting stands,  
And spreads the blessings of his love  
With wide-extended hands.
- 3 But Oh! how slow our stupid souls  
These blessings to secure!  
Blessings, which through eternal years  
Unwithering shall endure.



SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 4 Beneath the word of life we die;  
We starve amidst our store;  
And what salvation should impart,  
Heightens our ruin more.
- 5 Pity this madness, God of love,  
And make us truly wise;  
So from the pregnant seeds of grace  
Shall glorious harvests rise.

551.

P.M.—“*We all do fade as a Leaf.*” Isa. lxiv. 6.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and wither'd to the ground;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound:—
- 2 “ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,  
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)  
Hear the lesson we are reading;  
Mark the awful truth we tell:
- 3 “ Youth, on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Number'd now among the dead.
- 4 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace,  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;  
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 “ Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach this truth concerning,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
- 6 “ On the tree of life eternal,  
O let all our hopes be laid!  
This alone for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

552.

L.M.—*The Year crowned with Goodness.* Ps. lxxv. 11.

- 1 ETERNAL source of every joy!  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole:  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer-rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores,  
And winters soften'd by thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With opening light, and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,  
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes;  
Still will we make thy mercies known,  
Around thy board, and round our own.
- 7 O! may our more harmonious tongues,  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

553.

C.M.—*Salvation approaching.* Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high;  
Awake and praise that sovereign love,  
That shews salvation nigh.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining day!  
Welcome each closing year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature; speed your course;  
Ye mortal powers decay;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

554.

P.M.—*Retrospect of a Year.*

- 1 TIME by moments steals away,  
First the hour, and then the day;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years:  
Thus another year is flown,  
And is now no more our own,  
(Though it brought or promis'd good,)   
Than the years before the flood.
- 2 But each year, let none forget,  
Finds and leaves us deep in debt;  
Favours from the Lord receiv'd,  
Sins that have the Spirit griev'd,  
Mark'd by God's unerring hand,  
In his book recorded stand:  
Who can tell the vast amount  
Plac'd to each of our account?
- 3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay,  
Take, O! take our guilt away:  
Self-condemned, on thee we call,  
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

If we see another year,  
May we spend it in thy fear;  
All its days devote to thee,  
Living for eternity.

555.

L.M.—*The Wisdom of redeeming Time.* Eph. v. 16, 17.

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee  
Did infant time his being draw;  
Moments and days, and months and years,  
Revolve by thine unwearied law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away:  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulph from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Before the rapid streams are borne,  
On to that everlasting home,  
Where not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side  
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,  
We gaze in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of Wisdom, teach my heart  
To know the price of every hour;  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

556.

P.M.—*"My Times are in thy Hand."* Ps. xxxi. 15.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me in the womb,  
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb;  
All my times shall ever be  
Order'd by thy wise decree.

HUMAN LIFE IN ITS SEVERAL STAGES.

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Times of penury and wealth;  
Times of trial and of grief;  
Times of triumph and relief:
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love;  
All is fix'd—the means and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly;  
Till He bids I cannot die;  
Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit.

557.

C.M.—*The Vanity of Human Life.*

- 1 OUR life is but an idle play,  
And various as the wind;  
We laugh and sport our hours away,  
Nor think of woes behind.
- 2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade,  
Frail glory of an hour;  
And blooming youth, with sickening head,  
Droops like a dying flower.
- 3 Our pleasures, like a morning sun,  
Diffuse a flattering light,  
But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,  
And soon they sink in night.
- 4 Wealth, pomp, and honour we behold,  
With an admiring eye,  
Like summer insects, drest in gold,  
That flutter, shine, and die.
- 5 One little moment can destroy  
Our vast laborious schemes;  
And all our hopes of future joy  
Are gay deceitful dreams.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 6 Then rise, my soul, and soar away,  
Above the thoughtless crowd,  
Above the pleasures of the gay,  
And splendours of the proud:
- 7 Up where eternal beauties bloom,  
And pleasures all divine;  
Where wealth that never can consume,  
And endless glories shine.

558.

C.M.—*Early Piety*. Eccles. xii. 1.

- 1 LORD of my life! my days are thine,  
And I'll remember thee;  
Lord of my life! thy love divine  
Demands a song from me.
- 2 Thy wondrous love can I forget?  
Thy holy claims deny?  
O guide my wandering youthful feet,  
O guard me with thine eye!
- 3 Creator, Benefactor, Friend,  
Hear thou my artless prayer;  
From passion's rage my heart defend,  
And pleasure's witching snare.
- 4 Life's morning, beauteous to behold,  
The dew of youth is thine:  
To thee may its first dawn unfold,  
Its noon in lustre shine.
- 5 Thus when its starless eve shall come,  
Beclouded and forlorn,  
Thy light shall chase away the gloom,  
And bring another morn:
- 6 A morn which, as it sheds its ray,  
Shall grow supremely bright;  
The pledge of an eternal day,  
Without a cheerless night.

559.

C.M.—*The Encouragement young Persons have to seek Christ.*  
Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you,  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,  
"Is sure my love to gain;  
"And those that early seek my grace,  
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compar'd with thee?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

560.

P.M.—*The Saviour's Invitation to Youth.*

- 1 FROM yon delusive scene,  
Where death and ruin smile,  
Beneath a treacherous mien,  
The sinner to beguile,  
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,  
And make his love your *early* choice.
- 2 Down from the realms of light,  
To this dark world of wo,  
He came with speedy flight,  
Redemption to bestow:  
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,  
And make his love your *only* choice.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 With pardon in his hands,  
And purity and joy,  
How sweet are his commands!  
His bliss without alloy!  
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,  
And make his love your *happy* choice.
- 4 Through life your guard and guide,  
In death your strength and stay,  
He'll keep you near his side,  
Nor ever turn away:  
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,  
And make his love your *lasting* choice.

561.

C.M.—*Prayer for young People.*

- 1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth  
The gift of saving grace;  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heavenly root;  
But fairest in the youngest shews,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes  
The voice of sovereign love!  
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True you are young, but there's a stone  
Within the youngest breast,  
Or half the crimes which you have done  
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,  
O join the public prayer!  
For you the secret tear is shed,  
O shed yourselves a tear!



- 6 We pray that you may early prove  
The Spirit's power to teach;  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus whom we preach.

562.

C.M.—*Seeking first the Kingdom of God.* Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 NOW let a true ambition rise,  
And ardour fire our breast,  
To ring in worlds above the skies,  
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand  
A radiant crown display,  
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,  
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,  
Beneath a Christian's thought;  
I spring to seize immortal joys,  
Which my Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
The glorious prize pursue;  
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,  
While heaven is kept in view.

563.

L.M.—*Man a Pilgrim on the Earth.* Ps. xxxix.

- 1 O LET me, heavenly Lord, extend  
My view to life's approaching end!  
What are my days? A span their line—  
And what my age, compar'd with thine?
- 2 Our life advancing to a close,  
While yet its earliest dawn it knows,  
Swift through an empty shade we run,  
And vanity and man are one.
- 3 O! how thy chastisements impair  
The human form, however fair!  
How frail the strongest frame we see,  
If thou its mortal doom decree!

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 God of our fathers! here as they  
We walk, the pilgrims of a day:  
As transient guests, thy works admire,  
And instant to our home retire.
- 5 Spare me a little while, O spare!  
And nature's failing strength repair;  
Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er,  
I perish, and am seen no more.

564.

C.M.—*Trust in God in Old Age.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,  
On thee my hopes remain;  
And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend,  
And as my days began with thee,  
With thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who causedst me to hope  
When life began to beat,  
And when a stranger in the world  
Didst guide my wandering feet:
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age  
And evil days descend;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,  
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,  
In death I will adore,  
And after death will sing thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

DEATH.

568.

L.M.—*The great Journey.* Job xvi. 22.

- 1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread  
Down to the regions of the dead!  
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,  
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;  
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own;  
Feeble as their's my mortal frame,  
The same my way—my house the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,  
To the cold grave's perpetual night,  
From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
Must I to God's tribunal pass!
- 4 Important journey! awful view!  
How great the change! the scene how new!  
The golden gates of heaven display'd,  
Or hell's fierce flames and gloomy shade! .
- 5 Awake, my soul; thy way prepare,  
And lose in this each mortal care;  
With steady feet that path be trod,  
Which through the grave conducts to God.
- 6 Jesus, to thee my all I trust,  
And if thou call me down to dust,  
I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,  
And die in smiles at thy command.
- 7 What was my terror is my joy; -  
These views my brightest hopes employ,  
To go ere many years are o'er,  
Secure I shall return no more.

566.

L.M.—*Death and Judgment appointed to all.* Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,  
That Adam's race must die:  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,  
Where you must quickly dwell;  
Hark how the awful summons sounds,  
In every funeral knell!
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all;  
The solemn purport weigh;  
For know, that heaven and hell are hung  
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,  
Must wake, the Judge to see,  
And every word, and every thought,  
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold  
My Saviour and my Friend,  
And far beyond the reach of death  
With all his saints ascend.

567.

L.M.—*Mortality*. Job vii. 8.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye  
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!  
One glance from thee at once brings down  
The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 Banish'd at once from human sight  
To the dark grave's unchanging night,  
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,  
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet,  
Accents familiar once, and sweet:  
No more the well-known features trace,  
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand  
Conduct me through this gloomy land,  
My soul with pleasure shall obey,  
And follow, where he leads the way.

DEATH.

- 5 He nobler friends, than here I leave,  
In brighter, surer worlds can give;  
Or by the beamings of his eye  
A lost creation will supply.

568.

S.M.—“ *Our Fathers, where are they?*” Zech. iii. 4.

- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,  
That bears us to the sea!  
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they call'd their own?  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honour gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,  
Must all the children dwell;  
No other heritage possess,  
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,  
Thou everlasting friend!  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
'Till with them in the land of light,  
We dwell before thy face.

569.

C.M.—*On the Death of a Child.*

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;  
How soon the vapour flies!  
Man is a tender, transient flower,  
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,  
And beauty smiles no more;  
Ah! where are now those rising charms  
Which pleas'd our eyes before.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 The once-lov'd form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs;  
And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
And wither'd all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,  
And lo!—stern winter flies;  
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,  
The flowery tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore,  
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;  
Religion points on high;  
There everlasting spring appears,  
And joys which cannot die.

570.

P.M.—*On the Death of a Child.*

- 1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan,  
Now the darling child is dead!  
He to early rest is gone,  
He to paradise is fled;  
I shall go to him, but he  
Never shall return to me.
- 2 God forbids his longer stay,  
God recalls the precious loan,  
God hath taken him away,  
From my bosom to his own;  
Surely what he wills is best,  
Happy in his will I rest.
- 3 Faith cries out, "It is the Lord!  
"Let him do as seems him good;  
Be thy holy name ador'd,  
Take the gift awhile bestow'd,  
Take the child no longer mine,  
Thine he is, for ever thine.

DEATH.

571.

C.M.—*Comfort for pious bereaved Parents. Isa. lvi. 4, 5.*

- 1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears  
Flow o'er your children dead,  
Say not, in transports of despair,  
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie,  
Rise, and with joy and reverence view  
A heavenly parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,  
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,  
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by the' Almighty's hand.
- 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,  
"In my own house a place;  
"No names of daughters and of sons,  
"Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is every hope  
"A rising race can give;  
"In endless honour and delight  
"My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,  
Through which thy face we see,  
And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts  
Prepare a way for thee.

572.

C.M.—*On the Death of a Friend.*

- 1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,  
Around their cold remains  
How all the tender passions mourn,  
And each fond heart complains!
- 2 But down to earth, alas! in vain  
We bend our weeping eyes;  
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,  
And upward learn to rise.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,  
And beams a healing ray,  
And guides us from the darksome tomb  
To realms of endless day.
- 4 Jesus, who left his blest abode,  
(Amazing grace!) to die,  
Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road,  
To his bright courts on high.
- 5 To those bright courts when hope ascends,  
The tears forget to flow;  
Hope views our absent happy friends,  
And calms the swelling wo.
- 6 Then let our hearts repine no more,  
That earthly comfort dies;  
But lasting happiness explore,  
And ask it from the skies.

573.

C.M.—*On the Death of a Friend.*

- 1 THE days how few, how short the years,  
Of man's too rapid race!  
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,  
A shorter in its place.
- 2 Since vain all here, all future vast,  
Embrace the lot assign'd;  
Heaven wounds to heal, its frowns are friends,  
Its strokes severe most kind.
- 3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world,  
By strong and endless ties,  
And every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.
- 4 When God would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantment end;  
He takes the most effectual means,  
And robs us of a *friend*.



## DEATH.

- 5 Resign—and all the load of life  
That moment you remove;  
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares,  
Devolve on One above;
- 6 Who bids us lay our burdens down  
On his almighty hand,  
Softens our duty to relief,  
To blessing a command.

## 574.

C.M.—*Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.* Josh. i. 2, 4, 5.

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry;  
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death  
Doth God's own house invade?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be number'd with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young,  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute the' instructive tongue;
- 4 The' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,  
"My church shall safe abide;  
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
"Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,  
This promise is our trust;  
And this shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.

575.

C.M.—*At the Funeral of a Young Person.*

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth, imprest  
With awful power,—I too, must die,—  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;  
Behold the gaping tomb!  
It bids us seize the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey,  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high  
And triumph o'er the grave.

576.

L.M.—*A Funeral Hymn.*

- 1 THE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When righteous persons fall around,  
When tender friends and kindred die,
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought  
Should with our mourning passions blend;  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
The' Almighty ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

DEATH.

- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,  
Thou art each tender name in one;  
On thee we cast our every care,  
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father, God, to thee we look,  
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;  
And on thy covenant love and truth,  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

577.

P.M.—“ *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord.*” Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 HARK! a Voice divides the sky;  
Happy are the faithful dead!  
In the Lord who sweetly die,  
They from all their toils are freed!  
Them the Spirit hath declar'd  
Blest, unutterably blest:  
Jesus is their great Reward,  
Jesus is their endless Rest.
- 2 Follow'd by their works they go,  
Where their Head is gone before;  
Reconcil'd by grace below,  
Grace has open'd Mercy's door;  
Justified through faith alone,  
Here they knew their sins forgiven;  
Here they laid their burden down,  
Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot  
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?  
Let the world, who know us not,  
Call us hopeless and unblest:  
When from flesh the spirit freed,  
Hastens homeward to return,  
Mortals cry, “ A man is dead!”  
Angels sing, “ A child is born!”

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Born into the world above,  
    They our happy brother greet;  
    Bear him to the Throne of Love,  
    Place him at the Saviour's feet:  
Jesus smiles, and says, " Well done,  
    " Good and faithful servant thou!  
    " Enter, and receive thy crown,  
    " Reign with me triumphant now."
- 5 Angels catch the' approving sound,  
    Bow, and bless the just award:  
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,  
    Now rejoicing with his Lord:  
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,  
    Waiting for the general doom,  
When the' archangel's trump shall blow,  
    " Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

578.

L.M.—*Meditations on the Sepulchre in the Garden.* John xix. 41.

- 1 THE sepulchres, how thick they stand  
    Through all the road on either hand!  
And burst upon the starting sight  
    In every garden of delight!
- 2 Thither the winding alleys tend;  
    There all the flowery borders end;  
And forms, that charm'd the eye before,  
    Fragrance and music are no more.
- 3 Deep in that damp and silent cell  
    My fathers and my brethren dwell;  
Beneath its broad and gloomy shade  
    My kindred and my friends are laid.
- 4 But, while I tread my solemn way,  
    My faith that Saviour would survey,  
Who deign'd to sojourn in the tomb,  
    And left behind a rich perfume.

## DEATH.

- 5 My thoughts, with ecstasy unknown,  
While from his grave they view his throne,  
Through my own sepulchre can see  
A paradise reserv'd for me.

## 579.

L.M.—*Man fading: the Word of God abiding.* 1 Pet. i. 24, 25.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If Heaven must recompense our pains:  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the Word of God remains.

## 580.

C.M.—*Departed Saints asleep.* Mark v. 39.

- 1 " WHY flow these torrents of distress?"  
The gentle Saviour cries,  
" Why are my sleeping saints survey'd  
" With unbelieving eyes?"

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 " Death's feeble arms shall never boast  
    " A friend of Christ is slain;  
    " Nor o'er their meaner part in dust,  
    " A lasting power retain.
- 3 " I come, on wings of love I come,  
    " The slumberers to awake;  
    " My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,  
    " And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 " Touch'd by my hand in smiles they rise;  
    " They rise to sleep no more;  
    " But rob'd with light, and crown'd with joy,  
    " To endless day they soar."
- 5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word;  
    And though fond nature weep,  
    Grace learns to hail the pious dead,  
    And emulate their sleep.
- 6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,  
    With them to rest and praise;  
    So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer  
    These separating days.

581.

L.M.—*Circumstances attending the Day of Judgment.*

2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

- 1 My waken'd soul, extend thy wings  
    Beyond the verge of mortal things;  
    See this vain world in smoke decay,  
    And rocks and mountains melt away.
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll  
    Through heaven's wide arch from pole to pole:  
    Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;  
    Tremble and fall, ye starry host.
- 3 This wreck of nature all around,  
    The angels' shout, the trumpet's sound,  
    Loud the descending Judge proclaim,  
    And echo his tremendous name.

## JUDGMENT.

- 4 Children of Adam, all appear  
With reverence round his awful bar;  
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless bliss, or endless wo.
- 5 Lord, to mine eyes, this scene display  
Frequent through each revolving day,  
And let thy grace my soul prepare  
To meet its full redemption there.

## 582.

*L.M.—The Day of Judgment.*

- 1 THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, oh Christ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## 583.

*P.M.—“ Behold the Lord cometh.” Jude 14.*

- 1 WHAT were Sinai's awful wonders,  
To the wonders of that day?  
When a voice like many thunders:  
Shall be heard from heaven to say,  
Come to judgment!  
Lo! the Judge is on his way.
- 2 Lo! he comes! the Lord from heaven:  
He who bore the cross below,  
All the power to him is given,  
He appears in glory now:  
Great his glory!  
Every knee to him shall bow.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 See the nations all assembling,  
Stand before the Saviour's throne;  
Thousands at his presence trembling,  
Hope extinguish'd, pleasure gone:  
Calling, seeking  
For relief, and finding none.
- 4 But his people, they who knew him,  
And on earth his name confess'd,  
These the Saviour welcomes to him;  
These he makes supremely bless'd:  
Sweet their portion!  
Their's an everlasting rest.

584.

P.M.—*Luther's Judgment Hymn.*

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated!  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contain'd before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

585.

P.M.—*The Confidence of the Saints in the Day of Judgment.*

- 1 STAND the' omnipotent decree;  
Jehovah's will be done!  
Nature's end we wait to see,  
And hear her final groan:  
Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
In death the wicked and the just;  
Let those ponderous orbs descend,  
And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man,  
At his Redeemer's beck,  
Sure to emerge and rise again,  
And mount above the wreck;



## JUDGMENT.

Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,  
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;  
Triumphs in immortal powers,  
And claps his wings of fire!

- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,  
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;  
Far beneath his feet he views,  
With smiles, the flaming void:  
Sees this universe renew'd,  
The grand millennial reign begun;  
Shouts with all the sons of God,  
Around the' eternal throne!
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,  
To be at last restor'd,  
Yield we now our bodies up,  
To earthquake, plague, or sword:  
Listening for the call divine,  
The last trumpet of the seven:  
Soon our soul and dust shall join,  
And both fly up to heaven.

## 586.

*L.M.—Signs of Christ's coming to Judgment.*

- 1 IN the sun and moon and stars  
Signs and wonders there shall be;  
Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;  
Darker storms the mountain sweep,  
Redder lightning rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,  
Racking doubt and restless fear;  
And, amid the thunder-cloud,  
Shall the Judge of men appear.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 4 But though from that awful face  
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race,  
Your redemption draweth nigh!

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING  
HYMNS.

587.

L.M.—*The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky;  
One star alone of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem!
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud—the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd!—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever, and for evermore,  
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

588.

L.M.—*The Morning Star.*

- 1 ARISE, thou bright and morning star,  
And send thy silvery beams from far;  
Dispel the shades of dreary night,  
And let me hail the dawning light.
- 2 Blinded by sin, I went astray,  
And wandering left the heavenly way;  
Dart forth thy soul-reviving rays,  
And guide me all my future days.
- 3 With growing strength may I pursue  
The course which heavenly wisdom drew,  
Till I shall reach the blissful shore,  
Where pilgrims rest and stray no more.

589.

P.M.—*The Rock of Ages.*

- 1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eye-lids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

590.

L.M.—“ *How sweet are thy words unto my taste.*” Ps. cxix. 103.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God,  
No other can its place supply;  
It points me to the saints' abode,  
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.
- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern  
The image of my absent Lord;  
From thine illumin'd page I learn  
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear  
To mansions that will ne'er decay;  
My Lord! O when will he appear,  
And bear his prisoner far away!
- 4 Then shall I need the light no more,  
For nothing shall be then conceal'd;  
When I have reach'd the heavenly shore,  
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.
- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd,  
The bright original I see,  
From which thy sacred page was trac'd,  
Sweet book! I've no more need of thee.
- 6 But while I'm here thou shalt supply  
His place, and tell me of his love;  
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,  
And get a taste of joys above.
- 7 I know his spirit breathes in thee,  
To animate his people here;  
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,  
Till in his presence I appear.

591.

L.M.—“ *By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept,  
when we remembered Zion.*” Psa. cxxxvii. 1.

- 1 O ZION, when I think on thee,  
I wish for pinions like the dove,  
And mourn to think that I should be  
So distant from the place I love.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 2 A captive here, and far from home,  
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;  
To Zion all the ransom'd come,  
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground,  
The few that I can call my friends  
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,  
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day,  
When Zion's children shall return;  
Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,  
Makes e'en the captives' portion sweet;  
Though now we wander far from home,  
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

592.

L.M.—*Recollections of First Love.*

- 1 O WHERE is now that glowing love,  
That mark'd our union to the Lord?  
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,  
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then  
To make our Saviour's glory known;  
That freed us from the fear of men,  
And kept our eye on him alone.
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent  
In fellowship with him we lov'd?  
The sacred joy, the sweet content,  
The blessedness that then we prov'd?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee,  
O cast us not away, though vile!  
No peace we have, no joy we see,  
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

593.

*P.M.—The Year of Jubilee.*

- 1 FAIR shines the morning star;  
The silver trumpets sound,  
Their notes re-echoing far,  
While dawns the day around:  
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom  
And silence left to die,  
With Christ's unfolding tomb,  
Your portals open fly;  
Rise with your Lord; — He sets you free;  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought  
The land your Fathers won,  
Behold how God hath wrought  
Redemption through his Son;  
Your heritage again is free,  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold  
For debts to justice due,  
Ransom'd, but not with gold,  
He gave himself for you:  
The blood of Christ hath made you free;  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 5 Captives of sin and shame,  
O'er earth and ocean, hear  
An angel's voice proclaim  
The Lord's accepted year:  
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,  
It is the year of Jubilee.

594.

*L.M.—Prayer for the Jews. Joel ii. 17.*

- 1 OH! why should Israel's sons, once blest,  
Still roam the scorning world around;  
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress,  
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 2 O God of Israel, view their race!  
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;  
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace;  
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;  
The sever'd olive-branch again,  
Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,  
With contrite shame his bosom move,  
The Saviour, he denied—to own,  
The Lord, he crucified—to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long!  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
One God with grateful rapture praise.

595.

L.M.—“*All Nations shall serve Him.*” Ps. lxxii. 11.

- 1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore  
Jehovah on the mercy-seat,  
Like prostrate seas on every shore,  
That cast their billows at your feet.
- 2 Let hallelujahs to the skies,  
With ocean's everlasting sound,  
(The voice of many waters) rise,  
Day without night, as time goes round.
- 3 Come from the east,—with gifts, ye kings,  
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh;  
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,  
Let man to God his vows prefer.
- 4 Come from the west,—the bond, the free,  
His easy service make your choice;  
Ye isles of the Pacific sea,  
Like halcyon-nests, in God rejoice.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 5 Come from the south,—through desert-sands,  
A highway for the Lord prepare;  
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,  
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.
- 6 Come from the north,—let Europe raise  
In all her languages one song;  
Give God the glory, power, and praise,  
That to his holy name belong.
- 7 For he hath bow'd the heavens above,  
And at his feet the mountains flow'd;  
He came;—but not in wrath,—in love,  
To make with men his pure abode.
- 8 With smiles, O earth! thy Maker meet;  
Nations, before your Saviour fall;  
Redemption is in him complete,  
The gospel now is preach'd to all.

596.

P.M.—*Dissemination of the Scriptures.*

HAIL that blissful day approaching,  
When the sacred word shall spread  
To the earth's remotest regions,  
And to life restore the dead:  
When all nations  
Shall acknowledge Christ their Head.

597.

L.M.—*The Blessings of the New Covenant.*

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known:  
Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, of a humble frame,  
May taste his grace, and learn his name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.



MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains;  
The weary rest from all his pains;  
The captive feel his bondage cease;  
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies:  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O! grant us grace, Almighty Lord!  
To read, and mark, thy holy word;  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

598.

C.M.—*Providence and Grace unsearchable.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy wondrous works  
Of providence and grace,  
An angel's perfect mind exceed,  
And all our pride abase.
- 2 Stupendous heights! amazing depths!  
Creatures in vain explore;  
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,  
'Tis faint, and quickly o'er.
- 3 Though all thy mysteries lie conceal'd,  
Beyond what we can see,  
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,  
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

599.

C.M.—*Bearing the Image of the earthly and the heavenly Adam.*

<sup>1</sup> Cor. xv. 49.

- 1 WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts  
A blasted world survey!  
See the wide ruin sin hath wrought  
In one unhappy day!
- 2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,  
From God and bliss estrang'd,  
And all the joys of paradise  
For guilt and horror chang'd!

- 3 Ages of labour and of grief  
He mourn'd his glory lost;  
At length the goodliest work of heaven  
Sunk down to common dust.
- 4 O fatal heritage bequeath'd  
To all his helpless race!  
Through the thick maze of sin and wo  
Thus to the grave we pass.
- 5 But, O my soul, with rapture hear  
The second Adam's name;  
And the celestial gifts he brings,  
To all his seed, proclaim.
- 6 In holiness and joy complete  
He reigns to endless years,  
And each adopted, chosen child,  
His splendid image wears.
- 7 What though in mortal life they mourn?  
What though by death they fall?  
Jesus in one triumphant day  
Transforms and crowns them all.
- 8 Praise to his rich mysterious grace!  
E'en by our fall we rise;  
And gain, for earthly Eden lost,  
A heavenly paradise.

## 600.

L.M.—*The World transitory.*

- 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!  
How transient every earthly bliss!  
How slender all the fondest ties,  
That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true;  
The glory of a passing hour!

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the sky is vain,  
There is a land whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come,  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;  
If God be ours, we're travelling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

601.

*C.M.—Death is gain.*

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain!  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,  
To see him face to face,  
Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels  
The pangs of struggling sin;  
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,  
And ends the strife within.
- 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight  
From earth-born wo and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share.

# 602.

P.M.—*The heavenly Mansion.*

- 1 I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay of various green;  
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield;  
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say,  
“ Our beauties are but for a day!”
- 2 I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd  
On wheels of amber and of gold;  
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye  
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky,  
And Moon and Sun in answer said,  
“ Our days of light are numbered!”
- 3 O God! O Good beyond compare!  
If thus thy meaner works are fair;  
If thus thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee.

# 603.

P.M.—*Public Worship.*

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,  
Bounteous source of all our joy;  
He whose hand upholds all nature,  
He whose nod can all destroy:  
Saints, with pious zeal attending,  
Now the solemn tribute raise;  
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,  
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,  
Lowly bend with contrite souls;  
Here, his milder grace revealing,  
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls:  
Lo, the' eternal page before us  
Bears the covenant of his love;  
Full of mercy to restore us,  
Mercy beaming from above.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 3 Every secret fault confessing,  
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,  
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,  
Grace from God and peace within:  
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,  
Still the song of glory raise;  
On the theme immortal dwelling,  
Join the universal praise.

604.

C.M.—*A Sunday Hymn.*

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord of Life  
Ascended to the skies;  
My thoughts pursue the lofty theme,  
And to the heavens arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind  
From this celestial road,  
Nor all the honours of the earth  
Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendours of that place,  
The joys that are on high;  
Nor meanly rest contented here,  
With worlds beneath the sky.
- 4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,  
To heaven their souls ascend;  
The' Almighty owns his favourite race,  
As Father and as Friend.
- 5 O may these lovely titles prove  
My comfort and defence,  
When the sick couch shall be my lot,  
And death shall call me hence!

605.

C.M.—*The Resurrection.*

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom;  
O what a Sun which broke this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,  
To bind our Lord in death;  
He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
By his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies:  
Broken beneath his powerful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung!  
Let gladness dwell on every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join,  
To hail this happy morn;  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
On nations yet unborn.

606.

C.M.—*Jesus "seen of Angels."* 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,  
Which God's right hand sustains;  
There, in the boundless worlds of light,  
Our great Redeemer reigns.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine:  
At his right hand, with golden harps,  
They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail! Prince," they cry, "for ever hail,  
Whose unexampled love  
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms,  
And royalties above!"

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 4 And while he stoop'd on earth to dwell,  
And suffer rude disdain,  
They cast their honours at his feet,  
And waited in his train.
- 5 In all his toils and conflicts here,  
Their Sovereign they attend;  
And pause—and wonder how, at last,  
This scene of love will end.
- 6 When all the powers of hell combin'd  
To fill his cup of wo,  
Their wondering eyes beheld his tears  
In blood and anguish flow.
- 7 As on the torturing cross he hung,  
And darkness veil'd the sky,  
Amaz'd they saw that awful sight—  
The Lord of glory die!
- 8 They saw him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before;  
And rise in conquering majesty,  
To stoop to death no more.
- 9 They throng'd his chariot up the skies,  
And bore him to his throne;  
And with a shout, exulting cried,  
“The glorious work is done.”
- 10 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!  
We too would catch the sound;  
And spread the glories of thy name  
To earth's remotest bound.

607.

S.M.—“*To-day if ye will hear His voice.*”

- 1 ALL yesterday is gone!  
To-morrow's not your own:  
What day is better than to-day,  
To bow before the throne?

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 2 Why should we yet delay,  
And not to God return?  
How sad to have our oil to buy,  
When we should have it burn!
- 3 Oh hear his voice to-day,  
And harden not your heart:  
To-morrow, with a frown, he may  
Pronounce the word—Depart.

608.

*P.M.—Danger of Delay.*

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
The' longer wisdom you despise,  
Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

609.

*C.M.—Sincerity. John i. 47.*

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,  
Without a false disguise?  
Have I renounc'd my sins, and left  
My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchang'd remain,  
Or is it form'd anew?  
What is the rule by which I walk,  
The object I pursue?



MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,  
My real state to know!  
If I am wrong, O set me right;  
If right, preserve me so.

610.

L.M.—*The Happiness of God's Israel.* Deut. xxxiii. 26-29.

- 1 WITH Israel's God who can compare?  
Or who, like Israel happy are?  
O! people saved by the Lord,  
He is thy shield and great reward.
- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,  
Thou art secur'd from foes and harms,  
In vain their plots and false their boasts,  
Our refuge is the Lord of Hosts.

611.

P.M.—*For a Blessing on the Word.*

ON what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;  
The power is thine alone  
To make it spring and grow:  
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

612.

C.M.—*The Sower.*

- 1 OH God! by whom the seed is given,  
By whom the harvest blest;  
Whose word, like manna shower'd from heaven,  
Is planted in our breast.
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air,  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care!
- 3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,  
Do thou thy grace supply;  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky.

# 613.

P.M.—*At parting.*

- 1 **FOR** a season call'd to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!  
Tender Shepherd of the sheep!  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,  
Sweeten every cross and pain;  
Give us, if we live, ere long  
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,  
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who our poor petitions heard.

# 614.

C.M.—*Union at parting.*

- 1 **BLEST** be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,  
Where he appoints we go,  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And shew his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk with him,  
And nothing know beside;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart;  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death, can part.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 5 But let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore;  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more.

615.

L.M.—*The Christian Farewell.* 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 THY presence, everlasting God,  
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,  
In every place thy children keep.  
2 While near each other we remain,  
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;  
When absent, happy if we share  
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.  
3 To thee we all our ways commit,  
And seek our comforts near thy feet;  
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.  
4 Give us in thy beloved house,  
Again to pay our grateful vows;  
Or, if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

616.

P.M.—*Supplication and Praise.* Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 NOW may He who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.  
2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight;  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night!  
3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant seal'd with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

617.

P.M.—*Dismission.*

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound!  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

618.

P.M.—*Dismission.*

- LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Bid us all depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase:  
Fill each breast with consolation;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise;  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.  
Hallelujah!

619.

P.M.—*Benediction.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

620.

L.M.—*Doxology.*

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

621.

P.M.—*The Family Vow.* Josh. xxiv. 15.

- 1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:  
But first obedient to his word  
I must myself appear:  
By actions, words, and temper show.  
That I my heavenly Master know,  
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set:  
From those that on my pleasure wait  
The stumbling-block remove;  
Their duty by my life explain,  
And still in all my works maintain  
The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,  
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,  
A follower of my God:  
A saint indeed I long to be,  
And lead my faithful family  
In the celestial road.
- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,  
A vessel fitted for thy use  
Into thy hands receive;  
Work in me both to will and do,  
And show them how believers true  
And real Christians live.

622.

S.M.—*The Family Altar erected.*

- 1 IN all my ways, O God,  
I would acknowledge Thee,  
And seek to keep my heart and house  
From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a tent,  
An altar will I raise;  
And thither my oblations bring,  
Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,  
My household, Lord, should be  
Devoted to thyself alone,  
A nursery for thee.

623.

C.M.—*The Family Altar.*

- 1 FOOD, raiment, dwelling, health, & friends,  
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot;  
With thee our bliss begins and ends,  
As we are thine, or not.
- 2 For these we bend the humble knee,  
Our thankful spirits bow,  
Yet from thy gifts we turn to Thee:—  
Be Thou our portion, THOU.

624.

P.M.—*Domestic Worship.*

- 1 PEACE be to this habitation;  
Peace to all that dwell therein;  
Peace, the earnest of salvation;  
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;  
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;  
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;  
Peace divine, that lasts for ever;  
Peace that comes from God alone.

- 2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us;  
Fix in all our hearts thy home;  
With thy gracious presence cheer us;  
Let thy sacred kingdom come;  
Raise to heaven our expectation;  
Give our favour'd souls to prove  
Glorious and complete salvation,  
In the realms of bliss above.

625.

*P.M.—For a Family.*

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree;  
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace;  
Bid our jars for ever cease.  
By thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove;  
Each to each unite, endear;  
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.  
Let us each for other care,  
Each his brother's burden bear;  
To thy church the pattern give,  
Shew how true believers live.
- 3 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
All the depth of love express,  
All the height of holiness.  
Let us then with joy remove  
To thy family above;  
On the wings of angels fly;  
Shew how true believers die.

## 626.

C.M.—*Morning.*

- 1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days  
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,  
I pass'd the shades of night;  
Serene and safe from every harm,  
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains, and woes;  
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,  
And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,  
And I unconscious lay;  
Thy watchful care was round my bed,  
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care  
My waking hours attend;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

## 627.

L.M.—*Morning.*

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I safely pass the silent night;  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,  
Once more with awe rejoice to be;  
My conscious soul resumes her power,  
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee!



- 3 O guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;  
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze  
When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,  
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;  
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,  
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,  
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;  
Thy light shall give eternal day—  
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

628.

*C.M.—Morning.*

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning-light,  
By stealth unseals mine eye,  
Draws back the curtain of the night,  
And opens earth and sky.
- 2 'Tis thine, my God,—the same that kept  
My resting hours from harm;  
No ill came nigh me, for I slept  
Beneath the' Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,  
Like manna scatter'd round,  
And clothes me, as the lily springs  
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 This is the hand that shap'd my frame,  
And gave my pulse to beat;  
That bare me oft through flood and flame,  
Through tempest, cold, and heat.
- 5 In death's dark valley though I stray,  
'Twould there my steps attend,  
Guide with the staff my lonely way,  
And with the rod defend.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 6 May that dear hand uphold me still,  
Through life's uncertain race,  
To bring me to thine holy hill,  
And to thy dwelling-place.

629.

*S.M.—Morning.*

- 1 MY Guardian's watchful care  
Preserv'd me through the night;  
His providential arm was near  
Till morn's returning light.
- 2 No pains upon my bed  
Prevented my repose;  
But laying down my weary head,  
Refresh'd with sleep I rose.
- 3 From thee my mercies flow;  
In pearly drops they fall;  
O give a thankful bosom too,  
The sweetest pearl of all.

630.

*C.M.—Morning.*

- 1 NIGHT'S gloomy scenes are now withdrawn  
The blushing morn appears,  
And every object we behold  
A pleasing aspect wears.
- 2 The sun arising from the east,  
His glories now displays;  
And mountains, rivers, rocks, and fields,  
Reflect the gladdening rays.
- 3 All nature's cheerful, light and gay,  
And birds in tuneful strains,  
Welcome the bright returning day,  
Which gilds the flowery plains.
- 4 'Tis thus when God, with smiling face,  
Revisits those he loves,  
And by displays of pardoning grace,  
His anxious fears removes.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 5 Mists, which the prospect once conceal'd,  
No longer intervene:  
But heaven and glory stand reveal'd,  
Without a cloud between.
- 6 God is a sun, whose spreading light  
Drives darkness far away,  
Dispels the horrors of the night,  
And brings eternal day.

631.

P.M.—*Self-examination.* Ruth ii. 19.

AT evening to myself I say,  
My soul, where hast thou glean'd to-day,  
Thy labours how bestow'd?  
What hast thou rightly said, or done?  
What grace obtain'd, or knowledge won,  
In following after God.

632.

C.M.—*Evening.*

- 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,  
Let incense flames arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake our love, awake our joy;  
Awake our heart and tongue:  
Sleep not;—when mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
Have made up all this day:  
Minutes came quick; but mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys,  
Do a new song require:  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set  
New time upon our score;  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more.

633.

P.M.—*Evening.*

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,  
Welcome to my weary head!  
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,  
Tir'd with glaring vanities!
- 2 My Great Master still allows  
Needful periods of repose,  
By my heavenly Father blest,  
Thus I give my powers to rest.
- 3 Heavenly Father! gracious name!  
Night and day his love the same!  
Far be each suspicious thought!  
Every anxious care forgot.
- 4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
Crown'st my days with various good:  
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,  
These defenceless hours shall keep.
- 5 What if death my sleep invade?  
Should I be of death afraid?  
Whilst encircled by thine arm,  
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 6 With thy heavenly presence blest,  
Death is life, and labour rest:  
Welcome sleep or death to me,  
Still secure, for still with Thee!

634.

L.M.—*Evening.* Job viii. 9.

- ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,  
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise,  
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,  
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,  
Swept from the records of the year;  
And still with each successive sun,  
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone,  
To tell thy secrets, O my soul;  
Faithful before the' eternal throne,  
Follies and sins it will enrol.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,  
To join the fugitives before;  
And I, when life's employ is done,  
Shall sleep in time to wake no more.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone;  
But soon a fairer day shall rise,  
A day whose never-setting sun  
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
- 6 Another fleeting day is gone;  
In solemn silence rest my soul!  
Bow down before his awful throne,  
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

635.

L.M.—*Blessed be thy Name for ever.*

- 1 BLESSED be thy name for ever,  
Thou of life the guard and giver;  
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;  
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the desert and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be thy name for ever.
- 2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,  
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;  
God of evening's parting ray,  
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,

That rises from the azure sea  
Like breathings of eternity.  
God of life! that fade shall never,  
Blessed be thy name for ever.

## 636.

*P.M.—Saturday Evening.*

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
God has brought us on our way,  
Let us now a blessing seek  
On the' approaching sabbath-day :  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel thy presence near!  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
When we in thy house appear!  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 3 May thy gospel's joyful sound,  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints :  
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.

## 637.

*C.M.—Providence.*

- 1 THE tender mercy of the Lord,  
And his long-suffering grace,  
The loving-kindness of his word,  
We every moment trace.
- 2 Our bread is given, our water sure,  
Body and soul sustain'd ;  
O may we to the end endure,  
Till heaven itself is gain'd !

638.

P.M.—“ *But the véry Hairs of your Head are all numbered.*”  
Matt. x. 30.

- 1 THE insect that, with puny wing,  
Just shoots along one summer ray;  
The floweret which the breath of spring  
Wakes into life for half a day;  
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair—  
All feel our Heavenly Father's care.
- 2 E'en from the glories of his throne  
He bends to view this earthly ball;  
Sees all, as if that all were one—  
Loves one, as if that one were all;  
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,  
And counts the sinners' lonely tears.

639.

P.M.—*God's Care of his Creatures.* Matt. vi. 25-34.

- 1 LO! the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield!  
Hark to Nature's lesson given  
By the blessed birds of heaven!  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy;  
“ Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:  
God provideth for the morrow!
- 2 “ Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we, poor citizens of air?  
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily.  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!  
God provideth for the morrow!
- 3 “ One there lives whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny;  
One there lives who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:  
God provideth for the morrow!"

640.

P.M.—*Gratitude and Praise to the Author of Nature.*

- 1 HOW cheerful along the gay mead,  
The daisy and cowslip appear;  
The flocks as they carelessly feed,  
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
- 2 The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,  
The herbage that springs from the sod,  
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,  
All rise to the praise of my God.
- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove?  
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call;  
Forbid it, devotion and love.
- 4 The Lord, who such wonders could raise,  
And still can destroy with a nod,  
My lips shall incessantly praise,  
My soul shall be rapt in my God.

641.

P.M.—*Devout Aspirations.*

- 1 GOD, our kind Master, merciful as just,  
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:  
His ear is open to the silent cry;  
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.
- 2 He reads the language of the silent tear,  
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere:  
He marks the dawn of every virtuous aim,  
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
- 3 Oh! set me from all earthly bondage free!  
Still every wish that centres not in thee:  
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiet cease,  
And point my path to everlasting peace.



642.

P.M.—*Devout Aspirations.*

- 1 IF friendless in the vale of tears I stray,  
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,  
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.
- 2 In every creature, Lord, I own thy power;  
In each event thy providence adore:  
Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,  
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
- 3 Thus when at last I quit this transient scene,  
Help me to leave it with a heart serene:  
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

643.

L.M.—*Change of Residence.*

- 1 THOUGH oft I change my short abode,  
And move like ever shifting wind;  
Still I can view the' unchanging God,  
And *here* his sacred presence find.
- 2 My thoughts survey in every place,  
A good, an omnipresent Lord,  
In sickness and in health I trace  
The truth and wisdom of his word.
- 3 His frown the impious soul attends  
Who dares his providence deny;  
While gentle smiles surround his friends,  
Who on his arm of power rely.
- 4 Though he exalted dwells on high,  
And rides upon the winged storm,  
He stoops from yonder cloudy sky,  
To look on me—the meanest worm.
- 5 He listens to my low complaints,  
Enlivens all my mourning days,  
Revives my spirit when it faints,  
And tunes my faltering voice to praise.

644.

C.M.—*Family Prayer.*

WHEN soon or late we reach the coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven;  
May we be found, no wanderer lost,  
A family in heaven.

645.

P.M.—“*Thy Face, Lord, will I seek.*” Ps. xxvii. 8.

- 1 SINCE first thy word awoke my heart,  
Thy brightness beaming o'er me,—  
Where'er I turn my eyes, thou art  
All light and love before me: †  
And while thy smiling face I see,  
All bonds of earth I sever—  
Thee, O Lord! and only thee,  
I live for, now and ever.
- 2 Like him whose fetters dropp'd away  
When light shone o'er his prison,  
My spirit touch'd by mercy's ray,  
Has from her chains arisen:  
And shall a spirit thus made free  
Return to bondage!—Never!  
Thee, O Lord! and only thee,  
I live for, now and ever.

646.

C.M.—*Habitual Devotion.*

- 1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power,  
Be my vain wishes still'd;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:  
That mercy I adore!

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart shall rest on thee.

647.

C.M.—*Secret Prayer*. Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye  
Shoots through the darkest night;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey  
My duteous homage paid,  
With every morning's dawning ray,  
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O may thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame,  
While my warm vows to thee aspire,  
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul in secret bless;  
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,  
Thy suppliant to confess.

## 648.

P.M.—*Jesus a compassionate High Priest.* Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienc'd every human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul astray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,—  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer wo:  
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,  
By those that shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,  
Yet He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly sooth, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,  
For "Jesus wept," o'er Lazarus dead!
- 6 And, O! when I have safely pass'd  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed, for thou hast died:  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

## 649.

*C.M.—Humble Reliance upon God.*

- 1 MY God! my Father, blissful name!  
O may I call thee mine;  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly;  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,  
I calmly would resign,  
For thou art good, and just, and wise,  
O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust his tender care.
- 5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,  
And life almost depart,  
Is not thy mercy still the same,  
To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown  
To my weak erring sight,  
Yet let my soul adoring own  
That all thy ways are right.
- 7 My God, my Father, be thy name  
My solace and my stay;  
O wilt thou seal my humble claim,  
And drive my fears away.

## 650.

*P.M.—Longing to be with Christ.*

- 1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone!  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne!

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love;  
Whom, not having seen, I adore;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power!
- 3 Dissolve thou the bond that detains  
My soul from her portion in thee;  
And strike off these adamant chains,  
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins;  
When array'd in thy beauty I shine,  
Nor pierce any more by my sins  
That bosom on which I recline;
- 5 O then shall the veil be remov'd,  
And round me new glories be pour'd:  
I shall meet thee, whom absent I lov'd;  
I shall see whom, unseen, I ador'd.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,  
And trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which sadden this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 7 Or, be they remember'd above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise,  
They'll be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 Thus the stroke which from sin and from pain  
Shall set me eternally free,  
Shall but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

651.

P.M.—“*And I said, O that I had wings like a dove,*” &c. Ps. lv. 6.

- 1 O HAD I the wings of a dove,  
I'd make my escape and begone;  
I'd mix with the spirits above,  
Who encompass yon heavenly throne;

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
To the place where the weary have rest,  
I'd haste from contention and broil,  
To the peaceful abode of the blest.

2 How happy are they who no more  
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!  
Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,  
They have left all their conflicts below.  
They are far from all danger and fear,  
While remembrance enhances their joys.  
As the storm when escap'd will endear  
The retreat that the haven supplies.

3 Around that magnificent throne,  
Where the Lamb all his glory displays;  
United for ever in one,  
His people are singing his praise.  
How holy, how happy are they,  
No tongue can express their delight;  
My soul now unwilling to stay,  
Prepares for her heavenly flight.

4 But why do I wish to be gone?  
Do I want from the danger to flee?  
And shall I do nothing for one  
Who was once such a sufferer for me?  
Ah! Lord, let me think of the day,  
When thou wast "rejected of men,"  
And put the base wish far away,  
And never be fearful again.

5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,  
That when ease and prosperity come,  
Thy servant is willing to live,  
And his exile prefers to his home.  
Ah! Lord, what a creature am I,  
Sure nothing can heighten my guilt;  
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,  
And make me whatever thou wilt.

## 652.

C.M.—*The Bird let loose.*

- 1 THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,\*  
 When hastening fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
 Where idle warblers roam.  
 But high she shoots through air and light,  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way.
- 2 So grant me, God, from every care,  
 And stain of passion free,  
 Aloft, thro' Virtue's purer air,  
 To hold my course to Thee!  
 No sin to cloud—no lure to stay,  
 My soul, as home she springs;—  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom in her wings!

## 653.

P.M.—*"The day is thine; the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."* Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17.

- 1 THOU art, oh God! the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see,  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays  
 Among the opening clouds of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Thro' golden vistas into heaven;  
 Those hues that make the sun's decline  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

\* The Carrier Pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.



DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 3 When night with wings of starry gloom  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes ;—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

654.

P.M.—*The Christian aspiring after God.*

- 1 I QUIT the world's fantastic joys ;  
Her honours are but idle toys,  
Her bliss an empty shade ;  
Like meteors, in the midnight sky,  
That glitter for a while, and die,  
Her glories flash, and fade.
- 2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,  
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,  
'Tis all too mean for me ;  
Far above earth—above the skies,  
My bold, ambitious wishes rise  
To heaven, my God, and thee.
- 3 Swift as the bird escap'd the snare,  
With joyful pinions through the air  
Flies to her native nest ;  
Thus from the world's delusive charms  
I fly, dear Father, to thy arms,  
And find my wish'd for rest.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 4 O source of glory, life, and love!  
When to thy courts I mount above  
On contemplation's wings,  
I look, with generous disdain,  
On all the pleasures of the vain,  
On all the pomp of kings.
- 5 Thy beauties rising on my sight,  
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,  
With rapture fill my breast;  
Though robb'd of all my worldly store  
In thee I never can be poor,  
And must be ever blest.

655.

C.M.—*God a resource in trouble.* Ps. cxlvii. 3.

- 1 WHEN reft of all, and hopeless care  
Would sink us to the tomb,  
Oh! what shall save us from despair,  
What dissipate the gloom?
- 2 No balm that earthly plants distil  
Can soothe the mourner's smart;  
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,  
Bind up the broken heart.
- 3 But One alone, who reigns above,  
Our woe to joy can turn,  
And light the lamp of life and love  
That long has ceas'd to burn.
- 4 Then O my soul, to that One flee,  
To God thy woes reveal;  
His eye alone thy wounds can see,  
His power alone can heal.

656.

C.M.—*Praise for recovery from sickness.*

- 1 MY God, thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days;  
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd  
But to renew thy praise.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love  
Did this weak frame sustain,  
When life was hovering o'er the grave,  
And nature sunk with pain.
- 9 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,  
Didst chase the fears of hell;  
And teach my pale and quivering lips  
Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head  
On thy dear faithful breast;  
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call  
To his eternal rest.
- 5 Into thy hands, my Saviour-God,  
Did I my soul resign,  
In firm dependance on that truth  
Which made salvation mine.
- 6 Back from the borders of the grave,  
At thy command I come;  
Nor would I urge a speedier flight  
To my celestial home.
- 7 Where thou determin'st mine abode,  
There would I choose to be;  
For in thy presence death is life,  
And earth is heaven with Thee.

657.

P.M.—“*Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.*” 1 Thess. iv. 13.

- 1 IF death my friend and me divide,  
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,  
Or frown my tears to see;  
Restrain'd from passionate excess  
Thou bid'st me mourn in calm distress,  
For them that rest in thee.

- 2 I feel a strong immortal hope,  
Which bears my mournful spirits up  
Beneath its mountain-load;  
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,  
I soon shall find my friend again  
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more  
And death the blessing shall restore  
Which death hath snatch'd away;  
For me thou wilt the summons send,  
And give me back my parted friend  
In that eternal day.

658.

L. M.—*The fear of death overcome.*

- 1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death—  
Lord, help me to surmount the fear;  
That when I must resign my breath,  
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart—  
In me let every sin be slain;  
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,  
From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,  
Closely the ends of life pursue,  
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,  
And honour thee in all I do.
- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,  
Where in thy light, I light shall see:  
The soul may freely dare to die  
That longs to be possess'd of Thee.
- 5 Say thou art mine, and chase the gloom  
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death:  
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,  
And as a Victor yield my breath.

## 659.

*C.M.—A Song of Praise.*

- 1 IN Thee I live, and move, and am;  
Thou deal'st me out my days:  
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,  
Let me renew thy praise.
- 2 Naked came I into this world,  
And nothing with me brought;  
And nothing have I here deserv'd;  
Yet have I lacked nought.
- 3 I do not bless my labouring hand,  
My labouring head, or chance;  
Thy providence, most gracious God,  
Is mine inheritance.
- 4 Thy bounty gives me bread with peace,  
A table free from strife:  
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,  
Which is the staff of life.
- 5 The daily favours of my God  
I cannot sing at large:  
Yet let me make this holy boast,  
I am the' Almighty's charge.
- 6 Lord, in the day, Thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread;  
And in the night, when I lie down,  
Thou art about my bed.
- 7 A thousand deaths I daily 'scape,  
I pass by many a pit,  
I sail by many dreadful rocks,  
Where others have been split.
- 8 Whilst others in God's prisons lie,  
Bound with affliction's chains,  
I walk at large, secure and free  
From sickness and from pains.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 9 'Tis not, my God, myself alone,  
But mine to Thee I owe;  
Thou mad'st me many out of one;  
O let thy praises grow.
- 10 O let my house a temple be,  
That I and mine may sing  
Hosannahs to thy Majesty,  
And praise our heavenly King.
- 11 'Tis Thou hast crown'd my actions, Lord,  
With good success, each day;  
This crown, together with myself,  
At thy blest feet I lay.

660.

*S.M.—God all-sufficient.*

- 1 WHEN earthly comforts die,  
And thorns o'erspread the road,  
Whither, O! whither shall I fly,  
But unto thee, my God!
- 2 When anxious thoughts arise,  
And sorrows compass round,  
Amidst ten thousand enemies,  
In thee my help is found.
- 3 Then at thy feet I'll bow,  
And in thy mercy trust:  
If I am sav'd, how good art thou!  
And if I perish just.
- 4 Perish! it cannot be;  
Since Jesus shed his blood;  
The promise is both rich and free,  
And he will make it good.
-

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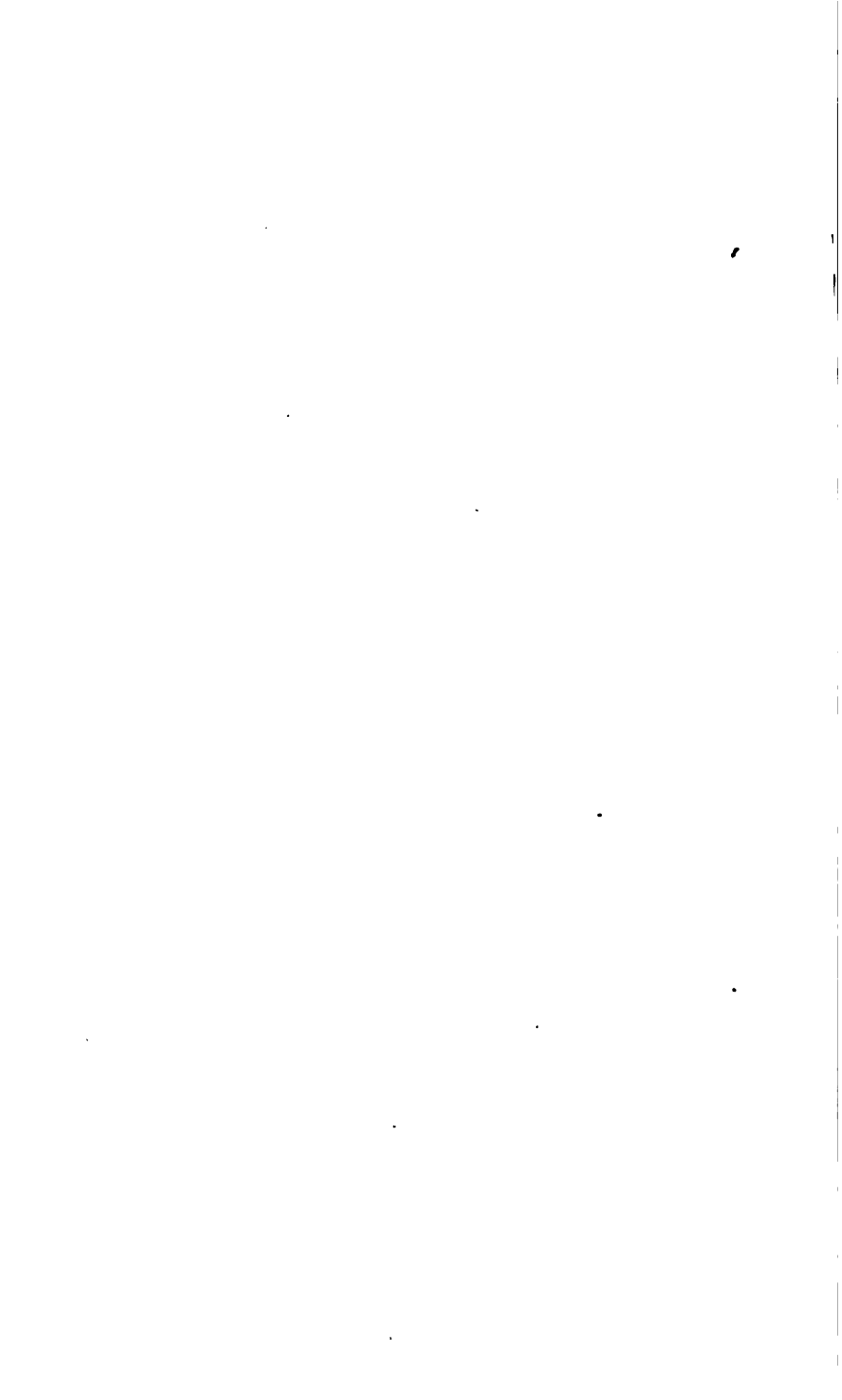
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## ERRATA.

|                                             |               |                    |
|---------------------------------------------|---------------|--------------------|
| Hymn 17,                                    | for Luke XVI. | read Luke XIV.     |
| — 66, v. 1, — 'points                       |               | — points           |
| — 66, 2nd p.— v. 6,                         |               | — 4                |
| — 326, v. 1, — The victory of,              |               | — The victory by.  |
| — 531, — P. M.                              |               | — L. M.            |
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| — 568, after 564                            |               | — 565              |
| — 627, v. 3, — I safely pass                |               | — I safely pass'd. |
| Index of first lines.—Come thou long—for 67 |               | — 71.              |



# ADDITIONAL HYMNS

IN THE SEVENTEENTH EDITION.

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PUBLIC WORSHIP.

9.

10s.—“*And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.*” Gen. ii. 3.

- 1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which when he made the world Jehovah blest;
When like his own he bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.
- 3 So shall the God of mercy pleased receive
That only tribute man has power to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.
- 4 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

14.

7s.—*The resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 CHRIST is risen, the Lord is come,
Bursting from the sealed tomb;
Death and hell in mute dismay,
Render up their mightier prey:
Christ is risen, but not alone;
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown!
We shall rise, as He hath risen,
From the deep sepulchral prison.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Heirs of Adam, sons of clay,
Long in death's dark thrall we lay ;
And went down, in trembling gloom,
To the unawakening tomb.
Heirs of Christ, and sons of God,
In the path our Captain trod,
Now we hope to soar on high,
To the everlasting sky.
- 3 Mortals once, immortal now,
Our vile bodies off we throw,
Glorious bodies to put on,
Round the great Redeemer's throne.
Lofty hopes!—and their's indeed,
Who the christian life shall lead ;
Christ's below in faith and love,
Christ's in endless bliss above!

15.

S. M.—“ *Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever ;
and blessed be thy glorious name, which is exalted above all blessing
and praise.*” Neh. ix. 5.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify.
- 3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

BEFORE SERMON.

- 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

17.

6 8s.—*The communion of saints.* Heb. xii. 18—26.

- 1 NOT to the mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet waxing higher and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground ;
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law ;
- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love,
The church of the first-born above :
- 3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.
- 4 O hearken to the healing voice
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild :
To-day are life and death our choice ;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all, to God, we yet may give ;
Now let us hear his voice and live.

20.

6 8s.—*The efficacy of God's word.* Jer. xxiii. 29.

- 1 WITH reverend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word ;
The pride of Lebanon it breaks ;
Swift the celestial fire descends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends,
And earth to its deep centre shakes.
- 2 Array'd in majesty divine,
Here sanctity and justice shine,
And horror strikes the rebel thro' ;
While loud this awful voice makes known
The wonders which thy sword hath done,
And what thy vengeance yet shall do.
- 3 So spread the honours of thy name,
The terrors of a God proclaim ;
Thick let the pointed arrows fly,
Till sinners, humbled in the dust,
Shall own the execution just,
And bless the hand by which they die.
- 4 Then clear the dark tempestuous day,
And radiant beams of love display ;
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise :
So shall the bleeding captives feel,
Thy word, which gave the wound, can heal,
And change their groans to songs of praise.

23.

L. M.—*Prayer for the Redeemer's return to his church.*

- 1 OH, Saviour ! is thy promise fled ?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor ?

BEFORE SERMON.

- 2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again,
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength, and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee.
- 5 Come, Jesus, come ! and, as of yore,
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day.
- 6 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there !

26.

8. 7. 4.—*Prayer for a blessing.*

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed :
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need,
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give :
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

27.

L. M.—“*I will abundantly bless her provision ; I will satisfy her poor with bread.*” Ps. cxxxii. 15.

- 1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy the poor with bread.
- 2 Drawn by thy invitation, Lord,
Athirst and hungry we are come :
Now, from the fulness of thy word
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

THE ATTRIBUTES, WORD, WORKS, PROVIDENCE,
AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

32.

L. M.—*God's universal dominion.*

- 1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame !
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same.
- 2 In heaven thou reign'st enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread :
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid !
- 3 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine ;
Prostrate before thy feet we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.
- 4 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye.
- 5 All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ ;
Jehovah reigns, be glad, O earth ;
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

36.

7s.—Adoration and devotedness.

- 1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power;
Love him, praise him, evermore;
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.
- 2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare;
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honour all our days.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Be by heaven and earth ador'd!
Let all beings lift their cry,
Glory be to God Most High.

49.

C. M.—The visible creation.

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the firmament your eye;
Thither your path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.
- 4 He bows the heavens—the mountains stand,
A highway for their God;
He walks around the desert land,
'Tis Eden where he trod.

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE,

- 5 The forests in his strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 6 Here on the hills, he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds ;
O could we catch their strains !
- 7 Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light ;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night !
- 8 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.
- 9 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 10 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found !

50.

C. M.—“ O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name.” Ps. viii.

- 1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known !
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown !
- 2 Yet are the humble dear to thee !
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

AND CHARACTERS OF GOD.

- 3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand,
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land ;
- 4 Lord, what is man, that thou should'st deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above.
- 5 O Lord, how excellent thy name !
How manifold thy ways !
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

53.

6 8s.—*Providence our guide.* . Exod. xiii. 21.

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host and guide,
Of all who seek the land above ;
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love ;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thy unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

67.

7 s.—*The nativity of Christ.*

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild, .
God and sinners reconcil'd.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies :
With the angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in *Bethlehem* !”
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the Sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love !

69.

C. M.—*The angels' song at Christ's birth.* Luke ii. 13, 14.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known
To awake a cheerful song.

HIS PASSION.

- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo, the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.
- 3 Justice and grace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in consort join,
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

78.

L. M.—*Christ's Passion.*

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve by those he call'd his own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 Brought forth to judgment, now he stands
Arraign'd, condemn'd at Pilate's bar ;
Here spurn'd by fierce prætorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war.
- 4 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
The homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.

- 5 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a Lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murderers he remains.
- 6 But hark ! He prays,—'tis for his foes ;
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends ;
Answers,—and paradise bestows ;
He bows his head ; the conflict ends.
- 7 Truly this was the Son of God !—
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself,—for man he dies !

81.

L. M.—“ *It is finished.*” John xix. 30.

- 1 “ ’TIS finish’d ! ”—So the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow’d his head, and died ;
“ ’Tis finish’d ! ” yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 “ ’Tis finish’d ! ”—all that was of old
Decreed, and prophets had foretold,
Is now fulfill’d, as Heaven design’d,
In thee, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 “ ’Tis finish’d ! ”—This thy dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone :
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this thy last expiring breath.
- 4 “ ’Tis finish’d ! Heaven is reconcil’d,
And all the powers of darkness spoil’d :
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 “ ’Tis finish’d ! ”—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round .
“ ’Tis finish’d ! ”—let the echo fly [sky.
Through heaven and hell, through earth and

85.

8.7.4.—“ *Behold the place where they laid him.*” Mark xvi. 6.

- 1 COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay :
He has burst the bands asunder :
He has borne our sins away ;
Joyful tidings !
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.
- 2 Jesus triumphs ! sing ye praises :
By his death he overcame ;
Thus the Lord his glory raises ;
Thus he fills his foes with shame :
Sing ye praises !
Praises to the victor's name.
- 3 Jesus triumphs ! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their king :
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join his praise to sing ;
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

97.

148th M.—*Christ the king of saints.*

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow at his command,
 And fall beneath his feet :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

111.

7s.—Christ our example in suffering.

- 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of Life arraign'd ;
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs his soul sustain'd !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of him to bear the cross.

HIS OFFICES AND CHARACTERS.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
—God's own sacrifice complete ;
“ It is finish'd :” hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
—Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes ;
Saviour, teach us how to rise.

122.

7s.—*Christ the good shepherd.* John x. 11—16.

- 1 HAPPY soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?
Jesus doth his spirit bear :
Jesus takes his every care :
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.
- 2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave ;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh :
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near ;
All his care rejoice to prove ;
All his paradise of love.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear :

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice ;
More and more of thee receive ;
Ever in thy Spirit live.

- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect like my Lord below :
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above.
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand ;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven.

125.

8. 7. 4.—“ *A light to lighten the Gentiles.*” Luke ii. 32.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze ;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze :
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth. .
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness !
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring ;
Light to lighten all the gentiles !
Rise with healing in thy wing ;
To thy brightness,
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone :
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

HIS SECOND ADVENT.

- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ; at thy command
Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land :
 Lord, be with them,
 Alway to the end of time.

126.

L. M.—“ *The light of the world.*” John viii. 12.

- 1 THE law and prophets all foretold
 That Christ should die and leave the grave,
Gather the world into his fold,
 The church of Jews and Gentiles save.
- 2 Yet, by the prince of darkness bound,
 The nations still are wrapt in night ;
They never heard the joyful sound,
 They never saw the gospel light.
- 3 Light of the world, again appear
 In mildest majesty of grace,
And bring the great salvation near,
 And claim our whole apostate race.

136.

8. 8. 6.—“ *To wait for his son from heaven.*” 1 Thess. i. 10.

- 1 TO wait for that important day,
When Jesus will his power display,
 Be this my one great care ;
To do his will, my business here ;
No toil to shun, no danger fear,
 Resolv'd his cross to share.
- 2 Though he should long prolong his stay,
And sinners mock at his delay,
 His people need not fear :
The man who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
 In glory will appear.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Be patient, then, my soul, and rest,
Be sure the Saviour's time is best,
And cannot be too late:
Rejoice in hope, the day will come,
When Jesus will convey thee home ;
Till then in patience wait.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

140.

C. M.—“*Thou hast wrought all our works in us.*” Isa. xxvi. 12.

- 1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift ;
My soul on thee depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive ;
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine :
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word is thine.
- 5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call ;
In whom we are, and move, and live ;
Our God is all in all.

142.

S. M.—*The Holy Spirit implored.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free :
Then we shall know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

143.

L. M.—For the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way :
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray ;—
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

145.

C. M.—*Human frailty and divine aid.*

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Life's voyage is of awful length,
Through dangers little known ;
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 3 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

146.

L. M.—*For the gift of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 POWER from on high, O God, impart,
Power in thy gospel to believe,
Power to surrender our whole heart,
Power all thy mercy to receive.
- 2 Convinc'd and humbled in the dust
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.
- 3 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ our Saviour glorify,
While we as children born of God,
With rapture, "Abba! Father!" cry.

147.

L. M.—*The Spirit accompanying the word of God.*

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness at thy coming light,
Confusion order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth, her God to meet ;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record :
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath will'd,
All flesh shall his salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd.
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd thro' Thee.

148.

C. M.—*The Spirit creating all things new.*

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroy'd :
Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the word :—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Produce the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew ?

THE BLESSINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL

- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
 To whom that Saviour came ?
- 5 Lo ! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
 To sovereign love alone.

THE BLESSINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE
GOSPEL. EXHORTATIONS AND WARNINGS.
THE VANITY OF THE WORLD. TIME AND
ETERNITY.

153.

C. M.—*The Saviour's invitation.* John vii. 37.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow :
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

158.

P. M.—“ *Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ?*” Lam. i. 12.

- 1 ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh :
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ? -
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is ;
 Come, see if there ever were sorrow like his !
- 2 For what you have done
 His blood must atone :
 The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son :
 The Lord, in the day
 Of his anger, did lay
 Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 3 He answer'd for all :
 O come at his call,
 And low at his feet with astonishment fall !
 Ye all may receive
 The peace he did leave,
 Who made intercession, “ My Father, forgive.”
- 4 For you and for me
 He pray'd on the tree :
 The prayer is accepted—the sinner is free.
 The sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 5 My pardon I claim ;
 For a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing on Jesus's name.
 He purchas'd the grace
 Which now I embrace :
 O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

- 6 His death is my plea,
 My advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd
 Acquitted I was [for me.
 When he hung on the cross,
 And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

178.

S. M.—*The issues of life and death.*

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 O! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the "second death!"
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun;
 Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
 And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest;
 Alone are found in Thee,
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

AWAKENING, CONTRITION, CONVERSION.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

187.

C. M.—*Esther's resolution accommodated to the penitent's application to Christ.* Esther iv. 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve :

2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
" Hath like a mountain rose,
" I know his courts, I'll enter in,
" Whatever may oppose.

3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
" And there my guilt confess ;
" I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
" Without his sovereign grace.

4 " I'll to the gracious King approach,
" Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
" Perhaps he may command my touch,
" And then the suppliant lives :

5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
" Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
" But if I perish, I will pray,
" And perish only there.

6 " I can but perish, if I go—
" I am resolv'd to try ;
" For, if I stay away, I know
" I must for ever die.

7 " But if I die with mercy sought,
" When I the King have tried,
" This were to die—delightful thought !
" As sinner never died."

188.

L. M.—“ *Return unto thy rest, O my soul.*” Ps. cxvi. 7.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, Satan's snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought :
From sickness unto death, made whole ;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife ;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest ;—with heart inclin'd
To keep his word, that word believe :
Christ is thy rest ;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

194.

L. M.—“ *Wherewith shall I come before the Lord ?*” Mic. vi. 6–8.

- 1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face ?
How in thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High ?
Will multiply'd oblations please ?
Thousands of rams his favour buy ;
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease ?
- 3 Can these avert the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain !

ADOPTION.

- 4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath show'd :
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk, by faith, with God.
- 5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone :
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.
- 6 What have I then wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast ;
My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 7 Guilty I stand before thy face ;
On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just ;—but O, thy Son hath died !
- 8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree !
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head ;
'Tis finish'd ! he hath died for me.
- 9 See, where before thy throne he stands,
And pours the' all-prevailing prayer !
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there !
- 10 He ever lives for me to pray ;
He prays that I with him may reign :
Amen, to what my Lord doth say !
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

197.

7s.—Privileges of God's children.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave ;
Life eternal they shall have :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

All their sins are wash'd away ;
They shall stand in God's great day :
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness ;
They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth ;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun :
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth ;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.
They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ :
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

206.

S. M.—“ *We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.*” Acts xiv. 22.

1 AS strangers here below,
With various woes oppress'd,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.

2 Thus Christ our glorious Head
Ascended to his throne ;
Why should his saints refuse to tread
The way their Lord has gone.

3 The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress ;
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

210.

C. M.—*Absence from God.*

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh :
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said " return ?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart.
A taste of joys divine.

211.

L. M.—*The backslider's prayer.*

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay !
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart
For many long rebellious years :
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare
In honour of my great High Priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to thy promis'd land.

214.

C. M.—*The true penitent the object of the Divine mercy.*
Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- 1 "SURELY," the God of grace declares,
"I've heard my Ephraim's moans,
"My eye has mark'd his streaming tears,
"My ear his broken groans."
- 2 "Thou hast chastis'd me, Lord," he cries,
"And I receiv'd the stroke,
"Like a young bullock when he feels
"The unaccustom'd yoke ;
- 3 "Turn me to thee, and I shall turn
"To thee, my God, in truth ;
"Thou art my father, thou the guide,
"And guardian of my youth."
- 4 "Thus have I heard," Jehovah cries,
"How humble Ephraim mourns,
"And to his penitential sighs
"My mercy thus returns.
- 5 "Can Ephraim be a son belov'd,
"The son of my delight ?
"I own him still, and he shall live
"Accepted in my sight."
- 6 Have you, like Ephraim, sinn'd? with him
Repent, and you shall find
That God who Ephraim's crimes forgave,
Is still as good and kind.

217.

P. M.—*Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner.* Luke xv. 3—7.

- 1 THERE was joy in Heaven !
 There was joy in Heaven !
 When this goodly world to frame,
 The Lord of might and mercy came :
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky—
 “ Glory to God in Heaven ! ”
- 2 There was joy in Heaven !
 There was joy in Heaven !
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow’s watery span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man,
 And peace with God in Heaven !
- 3 There was joy in Heaven !
 There was joy in Heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawn’d on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang, “ On earth good will,
 And glory in the Heaven ! ”
- 4 There is joy in Heaven !
 There is joy in Heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray,
 Turns again to virtue’s way ;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in Heaven ! ”

224.

C. M.—*Providence and grace.*

- 1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
 My glory and my all ;
 Unsent by Thee, no good can come,
 No evil can befall.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all the wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretch'd and powerful arm,
Upholds me in the way ;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.
- 4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due ;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

225.

C. M.—“ *Remember me, O God ! for good.*” Neh. xiii. 31.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows !
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord ! remember me.
- 2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily ;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
Oh, give me strength, Lord ! as my day ;
For good, remember me.
- 4 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be ;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 5 The hour is near ; consign'd to death,
I own the just decree :
Saviour ! with my last parting breath,
I'll cry—remember me.

241.

7. 6.—“ *The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?*”
Ps. xxvii.

- 1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase:
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;—
The Lord will give thee peace.

246.

8. 8. 6.—“ *Far from the top of the rocks I behold him.*” Numb. xxiii. 9.

- 1 THE sons of Israel stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own,
His cause and their's the same;
He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand,
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by his name,
- 2 Oh! Israel, who is like to thee!
A people sav'd and call'd to be
Peculiar to the Lord!
Thy shield! he guards thee from the foe!
Thy sword! he fights thy battle too!
Himself thy great reward!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Fear not, though many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
And makes thy cause his own ;
The promis'd land before thee lies,
Go and possess the glorious prize,
Reserv'd for thee alone.
- 4 In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away his people's tears,
And makes their sorrows cease :
From toil and grief they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.
- 5 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise ;
It lifts a worm of earth on high,
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

247.

S. M.—“ *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*” Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 HARK ! how the watchmen cry !
Attend the trumpet's sound ;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh ;
The powers of hell surround.
- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare,
The day of battle is at hand :
Go forth to glorious war.
- 3 Go up with Christ your Head ;
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 4 Only have faith in God,
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell.
- 5 By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We still to conquer go.
- 6 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies;
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
- 7 Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me.

258.

L. M.—“ *I have set the Lord always before me.*” Psa. xvi. 8, with
Rom. xii. 11, and 1 Cor. x. 31.

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

268.

S. M.—“ *Unto him shall the gathering of the people be.*” Gen. xlix. 10.

- 1 CENTRE of unity,
Our precious Corner-stone !
Collect thy people unto thee,
And perfect them in one ;
Break down the wall between
Even as thou hast foretold ;
And all the wandering sheep bring in,
And make us all one fold.
- 2 Object of the world's desire,
Jesus we fain would see ;
O might every heart aspire,
With ours to rest in thee !
O might all our Saviour know,
Where'er by Sin or Satan driven,
Gather'd to thy church below,
And to thy throne in heaven.

269.

8. 7.—*Zion, or the city of God.* Isa. xxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He, whose words cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode :
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 2 See ! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to' assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails, from age to age.
- 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

270.

8. 7. 4.—“ *As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.*” Ps. cxxv. 2.

- 1 ZION stands by hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine ;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion !
What a favour'd lot is thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Every human tie may perish !
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 If thy God should shew displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy ;
If he punish, 'tis in measure,
'Tis to rid thee of alloy ;
Be thou patient,
Soon thy griefs shall turn to joy.
- 4 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright ;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in his sight ;
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light.

271.

S. M. —“ Behold I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way.”
Exodus xxiii. 20.

- 1 THOU very paschal lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came ;
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace
Fulfil thy character :
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

275.

L. M.—*The increase of the church desired.* Ps. lxxvii.

- 1 MAY God his favouring ear incline,
And bid his face on Zion shine ;
That all, thy counsels, Lord, may know,
Where earth extends, or oceans flow.
- 2 To Thee, of life the eternal spring,
Invisible all-potent King,
One chorus let all nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.
- 3 Exult each tribe, exult each land ;
Heaven's mighty Lord, with equal hand,
The balance holds, and earth's domain,
Shall own to latest age his reign.
- 4 Warm'd by his genial suns, the field
With full increase its fruits ~~shall~~ yield ;
And God, thy God, O Zion, shed
His choicest blessings on thy head.
- 5 Great God, on us thy blessings shower,
Let man's whole race revere thy power ;
And, thankful, to their wondering eyes,
Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.

276.

148th M.—*" Shine upon us."* Ps. lxxvii.

- 1 RISE, gracious God ! and shine
In all thy saving might ;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise,
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways :
Reign, mighty God ! assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power !
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to thee :
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

277.

L. M.—*The universal church.* Isa. lxvi. 12, 19, 23.]

- 1 THUS saith the Lord,—“ My church, to thee
Peace, like a river, I will send ;
The Gentiles, in a stream, shall see
My mercy flowing without end.
- 2 The isles that never heard my fame,
Nor knew the glory of my might,
They shall be taught to fear my name,
—Call’d out of darkness into light.
- 3 And it shall come to pass, that vows,
From Sabbath unto Sabbath day,
From moon to moon, in mine own house,
All nations, tribes, and tongues shall pay.”

292.

C. M.—*The Christian life a warfare and pilgrimage.*

- 1 A SOLDIER’S course from battles won
To new commencing strife,
A pilgrim’s restless as the sun :—
Behold the christian’s life !

EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE.

- 2 The hosts of Satan pant for spoil—
How can our warfare close ?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil—
How can we hope repose ?
- 3 O let us seek our heavenly home,
Reveal'd in sacred lore ;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more :—
- 4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour reign ;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath
His holy realm profane :—
- 5 The land, where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,)
Jehovah's ever burning throne,
Upholds unbroken day :—
- 6 Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where grace achieves its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

300.

L. M.—*Joshua's Resolution.* Josh. xxiv. 15.

- 1 AH ! wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil I may sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 O be his service all my joy ;
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

301.

C. M.—*Praise for Faith.*

- 1 OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,
 Thou giver of all good !
 Not heaven itself a richer knows
 Than my Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith, too, the blood receiving grace,
 From the same hand we gain,
 Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
 That gift had been in vain.
- 3 Till thou thy teaching power apply,
 Our hearts refuse to see,
 And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
 Shut out the view of thee.
- 4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
 What misery we endure !
 Yet fly that hand from which alone
 We could expect a cure,
- 5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
 To Thee, our all we owe ;
 The precious Saviour, and the power,
 That makes Him precious too.

309.

6 8s.—“ *The Lord's hand is not shortened.*” Isa. lix. 1.

- 1 NO, Lord, it cannot shorten'd be—
That Hand which plagued th' Egyptian race,
Which brought thy people through the sea,
Which led them through the wilderness;
Which hath to us so often given
Drink from the rock, and bread from heaven.
- 2 That Hand hath open'd wide mine eyes :
That Hand, which now by faith I see,
Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
And grasps the winds, and covers me!
It brings the blind through ways unknown :
It holds, it lifts me to a throne.
- 3 Kept by that Hand, I cannot fear,
Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence,
I trample on temptation near,
Supported by Omnipotence ;
Safe compass'd round, for Christ is mine,
With boundless love, and power divine !

310.

P. M.—*Triumph of Faith.*

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation ;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher :
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour ;
The love divine,
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation :
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation :
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us ;
The cross despise,
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

311.

8s.—*Assurance of Faith.*

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.

FEAR OF GOD.

The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began
The arm of his strength will complete ;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet :
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase ;
Imprest on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given,
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven !

315.

6 Bs.—“ *Ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God, because of the reproach of the heathen our enemies.*” Neh. v. 9.

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame ;
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart :
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

317.

6 8s.—“ *Who is a God like unto thee that pardoneth iniquity.*”
Mic. vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
Display thine attributes divine ;
But the fair glories of thy grace,
Beyond thine other wonders shine :
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare ;
This is thine own prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 3 Pardon — from an offended God !
Pardon — for sins of deepest die !
Pardon — bestow'd through Jesus' blood !
Pardon — that brings the rebel nigh !
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 4 Oh, may this glorious, matchless love,
This godlike miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise :
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

320.

C. M.—“ *Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.*” Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice,
Pronounce these words of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

HOLINESS, OBEDIENCE, RELIGION.

- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven ;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread ;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know ;
That hand that scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

336.

L. M.—*Our bodies the temples of the Holy Spirit.* 1 Cor. vi. 19.
2 Cor. vi. 16.

- 1 AND will the offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men ?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise ?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast,
All hail ! I cry, thou heavenly guest !
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of Glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train ;
Here live, and here for ever reign ;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet ;
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.
- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace ;
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And God in Christ be all in all.

341.

L. M.—*Holiness desired.*

- 1 HEAR me, O God of righteousness,
Whilst I my numerous sins confess :
Purge from my soul each guilty stain,
Nor let a single spot remain.
- 2 When pardon'd and when purified,
I'll spread thy glories far and wide ;
And loudly sing redeeming love,
Both here, and in the world above.

343.

C. M.—*Religion the road to happiness.*

- 1 O HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream,
Where is thy substance found ?
Sought through the varying scenes in vain
Of earth's capacious round.
- 2 Religion's sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines,
With unpolluted ray.
- 3 To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies,
Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys,
In endless prospect rise.

356.

C. M.—“ *Although the fig-tree shall not blossom—yet I will rejoice in the Lord.*” Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mournful field,
Extend her desolating reign ;
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain ;
- 2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famish'd master die ;
And hope, itself, despairing, weep,
While life deplores its last supply ;

JOY AND REJOICING.

- 3 Amid the dark, the dreadful scene,
If I can say, The Lord is mine !
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives ;
My nobler life he will sustain :
His word immortal vigour gives ;
Nor shall my glorious hope be vain.
- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die ;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 Oh ! let me hear thy blissful voice
Inspiring life and joys divine :
The barren desert shall rejoice,
'Tis paradise if thou art mine.

357.

L. M.—*Joy in the presence of God.* Ps. lxxiii.

- 1 O GOD, thou art my God alone ;
Early to thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head,
- 3 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compar'd with thee.
- 4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

359.

C. M.—“ *Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord.*”
Hosea vi. 3.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal source of light,
And make thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarg'd adoring sight,
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur, and their praise
Are in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to read thy name,
True life to obey thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day,
Fix and complete the view.

374.

C. M.—“ *Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.*” 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

- 1 FAITH, hope, and love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest ;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.
- 2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith to sight above ;
These are the means, but this the end ;
For saints for ever love.

382.

C. M.—*Moderation ; or the saint indeed.* Phil. iv. 5

- 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean :
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

MODERATION AND TEMPERANCE.

- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part ;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast ;
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart :
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd :
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.
- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love ;
The bigot's rage can never dwell,
Where rests the peaceful dove.
- 7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to controul ;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above ;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

383.

L. M.—*Agur's wish.* Prov. xxx 8.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of blessing, ever bless'd,
Enriching all, of all possess'd,
By thee, O Lord, creation's fed,
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 To thee, my life, my friends I owe ;
From thee my various comforts flow ;
And every blessing which I need,
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
Not dainty meat, nor rich attire :
Content with little would I be ;
That little, Lord, must come from thee.
- 4 While carnal men with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more,
With Agur's wish I'm satisfied,
Nor envy them the world beside.

387.

L. M.—*A good conscience.* Acts xxiii. 1. xxiv. 16. 2 Cor. i. 12.
1 Pet. iii. 16.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ;
Dispel my doubts, my fears controul,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come smiling hope, and joy sincere ;
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
Oh, make these sacred pleasures mine !
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then should my eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors, near :
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.
- 5 Nay, should the frame of nature fall,
And flames surround this earthly ball ;
Even then, my soul, without dismay
The mighty ruin would survey.

PROMISES.

- 6 Yes, far beyond these lower skies,
New worlds salute my longing eyes ;
Blest worlds, where peace her throne maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns.

389.

11s.—“ *Exceeding great and precious promises.*” 2 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ?
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding with wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 'When through the deep waters, I call thee to go,
'The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
'For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
'And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
'My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
'The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design,
'Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 'Fear not—I am with thee—oh ! be not dismay'd ;
'I—I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
'I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
'Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 6 'Even down to old age, my people shall prove,
'My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love :
'And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
'Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.'
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not give up to its foes ;
That soul though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

391.

C. M.—“*My soul waiteth for God.*” Ps. cxxx. 6.

- 1 BREATHE from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north ;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth !
- 2 I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
And wait with patient hope ;
But hope delay'd, fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirits up.
- 3 Help me to reach the distant goal :
Confirm my feeble knee :
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee !
- 4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.
- 5 I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar ;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.
- 6 There, till the dear Deliverer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer ;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find him there.

401.

L. M.—“*Our Father, which art in heaven.*” Matt. vi. 9—13.

- 1 FATHER, ador'd in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still ;
Thy kingdom come with power and love ;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake :
O ! let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

- 3 Evils beset us every hour ;
Thy kind protection we implore ;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power ;
Be thine the glory evermore.

404.

C. M.—“ *The preparation of the heart.*” Prov. xvi. 1.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
O grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Burden'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 4 God of all grace we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts :
- 5 Give deep humility ;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;—
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live :
- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;—
- 7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 8 Give these—and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

410.

L. M.—*Scriptural prayers.*

- 1 WITH wandering Jacob let us say
“If God will keep me by the way,
Guide and defend me, clothe, and feed,
Then God shall be my God indeed.”
- 2 With him who led the ransom'd flock
Through the Red Sea to Sinai's rock,
Be this our one supreme request,
“Thy presence with us go or rest.”
- 3 Join we God's people in our youth,
Quit the vain world, like humble Ruth,
With them resolved our lot to try,
Rejoice or suffer, live and die.
- 4 Like Joshua, through this war of life,
Victor in many a deadly strife,
May each this solemn pledge record,
“I and my house will serve the Lord.”
- 5 When prayers and vows to heaven we make,
The words of Solomon we'll take,
Freely for *every* blessing call,
Yet ask *forgiveness* with them all.
- 6 And now, O Lord our God, to Thee
The sum of our petitions be
The language of thy blessed Son,
“Father, thy will, not mine, be done.”

412.

L. M.—“*Where is the Lord God of Elijah?*” 2 Kings ii. 14.

- 1 OH for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old ;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and seal'd him thine ;
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine ?
- 3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways ;
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays ?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power ;
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour ?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
Renew thy work, thy grace restore ;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more.

414.

7s.— God praised for his mercies. Ps. cxxxvi.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed :
His full hand supplies their need :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

429.

C. M.—“ *Let all the people praise thee.*” Ps. lxxvii.

- 1 BE merciful to us, O God !
Upon thy people shine ;
And spread thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to thine own,
And let that light extend,
Till thy prevailing name is known,
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the nation's praise thee, Lord ;
Let all their homage bring :
From sea to sea be thou ador'd,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.
- 4 Let all the people praise thee, Lord ;
Then earth her fruits shall give :
Thy blessing shall on all be pour'd ;
And all to thee shall live.

430.

8. 7.—*Universal praise.* Ps. cxlviii.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Praise the Lord; for he his glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

431.

L. M.—“ *We praise thee, O God.*”

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.
- 2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Cherub and seraph, height o'er height,
The heavens, and all the powers of light:
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.
- 4 Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King;
Thee, the Lord God of Hosts, they sing;
Through earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

433.

L. M.—*God the deliverer of his people.* Ps. cxxvi.

- 1 WHEN God from sin's captivity
Sets his afflicted people free,
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.
- 2 But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice,
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
“The Lord hath done great things for them.”

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 They catch the strain and answer thus,
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence gladness fills our hearts and songs,
Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."
- 4 Turn our captivity, O Lord,
As southern rivers, at thy word,
Bound from their channels, and restore
Plenty, where all was waste before.
- 5 Who sow in tears, shall reap in joy;
Nought shall the precious seed destroy,
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

434.

148th M.—*The completing of the spiritual temple.* Zech. iv. 7.

- 1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise.
Ye saints around,
Through all its frame,
The builder's name
Harmonious sound.
- 2 Beneath his eye and care
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies.
There shall he place
The polish'd stone,
Ordain'd to crown
This work of grace.

436.

7s.—*Creation and redemption.*

- 1 LORD, when we creation scan,
What thy power has done for man,
All our conscious hearts agree,
How much men must owe to thee.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Every note that cheers the vale,
Every sweet that scents the gale,
Every blooming flower we see,
Tells what joy we owe to thee.
- 3 Every breath that heaves the breast,
Every sound by voice exprest,
Every thought the mind sets free,
Tells that life we owe to thee.
- 4 But when we redemption view,
Gaze on all thy love could do;
Lord! our grateful hearts agree,
How much more we owe to thee.
- 5 When we think what we had been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin;
Sav'd from sin, from sorrow free,
More than joy we owe to thee.
- 6 When we hear our master say,
"Death is vanquished, come away,
Heaven is yours," we all must see,
More than life we owe to thee.

438.

C. M.—*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 LET us, the sheep, by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bless;
Let us whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.
- 2 Not unto us, but thee alone,
Be praise and glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carried on in heaven.
- 3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

- 4 Had we our tongues, like them inspir'd,
 Like them our songs should rise;
 Like theirs, we never should be tir'd,
 But love the sacrifice.
- 5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays;
 And when, O Lord! we reach thy throne,
 We'll join in nobler praise.

444.

6. 4.—*Worthy the Lamb.*

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And saints, cry evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye who surround the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 Ye who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 3 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name:
 Still will we tribute bring,
 Hail him our gracious King;
 And through all ages sing
 "Worthy the Lamb."

471.

C. M.—*The heavenly Canaan.* Deut. iii. 27. xxxiv. 1-4.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

PROSPECT OF DEATH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 O the transporting rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling wind, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 [Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.]

473.

7s.—The dying Christian to his soul.

- 1 DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought!
Go to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown,
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Lo ! he beckons from on high ;
Fearless to his presence fly,
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distress,
Willing to retain its guest ?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die,
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
Burst thy shackles ; drop thy clay ;
Sweetly breathe thyself away.
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.
- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on him ;
Him whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve:
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
- 5 See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale ;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See ! they throng the blissful shore.
- 6 Mount, their transports to improve ;
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given ;
Kindle higher joy in heaven :

FOUNDING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death.

477.

7s.—Heaven in prospect.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the cords,
“ Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.”
- 4 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
’Twas the Saviour’s righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.
- 5 Who were these ?—on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam’s race,
Guilt and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us ;
Ah ! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

479.

L. M.—On laying the foundation stone of a place for worship.

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee ;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive !
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosannah ! to their heavenly king,
When children's voices raise that song ;
Hosannah ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

486.

L. M.—*Prayer for ministers.* 2 Cor. vi. 7. 1 Thess. v. 12, 13.
Heb. xiii. 18.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge,
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine ;
To them the sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

CHOICE OF PASTORS AND DEACONS.

- 4 Teach them aright to sow the seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound :
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains,
And light thro' distant realms be spread
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

490.

L. M.—For direction in the choice of a pastor. Ezra viii. 21.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servant's groans indulgent hear ;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right ;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain ?
- 3 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

491.

C. M.—Choice of deacons. Acts. vi. 1 Tim. iii. 8, 13.

- 1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear ;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And join in fervent prayer.
- 2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose ;
Thy house on earth to guide ;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion bless'd ;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possess'd.
- 4 Sound in the faith, sincere, and grave,
And full of good report :
Not such as filthy lucre crave,
Or praise or favour court.
- 5 Not slanderers, or double tongued,
Or men of empty boast ;
But those to whom the praise belonged,
Of faithful, sober, just.
- 6 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness ;
Such may our deacons ever be,
With such thy people bless.

492.

L. M.—*On the appointment of a minister.*

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus our exalted head ;—
Come as a servant,—so *He* came,
And we *receive* thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a Shepherd ; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a Watchman ; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on the way,
That safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fir'd with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

496.

L. M.—*Reception into Christian fellowship.* Gen. xxiv. 31.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name,
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love :
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

502.

S. M.—*The attractive influence of a crucified Saviour.* John xii. 32.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight,
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.
- 4 I see and I adore,
In sympathy of love:
I feel the strong attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine
With cheerful ardour to confess
The energy divine.
- 6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

503.

P. M.—*The Lord's supper.* John vi.

- 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

504.

7. 6.—*The same.*

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray ;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away :
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release :
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our sickness heal :
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease :
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 4 [Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve ;
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give !
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness :
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.]

505.

7s.—After the Lord's supper.

- 1 SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout the' accomplish'd sacrifice !
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,
Listening angels join the song ;
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours !
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done ;
Greet we now the' atoning Son ;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ and one with God.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love,

506.

L. M.—*For a friendly or benefit society.*

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirits shall rejoice :
Assembled here, with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.
- 2 Since He regards our low estate,
And hears his servants when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Whence none are ever turn'd away.
- 3 God of our hope! to Thee we bow,
Thou art our Refuge in distress ;
The Husband of the widow Thou,
The Father of the fatherless !
- 4 The poor are thy peculiar care,
To them thy promises are sure ;
Thy gifts, " the poor in spirit " share,
O may we always thus be poor.
- 5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here ;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst thou not give thy Son to die,
For our transgressions, in our stead ?
And can thy goodness aught deny,
To those for whom thy Son hath bled ?
- 7 Then may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever, firm and free ;
At Thy right-hand may we be one,
One with each other, and with Thee !

509.

C. M.—*For the children of charity schools. "All things come of thee."*
1 Chron. xxix. 14.

- 1 O LORD, who dost thy boundless power
In acts of goodness show ;
Thy mercy let the world adore,
Thence all our blessings flow.
- 2 This still shall be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing ;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou the' unfailing spring:
- 3 Each hand and heart that lends us aid,
Thou dost inspire and guide ;
Nor shall their love be unrepaid
Who for the poor provide.
- 4 May all the pleasing pains they share
Be crown'd with wish'd success ;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless.

512.

6 8s.—*"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."*
Mark x. 14.

- 1 THE voice of love, the voice of power,
Was heard in that delightful hour,
When Jesus in the temple press'd
Young children to his gracious breast,
And said, from fears to set them free,
"Forbid them not to come to me."
- 2 That wondrous voice is heard no more
Its sounds on mortal ears to pour,
Yet all the good his word obey,
And follow where he led the way ;
They in His stead the children take,
And bless them for their Master's sake.
- 3 There comes a day, a solemn day,
When mortal scenes shall pass away,

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

When many a bright and heavenly band,
Around the Judge of earth shall stand,
And o'er each sweet seraphic strain,
That wondrous voice be heard again.

- 4 And oh ! may we and all around
With joy at His right hand be found,
Then shall we hear that voice approve,
Our works of Mercy, Faith, and Love,
And bid us pure and perfect rise,
To join the music of the skies !
Hosannah, Hallelujah, Amen.

513.

L. M. — For a day of humiliation.

- 1 O MAY the power which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here !
Or else our service will but mock
That God whom we profess to fear.
- 2 How long hath he bestow'd his care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful land ?
How oft in times of danger near,
Preserv'd us by his sovereign hand ?
- 3 Here, peace and liberty have dwelt ;
The glorious gospel brightly shone :
And oft our mightiest foes have felt
That God hath made our cause his own.
- 4 But ah ! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love ;
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
For all his care unthankful prove.
- 5 See ! he uplifts his chastening rod ;
O where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do ?

MISSIONARY SERVICES.

- 6 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray,
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

518.

L. M.—*The success of the gospel in our days.*

- 1 "LET there be light:" thus spake the word;
The word was God; "and there was light:"
Still a creative voice is heard;
A day is born from every night.
- 2 And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll;
But we have seen a brighter day
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.
- 3 Nor we alone; its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of Pagan sleep;
The word hath reach'd the utmost isles,
God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
- 4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands;
Once more inhales immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.
- 5 From day to day before our eyes
Glow and extends the work begun;
When shall the new creation rise
On every land beneath the sun?
- 6 When in the Sabbath of his love,
Shall God amidst his labours rest;
And, bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures bless'd?

519.

L. M.—*"But thou art the same."* Ps. cii. 27.

- 1 NOW may the mighty arm awake,
That wonders wrought in ancient days,
That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
And God his own fair temple raise.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 Art thou not still the same, O God ?
The same to hear, the same to save,
As when thy servant mov'd his rod
At thy command, and cleft the wave ?
- 3 Is any thing too hard for thee,
For thee whose arm is cloth'd with might ;
Then let thy waiting people see
Thy power display'd, a wondrous sight.
- 4 The power that sets the prisoner free,
That wipes the mourner's tears away ;
That power that makes the blind to see,
And turns the darkest night to day.
- 5 Shine, Lord, upon the world around,
To sinners let thy grace be given,
So shall thy people's songs abound,
And angels feel new joys in heaven.

530.

8. 7. 4.—“ *The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations.*” Isa. lii. 10.

- 1 YES ! we trust the day is breaking :
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God is speaking,
By his word, in every land :
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the rising ray ;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day ;
At his presence,
Gloom and darkness fly away.
- 3 [While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad :
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.]

MISSIONARY SERVICES.

- 4 Oh ! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way ;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 5 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand ;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land :
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

532.

L. M.—“ *For a great and effectual door is opened unto me.*” 1 Cor. xvi. 9

- 1 NOW let “ a great effectual door ”
Be open'd to our labors, Lord !
That open'd, shall be shut no more,
A door of entrance to thy word.
- 2 O touch their lips with hallow'd fire
Who to the world unfold thy plan,
Their hearts with sacred love inspire,
The love of God, the love of man.
- 3 O animate thy servants, Lord,
With zeal that nothing can repress ;
And while they seek to spread thy word,
Their counsels and their labours bless.
- 4 O send thy Spirit from above,
Nor let his holy influence cease,
Till hatred ends in mutual love,
And strife in universal peace.

534.

8. 7. 4.—*Encouragement to missionaries.*

- 1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth :
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save ;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave :
Blessed freedom,
Such as Zion's children have.
- 3 When expos'd to fearful dangers
Jesus will his own defend ;
Borne afar midst foes and dangers,
Jesus will appear your friend :
And his presence,
Shall be with you to the end.

535.

C. M.—*For christian missionaries.*

- 1 MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen worlds the Lord shall know,
And warm'd with faith each bosom glow.
- 2 Even now the hallow'd scenes appear,
Even now unfolds the promis'd year !
Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Midst burning climes, and frozen plains,
Where heathen darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail ;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

536.

L. M.—*Prospect of success.* Isa. li. 3 ; John iv. 35.

- 1 BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.

- 2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire ;
The ripening fields, already white,
Present an harvest to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come let us with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze the hoisted sail,
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall be, as favour'd Britain, blest.

540.

7. 6.—“ *All nations shall call him blessed.*” Ps. lxxii.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 By such he shall be feared,
While sun and moon endure ;
Belov'd, obey'd, revered,
For he shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.
- 4 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
- 5 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean,
In tribute at his feet.
- 6 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing.
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 7 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.

The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown.
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

- 8 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is—Love.

541.

148th M.—*The wilderness transformed: or, the happy effects of the gospel.* Isa. xli. 18, 19, compared with xxxv. 1, 2; xi. 6—9; lv. 13, &c.

- 1 AMAZING beauteous change !
A world created new !
My thoughts with transport range
The lovely scene to view ;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is thine,
Be thine the praise.
- 2 See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands ;
The river's winding way,
Shines through the thirsty lands ;
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.
- 3 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers for ever new
The painted fields adorn ;

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

The blushing rose,
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare and disarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade ;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

5 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er :
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more ;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

6 O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise ;
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes ?
That earth may raise
With all its tongues
United songs
Of ardent praise.

547.

L. M.—“ *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*” 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 MY helper, God ! I bless his name,
The same his pow'r, his grace the same ;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 2 I, 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

549.

C. M.—*Harvest.*

- 1 FAIR spring, with all its beauties yields
To summer's fervid ray ;
Gay verdure now adorns the fields,
And blessings crown the day.
- 2 The husbandman with joy beholds
The fruit of all his pain,
At length his cultur'd land unfolds
Rich sheaves of golden grain.
- 3 Thankful to see a plenteous crop,
In songs the gift he owns :
Cheerful again he sows in hope,
And God his labour crowns.
- 4 Thus may the heralds of the Lord
Behold a prospect fair,
Where'er they sow the precious word,
Abundant fruit appear.
- 5 Lord, grant us all divine success,
Amidst our arduous toil ;
The seed shall have a large increase,
If thou prepare the soil.

- 6 A joyful harvest they shall have,
 Who now in sadness sow ;
 And those shall live to sing above
 Who wept for sin below.

551.

C. M.—God's regard to the young.

- 1 ISAAC was ransom'd when he lay,
 Upon the altar bound ;
 Moses, an infant-castaway,
 Pharaoh's own daughter found.
- 2 Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
 God rais'd above them all ;
 To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
 How Eli's house must fall.
- 3 David the bear and lion slew,
 And on Goliath trod :
 Josiah, from his boyhood, knew
 His father David's God.
- 4 To good Naomi, gentle Ruth
 Clave with a daughter's soul :
 A little maid reveal'd the truth,
 When Naaman was made whole.
- 5 Children are thus Jehovah's care ;
 Thus youth may seek his face ;
 Since his own Son he did not spare,
 With Him He gives all grace.
- 6 Grace, like the young of whom we read,
 Early in him to trust,
 —A friend in need, a friend in deed,
 As merciful as just.
- 7 Lord, while like these our course we run,
 Be thou to us that friend ;
 And in the footsteps of thy Son,
 Conduct us to the end.

553.

C. M.—*The gratitude of children.*

- 1 FROM the first dawn of infant life,
Thy goodness we have shar'd ;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spar'd.
- 2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught to read the Word of Truth,
May we that word receive :
And when we hear of Jesu's name,
In that blest name believe !
- 4 Let not our feet incline to tread,
Sin's broad destructive road !
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

558.

L. M.—“ *Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?*” Jer. iii. 4.

- 1 DOES God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The sons of men his children call,
And with a father's tender heart,
Offer his blessings to impart ?
- 2 Does he invite them to his throne,
To make their father's God their own,
To seek his aid, and share his love,
While here, and in the world above ?
- 3 From this time wilt thou not, my son,
Haste to thy heavenly Father's throne,
And there, in every fear and strait,
For his support and counsel wait ?
- 4 Yes, Lord, our inmost souls rejoice,
To hear our Father's gracious voice ;
And to thy care our all commend,
To be our guide till life shall end.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 5 While young or old, through life or death,
Thy praises shall employ our breath,
And we for ever shall proclaim
Our Father's and our Saviour's name.

559.

L. M.—*The Lord's day.*

- 1 TO-DAY the Lord our Shepherd leads
To living streams his little flock,
In green and flowery pastures feeds,
And shades at noon, beneath the rock.
- 2 To-day we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to the call ;
In Him unseen our hearts rejoice,
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.
- 3 Far from his fold we went astray,
The howling wilderness he cross'd,
From Satan pluck'd us like a prey,
Nor spar'd himself to save the lost.
- 4 Beneath his eye no vain alarms,
No ravening wolves our walks infest,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And bears the feeble on his breast.
- 5 By him conducted, though we tread
Death's valley darkening on the view,
No evil there our spirits dread,
His rod and staff will guide us through.
- 6 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before Him stand,
O be the flock assembling here,
Found with the sheep at his right hand.

560.

7s.—*The same.*

- 1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest !
Time of leaving worldly care,
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare ;

THE YOUNG.

Day when our Redeemer rose
Victor o'er the hosts of hell ;
Thus he vanquish'd all our foes,
Let our lips his glory tell.

- 2 Gracious Lord, we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word ;
When we sing thy praise and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford :
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly sabbaths, happier days !
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,—
Endless joys and endless praise.

561.

For Sunday or charity schools.

- 1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer
In heaven thy dwelling-place,
From children made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.
- 2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day ;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play,
Thy holy Sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear ; but oh, impart
To each desires sincere ;
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.
- 4 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun which ne'er declines !
Oh be thy mercy shower'd on those,
Who plac'd us where it shines.

562.

7s.—“ *If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.*” Luke xix. 40.

- 1 CHILDREN once were heard to sing,
When so many silent were ;
Glad they welcom'd Israel's King,
And hosannahs fill'd the air.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 David's Son and David's Lord,
Heard their praises and approv'd :
Be our Saviour's grace ador'd ;
Be our Saviour's name belov'd.
- 3 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,
If we try our song to raise ;
Children we, like those of old,
Taught, like them, to lisp thy praise.
- 4 Jesus, hail ! we sing of thee ;
Welcome to thine house of prayer :
Let our hearts thy temple be :
Lord, set up thy kingdom there.
- 5 Make us wise thy name to know ;
Let us feel thy power and love ;
Ours to serve thee, Lord, below
And to dwell with thee above :
- 6 There to sing hosannahs loud ;
There a Saviour's praise to sing ,
Mix with yonder joyful crowd,
And for ever praise our King,

563.

S.M.—“ *Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.*” Ps. cxix. 9.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God to thee I pray ;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may “cleanse my way.”
- 2 Now, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
O God ! thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

THE YOUNG.

- 4 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclin'd ;
O ! let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 Make thy young servant learn
By these to "cleanse his way,"
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

565.

L. M.—*Praise and Prayer.*

- 1 TO thee, O God, our praise belongs ;
For heaven and earth their anthems pour !
And angel hosts with choral songs,
Circle Thy throne for evermore !
- 2 And Thou dost not our songs despise !
But as a father hears his child,
So dost Thou listen from the skies,
Oh God, our Father reconcil'd.
- 3 Without the shinings of Thy face,
Mournful and dark this world would be !
Sinful and weak we need Thy grace :
Saviour ! and guide !—we look to Thee.
- 4 And as our tongues confess Thy name,
So may our hearts Thy statutes prize !—
As now Thy praises we proclaim,
So may we praise thee in the skies !
Hallelujah ! Amen.

566.

L. M.—*The prayer of Jabez.* 1 Chron. iv. 10.

- 1 " O GOD of Israel, hear my prayer !
 Let me thy richest blessing share :
 Thy blessing shall my portion be ;
 Oh ! let that blessing rest on me !
- 2 " If shining suns my path attend,
 And all their cheering influence lend,
 Thy blessing still I'll most desire ;
 To that my highest hopes aspire.
- 3 " Or if affliction's storm should low'r,
 I'll trust thee in the darkest hour ;
 On thee I'll rest my anxious mind,
 And in thy blessing comfort find.
- 4 " Preserve me from the snares of sin,
 And ever keep my conscience clean ;
 Till all the cares of life shall cease,
 And blessing thee, I die in peace !"
- 5 Thus pious Jabez often pray'd,
 Reclining on Jehovah's aid ;
 And all who seek the Lord shall find
 The God of Jabez still as kind.
- 6 O may the youths assembled here,
 With holy love and humble fear,
 Like him, present the fervent prayer,
 And in thy richest blessing share.

567.

C. M.—" *Go to the ant.*" Prov. vi. 6. x. 5.

- 1 SEE how the little toiling ant
 Improves the harvest hours ;
 While summer lasts, through all her cells
 The choicest stores she pours.

CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE, MEETING AND PARTING.

- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts ;
But youth of life's the prime :
Best is this season for our work,
And this the' accepted time.
- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice ;
To-morrow, Folly cries :
And still to-morrow 'tis, when oh !
To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour ;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

568.

L. M.—*Christian fellowship.*

- 1 FEW are the hours when we can share
The comfort of united prayer :
O Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which now assembles us once more.
- 2 Teach us, though in a world of sin,
Heaven's best employment to begin ;
To speak our great Redeemer's praise,
And love his name, and learn his ways.
- 3 Grant that our souls renew'd by thee,
In faith and friendship may agree ;
And, for thy sake, delight to heal
Or share the pain which others feel.
- 4 Teach us to love as Christians ought,
Nor keep one proud or angry thought ;
And when we meet or when we part,
Still ever keep us one in heart.
- 5 Father, look down with pitying eye ;
Our sins forgive, our wants supply :
Through steadfast faith, which works by love,
Prepare us for thy rest above.

569.

8. 7. 4.—“ *Endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.*” Eph. iv. 3.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us walk together
In the bonds of love and peace ;
Can it be a question, whether
Brethren should from conflict cease ?
’Tis in union
Hope and joy and love increase.
- 2 While we journey homeward let us
Help each other on the road ;
Foes on every side beset us,
Snares through all the way are strew’d ;
It behoves us
Each to bear a brother’s load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father
Has forgiven, and does forgive,
Brethren, we should learn the rather,
Free from wrath, and strife to live,
Far removing
All that might offend or grieve.
- 4 Then let each esteem his brother
Better than himself to be,
And let each prefer another,
Full of love, from envy free,
Happy are we
When in this we all agree.

572.

S. M.—*Brotherly love.*

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father’s throne,
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE, MEETING AND PARTING.

- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

573.

S. M.—*Separating for the work of Christ.*

- 1 AND let our bodies part ;
To different climes repair ;
Inseparably joined in heart,
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 O let us still proceed,
In Jesu's work below,
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquest go.
- 3 O let our hearts and mind,
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end.
- 4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 5 The church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest ;
 And crowned with endless joy return,
 To our eternal rest.

574.

C. M.—*The shortness of life. Death a final adieu to this world.*
Job xiv. 1—15.

- 1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man of woman born !
 Thy doom is written, "dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state,
 In flowers that bloom and die ;
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
 That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand,
 Before thy sovereign Lord ?
 Can troubled and polluted springs,
 A hallow'd stream afford ?
- 4 Determin'd are the days that fly,
 Successive o'er thy head ;
 The number'd hour is on the wing,
 That lays thee with the dead.
- 5 Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath,
 The short allotted span,
 That bounds the few and weary days
 Of pilgrimage to man.
- 6 All nature dies, and lives again :
 The flower that paints the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And bows and blossoms yield,
- 7 Resign the honours of their form,
 At winter's stormy blast,
 And leave the naked leafless plain,
 A desolated waste.

DEATH AND THE FUTURE STATE.

- 8 Yet soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return :
Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn ?
- 10 The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost,
From that abyss again.
- 11 So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.
- 12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 13 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest !
- 14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

575.

L. M.—*The living and the dead.*

- 1 *WHERE* are the dead? in heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell ;
Their buried forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.
- 2 *Who* were the dead? The sons of time,
In every age, and state, and clime ;
Renown'd, dishonour'd, or forgot,
The place that knew them, knows them no

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 *Where are the living?* On the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found ;
Where, in the period of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal man.
- 4 *Who are the living?* They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death ;
Of bliss or woe the eternal heirs ;
O what an awful choice is theirs !
- 5 Then, timely warn'd, may we begin,
To follow Christ, and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead !

584.

C. M.—*On the death of ministers or missionaries.*

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own ;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past ; their work is done ;
And they are fully blest :
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And enter'd into rest.
- 4 The flock must feel the Shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care ;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.
- 5 And is not he who called them home,
Still to his church most nigh ;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all their need supply ?
- 6 Then let her sorrows cease to flow !
God has recall'd his own ;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

587.

L. M.—*"I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness."* Ps. xvii. 16.

- 1 WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The joys that fill th' enraptur'd saint,
When mix'd with heaven's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song?
- 2 He fears no pain, he feels no want,
His portion all that God can grant;
To see the Saviour as he is,
And dwell in heaven with him and his.
- 3 No darkness now obscures his mind:
The darkness all is left behind;
And objects lately half conceal'd,
In full resplendence stand reveal'd.
- 4 His love, so cold, so mix'd before,
In heaven is cold and mix'd no more;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure, eternal flame.
- 5 He dwells exempt from all alarm:
No world is there to fright or charm;
No foe to plot against his peace;
No sin to give their schemes success.
- 6 O may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God!
For this, let every conflict here,
As nothing in my sight appear.

590.

L. M.—*Death swallowed up in victory.*

- 1 WE sing his love who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death reviv'd again;
That all his saints through him might have
Eternal conquest o'er the grave.
- Chor.* Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.
- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Till dawns the bright, illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away,
Soon, &c.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day.
Soon, &c.

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.
Soon, &c.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies.
Soon, &c.

591.

C. M.—*Comfort under the loss of christian friends.* 1 Thess. iv. 13—18.

- 1 TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep ;
Their better being never ends ;
Why then dejected weep ?
- 2 Why inconsolable as those
To whom no hope is given ?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.
- 3 As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.
- 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

MISCELLANIES,

- 5 Then they who lived shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake ;
The grave shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.
- 6 The saints of God from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 7 Together to their Father's house
With joyful steps they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 8 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

MISCELLANIES.

594.

S. M.—*The gospel.*

- 1 BEHOLD the sun how bright,
From yonder east he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.
- 2 So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men ;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then !
- 3 Before yon sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But oh, how dim, how pale were those,
To his one burning eye !
- 4 So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the pagan's sight—
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they,
To thy one glorious light.

595.

S. M.—*Psalm lxxvii.*

- 1 TH' Almighty Lord give grace,
And shower his blessing down,
And show the brightness of his face,
Our prayer and hope to crown.
- 2 That earth may know thy ways,
Thy saving light be pour'd
O'er every realm : let nations praise,
All nations praise thee, Lord.
- 3 All tribes, with all their might,
Sing out for joy and mirth,
For thou wilt judge the realms aright,
And guide the tribes on earth.
- 4 Let nations name thee, Lord,
Thy name all nations fill,—
Lo ! the rich earth her bounteous hoard
Hath open'd at our will.
- 5 The Lord, even he we call
Our own true God, is near
To bless us : He will bless us, and all
The ends of earth shall fear.

596.

8. 7. 4.—*Psalm xciii.*

- 1 GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
Rob'd in his own glorious light,
God hath rob'd him, and he reigneth,
He hath girded him with might :
Hallelujah !
God is King in depth and height.
- 2 In her everlasting station
Earth is pois'd to swerve no more ;
Thou hast laid thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Hallelujah !
Lord, Thou art for evermore,

MISCELLANIES.

- 3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have lift their roar ;
 Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore.
 Hallelujah !
 For the ocean's sounding store.
- 4 With all tones of water blending,
 Glorious is the breaking deep ;
 Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
 God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
 Hallelujah !
 Songs of ocean never sleep.
- 5 Lord, the words thy lips are telling,
 Are the perfect verity ;
 Of thine high eternal dwelling,
 Holiness shall inmate be.
 Hallelujah !
 Pure is all that lives with Thee.

597.

7s.—*Psalm xcvi.*

- 1 SING the song unheard before,
 Sing the God whom we adore ;
 Sing, all earth, unto the Lord,
 Praise His Name and bless His Word.
- 2 Tidings tell from day to day,
 Of His high and saving way ;
 Shew all lands His glorious light,
 Heathens all, His deeds of might.
- 3 Tell them God is great always,
 Prais'd, and high above all praise :
 Thron'd in awful majesty,
 Far above all gods is He.
- 4 Heathen gods—frail gods are they,
 Heaven He made, whom we obey ;
 Grace and honour round Him shine,
 Power and splendour in His shrine.
- 5 Households of the realms abroad,
 Bring ye to the Lord our God :

MISCELLANIES.

- Bring ye to the Lord aright,
Glory and eternal might.
- 6 To the Lord whom we proclaim,
Bring the glory of His name ;
With the unbloody offering come,
Enter in the holiest room.
- 7 Own the Lord with prostrate heart,
In his beauty high apart ;
Shrink all earth before his face,
Speak to every realm and race.
- 8 Tell it out, " JEHOVAH reigns :
" Fix'd and sure the world remains ;
" Fix'd and leaning on His hand,
" Righteous Judge of every land."
- 9 Heaven is bright with bliss and mirth,
Springs for joy the solid earth ;
Ocean, with his thundering tones,
Through his worlds the rapture owns.
- 10 Field exults and meadow fair,
With each bud and blossom there ;
In the lonely woodlands now
Chants aloud each rustling bough,
- 11 Chants before th' all-judging Lord :—
See, He comes, He comes ador'd ;
Comes to judge the world aright,
Nations by His own true light.

598.

148th M.—*Psalm cxvi.*

- 1 HOW dear to me the bliss,
That God my voice should hear !
I ask'd him not amiss,
For he hath bow'd his ear,
And I have sworn, through all my days,
To seek his aid, and sing his praise.
- 2 Around me, in the gloom,
Were bound the cords of death,
The langours of the tomb
Had chain'd my weary breath ;

MISCELLANIES.

- When close to me sad anguish came,
I nam'd aloud JEHOVAH's name:
- 3 "Now free my soul, O Lord"—
The Lord most true and kind,
The Just One, our Ador'd,—
He bears a Father's mind.
The Lord preserves the simple soul:
I pin'd and shrank; He made me whole.
- 4 Return, unto thy rest,
Return my weary heart,
With the Lord's bounty blest;—
My rescue, Lord, thou art.
My soul from death, mine eyes from tears,
My feet from falling, God uprears.
- 5 Now in JEHOVAH's sight,
To walk at large I'll dare,
In fields of life and light,
Speed fearless here and there.
I have believ'd; my words must flow:
" 'Twas mine but only to lie low,"
- 6 "To cry in anguish sore,"
" ' Mankind is but a lie; "
Now, while his love runs o'er,
What offering meet have I?
The cup of blessing at thy board
I lift, and name thy Name, O Lord.
- 7 My vows to Israel's King
Make haste and let me pay;
His tribes shall see me bring
Mine homage, due to-day.
The death his holy ones shall die.
Is precious to JEHOVAH's Eye.
- 8 Thine am I;—hear from heaven,
Thine own, thine handmaid's son:
My fetters thou hast riven,
My praises thou hast won.
Mysacrifice of thanks I frame,
And call upon JEHOVAH's name.

MISCELLANIES.

- 9 My vows to Israel's King,
Make haste, and let me pay,
'Mid all his people bring
Mine homage due to day ;
In his own courts, his holy ground,
Thy bulwarks, Salem, glittering round.

599.

L. M.—*Psalm cxvii.*

- 1 ALL nations, praise the Lord above,
All realms with melody adore ;
For mighty o'er us is His love,
The Lord's high truth is evermore.

600.

7s.—*The same.*

- 1 HALLELUJAH, praise the Lord !
Praise him every Heathen land ;
Praise him all with one accord,
Through the earth each scatter'd band.
- 2 Mighty is the tender love,
Which for us his will hath stor'd ;
No decay his truth shall prove :
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

601.

148th M.—*Prayer for the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry ;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high :
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord !
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply ;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

AFTER SERMON, CONCLUSION OF SERVICE.

- 3 Our heavenly Father! Thou—
We—children of thy grace—
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.
- 4 Oh, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our frozen hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.
- 5 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.
- 6 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

602.

S. M.—“ *The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.*” Heb. iv. 12.

- 1 THY word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.
- 2 Thy word is power and life,
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound ;
And all its fruits from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

604.

L. M.—“ *Search me, O God !*” Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 SEARCH, Lord ! O search, my inmost heart !
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and Thee.

606.

C. M.—*Earnestness.* Ps. lxxxiv. 8.

- 1 LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear ;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode !
- 3 Or, if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length.
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

612.

P. M.—“ *Shew me a token for good.*” Ps. lxxxvi. 17.

- 1 OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
Bless thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow,
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain ;

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

O direct us,
And protect us !
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

615.

L. M.—*Dismission.*

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon thy word :
All that has been amiss forgive ;
And let thy truth within us live.

616.

S. M.—*The same.*

- 1 ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.
2 Hoard up the sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow ;
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

617.

L. M.—*At parting.*

- 1 LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came ;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will, and spread thy praise.
2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness ;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing thy love !

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

628.

8s.—*Evening.*

- 1 WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep ;

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

- 2 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest if my Saviour is nigh,
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night season supply :
He smiles and my comforts abound :
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.
- 3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now ;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd,
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd.

PAUSE.

4. INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign :
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my moments roll on
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 5 Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
Bright seraphs dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd ;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 6 Their worship no interval knows ;
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King :
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

630.

L. M.—Saturday evening.

- 1 THY sacred sabbath, Lord, draws near,
Inspire each heart with holy fear :
Oh ! may we spend with thee the day,
And with the spirit sing and pray.
2 Thy quickening power, O may we feel !
The wandering seek, the wounded heal,
Convince the sinner, and restore,
Immortal souls to rove no more.

632.

7s.—Sabbath evening.

- 1 ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.
2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin :
But thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By thy grace alone we live.
4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 4 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

633.

7s.—*Marriage.*

- 1 DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of Love !
Bless thy servants, on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed ;
In this nuptial bond to thee,
Let them consecrated be.
- 2 In prosperity, be near
To preserve them in thy fear ;
In affliction let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile :
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.

634.

7s.—*The same.*

- 1 FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.
- 2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth ;
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part ;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

635.

L.M.—*Baptism.*

- 1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind ;
Smile on this waiting family :
Thy face they seek, and let them find.

LOVE AND UNITY.

- 2 The father of the household bless,
The priest, the patriarch, let him move ;
That all his family may trace
In him thy law in lines of love.
- 3 Regard the mother's anxious tears,
Her heart's desire, her earnest prayers ;
And while her infant charge she rears,
Crown with success her pious cares.
- 4 Let the dear pledges of their love
Like olive plants around them grow ;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.
- 5 Receive at their believing hand
The babe whom they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command ;
And seal with power the rite divine.
- 6 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend,
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

637.

C. M.—*Psalm cxxxiii.*

- 1 BEHOLD how precious and how dear,
When brethren dwell in love,
Yea, dwell as one ; less soft and clear,
The sacred oil-drops move,
- 2 The precious ointment on the head,
That all the beard imbues,
Ev'n Aaron's beard ; and gently shed,
His garment fringe bedews.
- 3 Less pure the dews from Hermon float,
Mount Sinai melting o'er ;
For there the Lord his blessing wrote,
And life for evermore.

638.

P. M.—*Psalm cxxi.*

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,—
 “ When will it dawn, my light and aid ? ”—
 From God the Lord my light will rise,
 Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 May he ne’er yield thy foot to slide,
 His watch unsleeping o’er thee keep :—
 Behold, he fails not, Israel’s guide,
 For slumber or for sleep.
- 3 The Lord thy guardian is, and stay,
 The Lord o’ershades thee on thy right ;
 Sun may not smite on thee by day,
 Nor blasting moon by night.
- 4 God keep thee safe from harm and sin,
 Thy spirit keep : the Lord watch o’er
 Thy going out, thy coming in,
 From this time evermore.

645.

C. M.—*God a refuge in calamity.* Ps. xlii. 7-11.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep
 Where wave resounds to wave ;
 Though o’er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.
- 2 Perhaps before the morning dawns,
 He’ll reinstate my peace ;
 For he who bade the tempest roar,
 Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night
 I’ll count his mercies o’er ;
 I’ll praise him for ten thousand past,
 And humbly sue for more.
- 4 Then, O my soul ! why thus depress’d,
 And whence this anxious fear ?
 Let former favours fix thy heart,
 And check the rising tear.

- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
 Nor murmur at his rod ;
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My health, my life, my God !

646.

S. M.—*Psalm cxxx.*

- 1 FROM deeps so wild and drear
 I call thee, Lord, most high :
 Lord hear my prayer, unseal thine ear,
 Receive my mournful cry.
- 2 If thou, Lord, bear in mind
 All evil deeds, O Lord,
 Who might abide ? But thou art kind,
 With thee is pardon stor'd.
- 3 With thee is pardon stor'd,
 Thine holy fear to aid.
 I stay'd for mine almighty Lord,
 My soul in quiet stay'd.
- 4 Even for his word and will
 I waited patiently ;
 Mine heavenward soul is seeking still
 My sovereign Lord on high.
- 5 My soul is heavenward borne ;
 Less eagerly they wait
 Who watch the morning,—watch till morn
 Unbar the glorious gate.
- 6 Thou, Israel, wait his hour,
 Thine own true God : for he
 Comes fraught with love ; in him is power
 From every yoke to free.
- 7 The freedom he bestows
 Is perfect : he will win
 His own, his Israel whom he chose,
 From all their shame and sin.

650.

L. M.—*Death a blessing to the saints.* 1 Cor. iii. 22.

- 1 DO flesh and nature dread to die ?
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave ?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.
 - 2 What ? shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near ?
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war.
 - 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love ?
Why should we like this twilight so
When 'tis all noon in worlds above ?
 - 4 There shall we see him face to face,
There shall we know the GREAT UNKNOWN :
And Jesus with his glorious grace,
Shines in full light amidst the throne.
 - 5 When we put off this fleshly load,
We're from a thousand mischiefs free,
For ever present with our God,
Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.
 - 6 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes,
And sin defile our souls no more.
 - 7 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where saints and angels ever blest
Dwell and enjoy their heavenly home.
 - 8 O for a visit from my God
To drive my fears of death away,
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-

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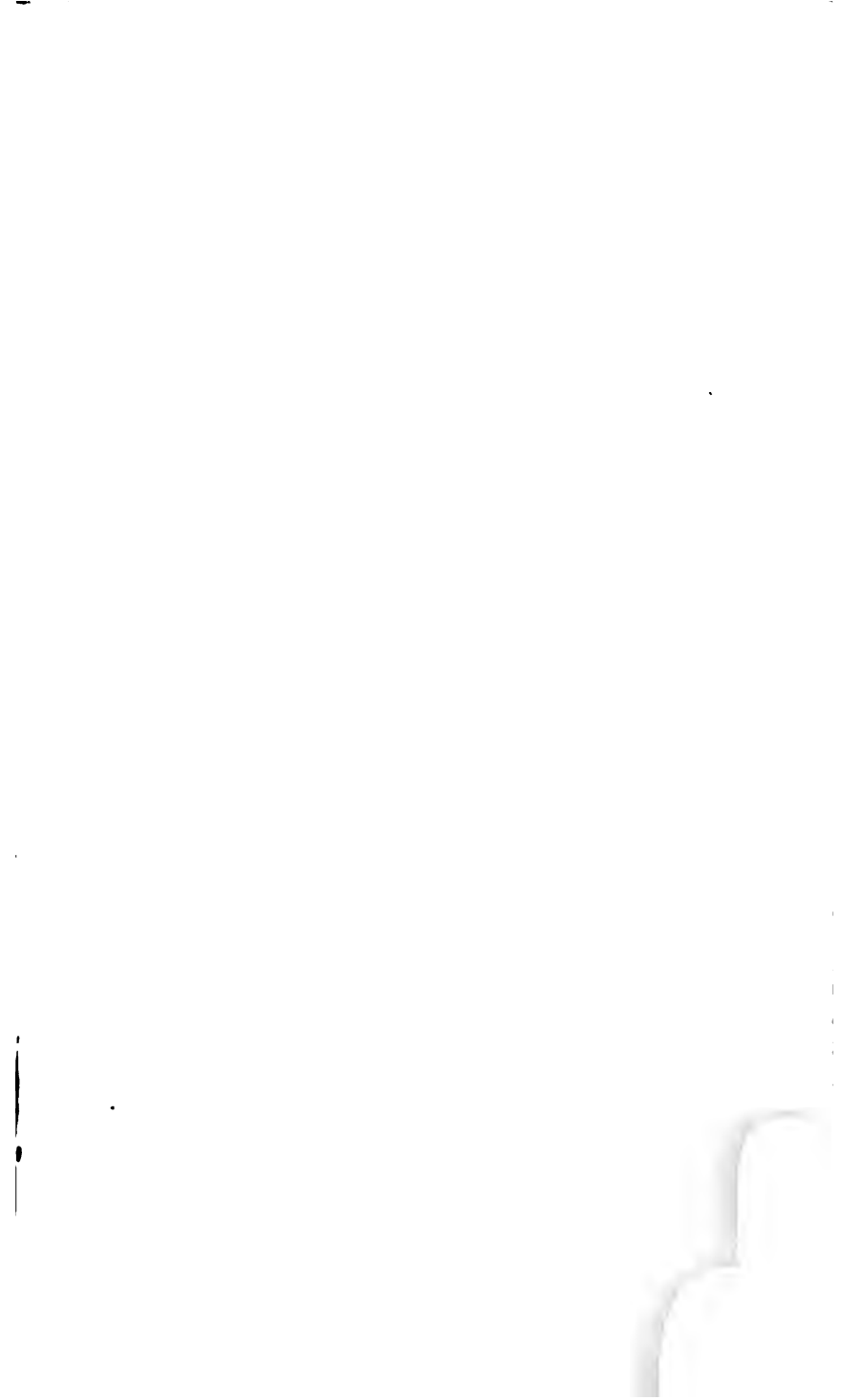
CORRECTIONS.

- Hymn 17, for *Luke* xvi. read *xiv.*
 „ 19, verse 2, for *former*, read *future*.
 „ 61, verse 3, for *greens*, read *green*.
 „ 65, verse 10, for *laste*, read *tastes*.
 „ 66, verse 1, for *points* read *points*.
 „ 76, verse 3, for *views*, read *cows*.
 „ 136, verse 1, dele *up*.
 „ 261, verse 2, for *tempter's* read *tempest's*.
 „ 267, verse 3, for *in* read *it*.
 „ 303, verse 3, for *dissolves*, read *dissolve*.
 „ 320, verse 1, for *of*, read *by*.
 „ 393, verse 1, for *has*, read *hast*.
 „ 531, } for *P. M.* read *L. M.*
 „ 535, }
 „ 637, verse 1, for *pass*, read *pass'd*.
 To thee my God, for *Doddridge*, read *Haweis*.
 How blest the righteous, for *Barnard*, read *Mrs. Barbauld*.

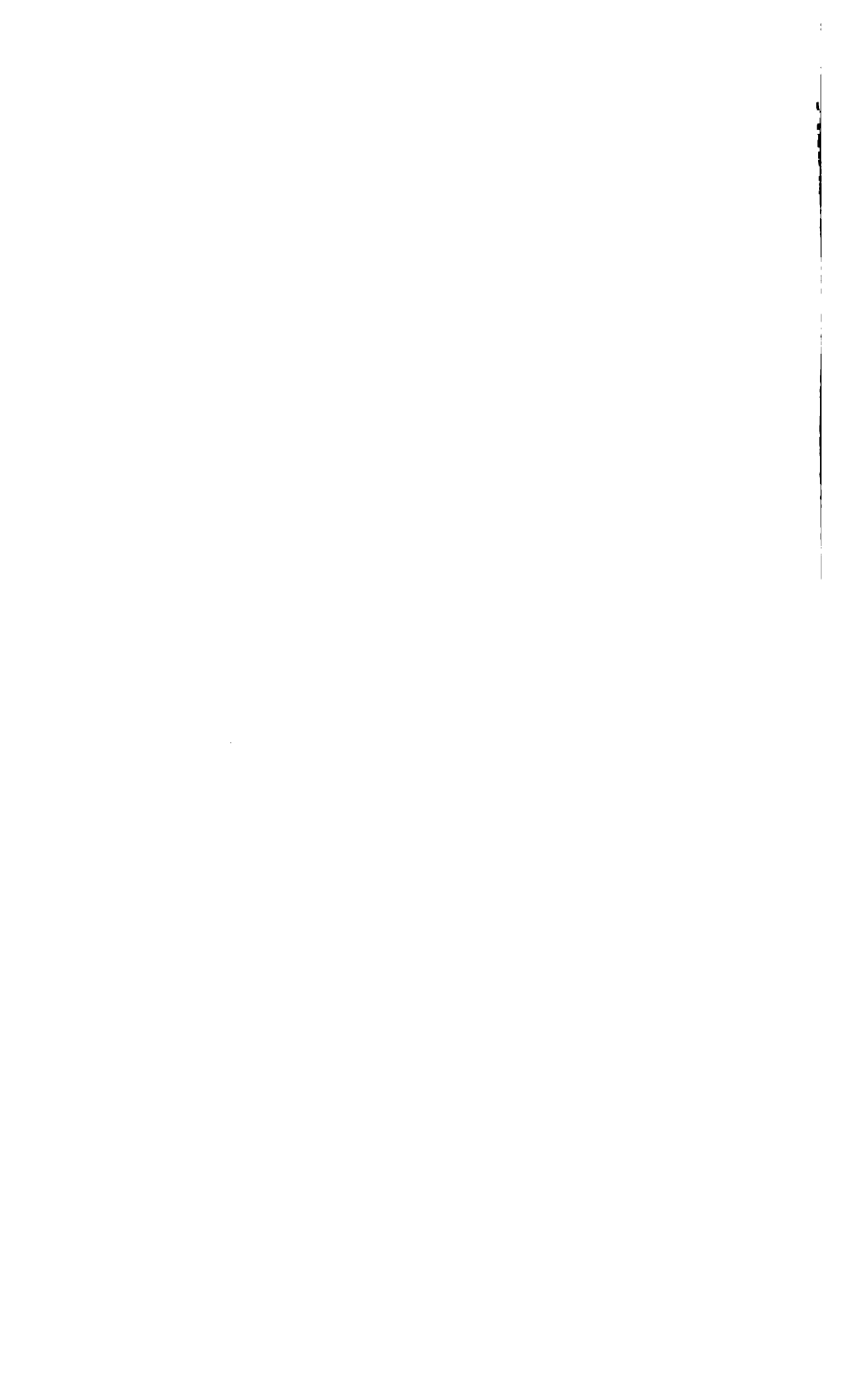
A TABLE of the principal variations in the 12mo. (15th), 24mo. (13th), and 18mo. (17th) Editions; by which the number of the Hymn being known in one Edition, may be found in another.

12mo.	24mo.	18mo.	12mo.	24mo.	18mo.	12mo.	24mo.	18mo.
5	667	417	284	685	284	539		543
15	6	6	297	501	297	540	540	544
16	15	25	309		355	541	541	546
17		187	320		39	552	554	545
23	23	170	321		295	553	553	469
25	25	182	326	657	326	554		550
27	27	322	327	389	327	555	364	176
66	218	66	336		370	556		52
69	436	68	337	403	337	559	559	555
70	66	70	343		593	560	153	556
88	81	196	355	355	360	562	562	557
85	666	87	357	357	362	564	564	650
90	87	88	358	358	363	566	566	576
92	622	92	359	359	189	567		577
96	606	517	360	360	364	568	365	578
97	608	96	361	361	365	574	574	585
99	628	99	362	362	586	575	575	582
103	605	104	363		161	578	578	580
117	624	117	370	440	440	579	579	583
132	132	150	388	345	59	582	581	132
141		183	392	650	392	584	584	131
142		22	403	601	403	586		130
152	616	149	409	599	409	587	587	71
153	619	150	427	645	427	589	589	115
155	597	155	431		358	591		449
157	615	157	437		640	593		525
159	673	159	439		435	594	626	100
165	672	165	444	445	16	595		539
166	671	166	446	648	446	598	645	54
173	166	168	449	449	465	600		173
175	363	175	471		476	602	663	48
177	366	177	475	475	588	605	621	13
189		254	479	602	445	606		91
206	206	579	484	484	489	608	674	603
210	611	216	491	493	253	609	681	605
211		344	492	555	492	610	688	607
214	675	185	495	482	495	611	690	609
218	653	218	501		108	612	691	608
225	395	60	503		443	614	692	571
234	652	234	504	439	439	615	693	610
238	309	238	506	636	507	616	694	611
244		593	507	503	508	617	695	613
254	297	298	508	504	564	618	696	614
272	687	272	517	519	514	619	699	618
275	275	282	522	611	522	620	700	619
276	276	191	523	612	523			
278	278	645	536	634	538			











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